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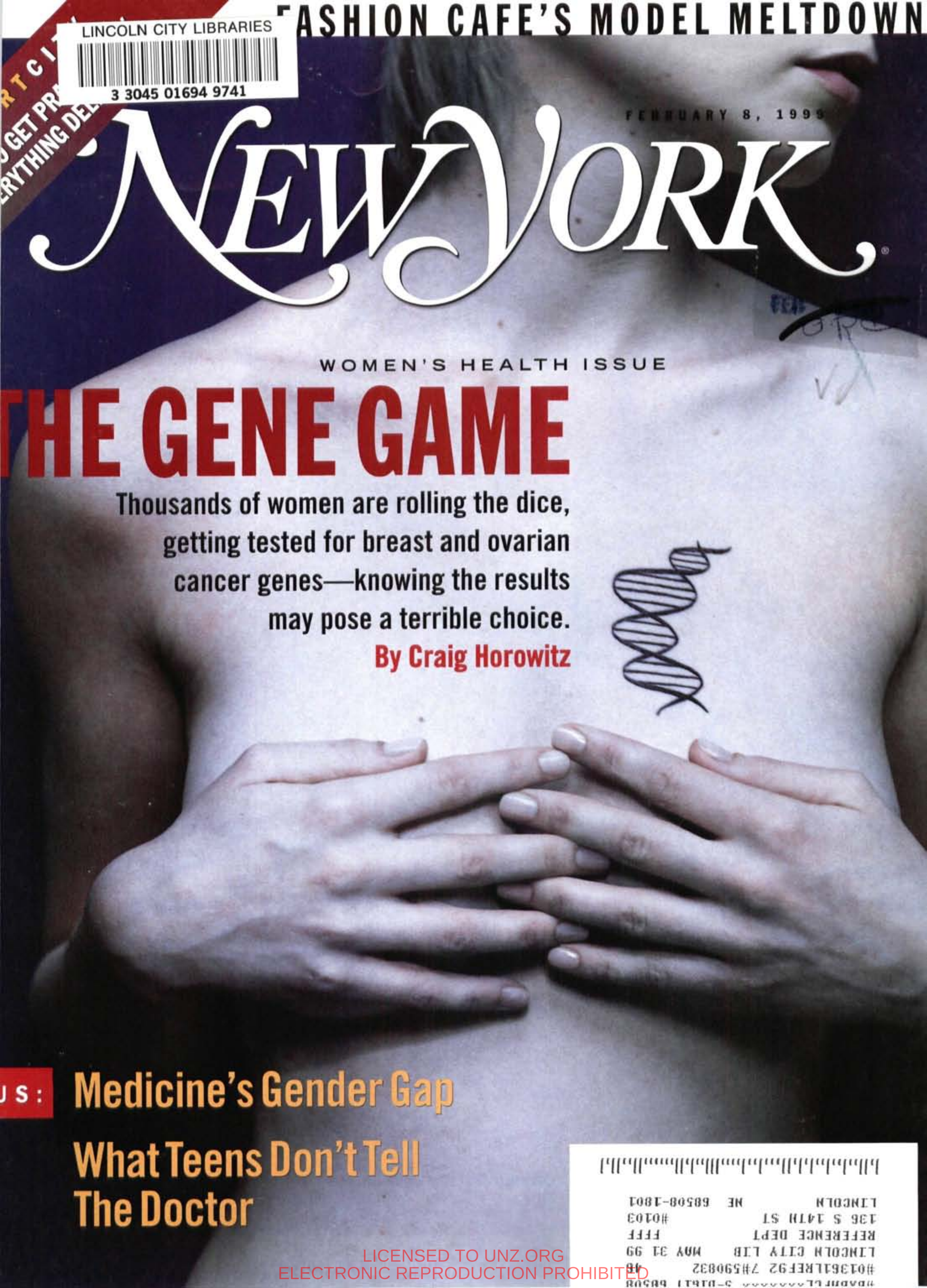

WOMEN'S HEALTH ISSUE

THE GENE GAME

Thousands of women are rolling the dice, getting tested for breast and ovarian cancer genes—knowing the results may pose a terrible choice.

By Craig Horowitz

US:

Medicine's Gender Gap

What Teens Don't Tell The Doctor

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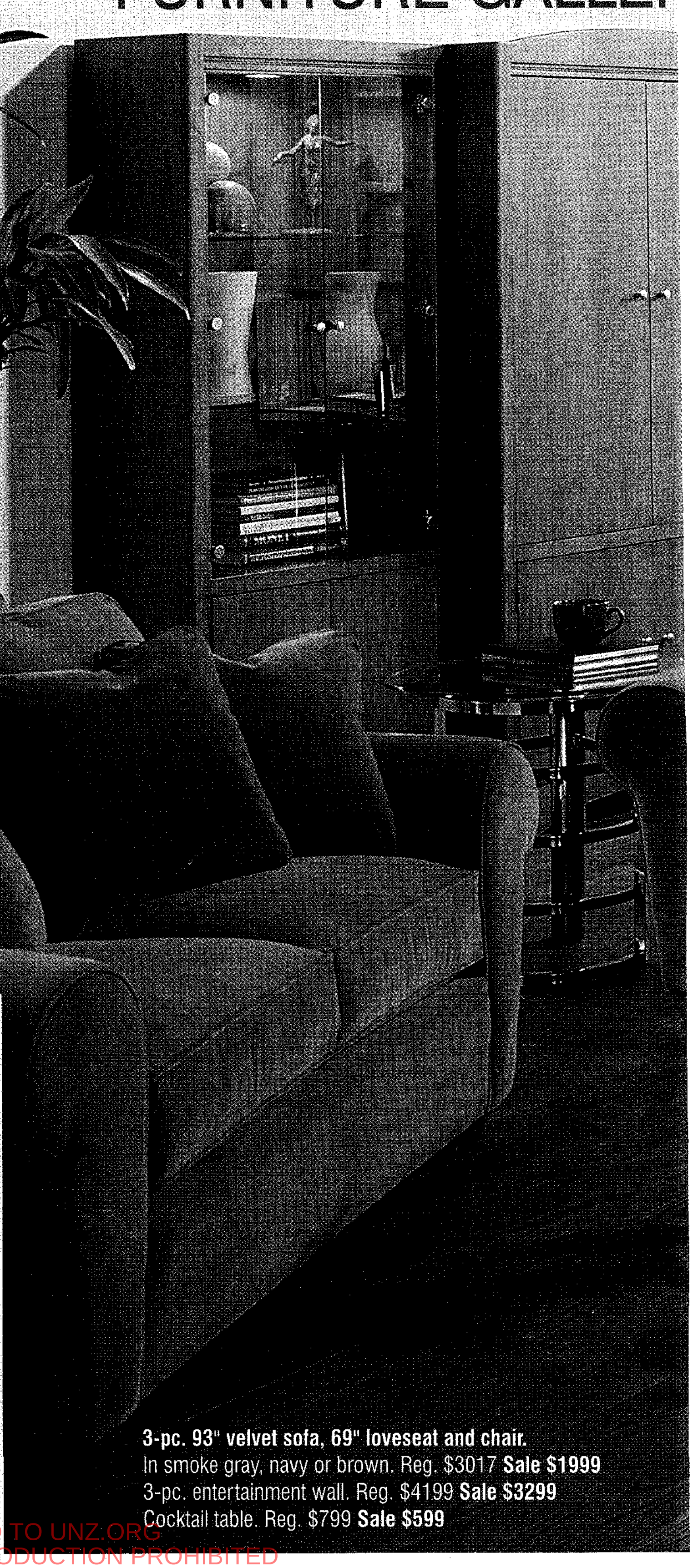

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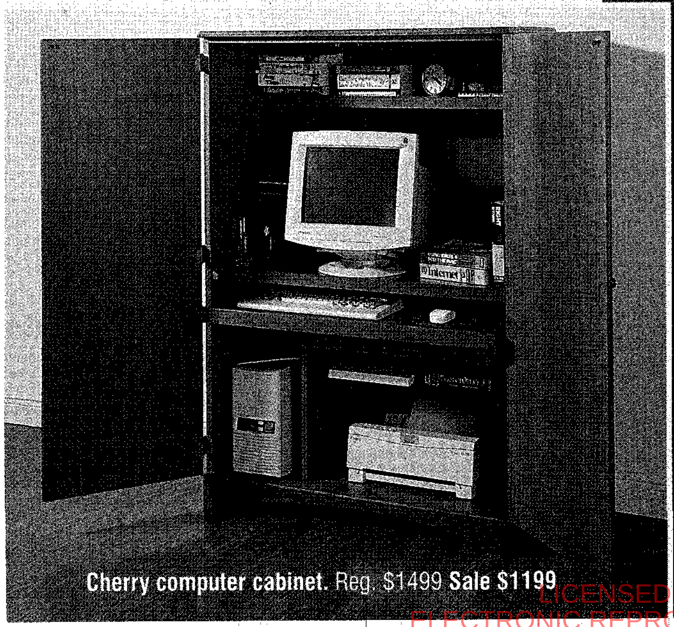

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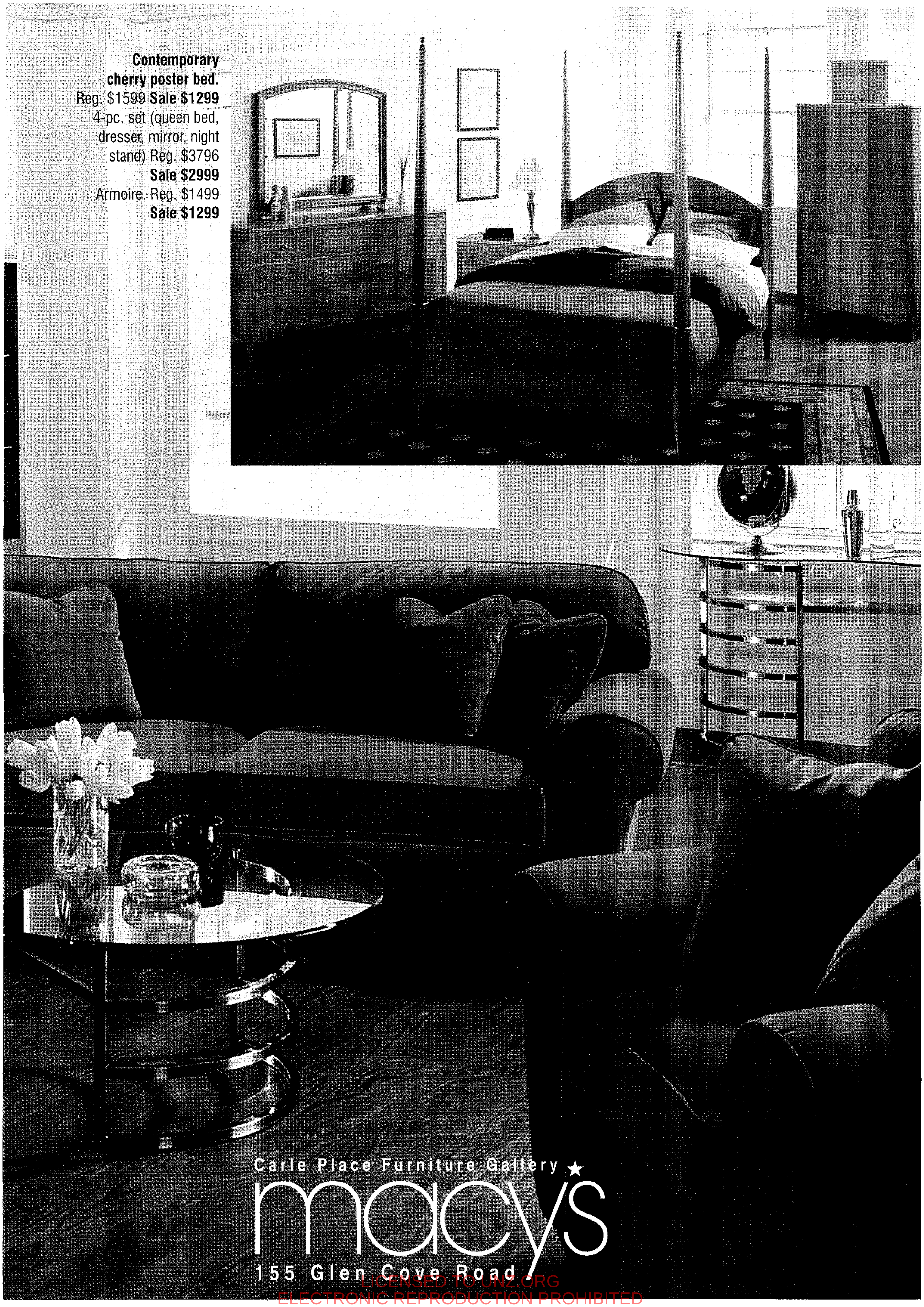

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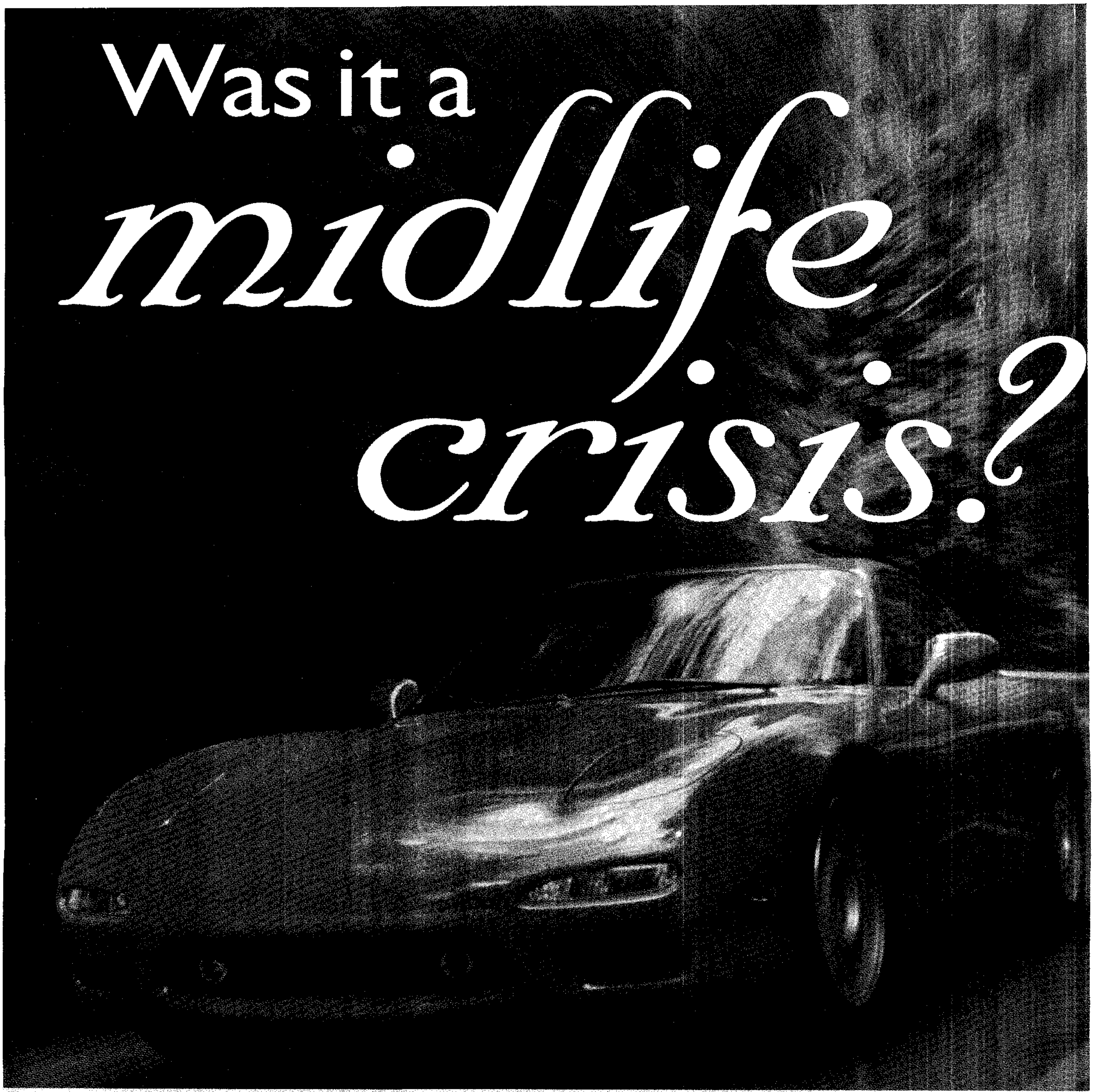
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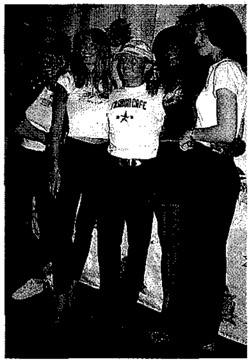
Craig Horowitz tells the harrowing story of women who are choosing genetic testing—and preemptive mastectomies—to beat breast cancer. Susan Brenna explores controversial gender-based research initiatives that promise breakthroughs for women. She also reveals the glaring lapse in medical care for teenage girls: Just when they start doing risky things, they stop talking to their parents, and doctors too. Finally, James Surowiecki examines the expanding women's-health-care stock market.

46 Out of Fashion

By Johanna Berkman

Last month, former Fashion Cafe frontman Tommaso Buti—lately separated from Czech supermodel Daniela Pestova—paid the Cafe $350,000, eluding $15 million in lawsuits. Now he and Donald Trump are launching an upstart modeling agency. Can Buti talk his way into another million-dollar, babe-magnet business?



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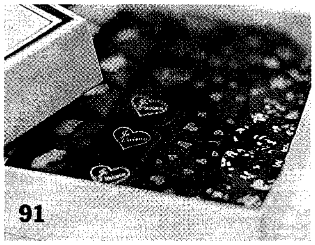
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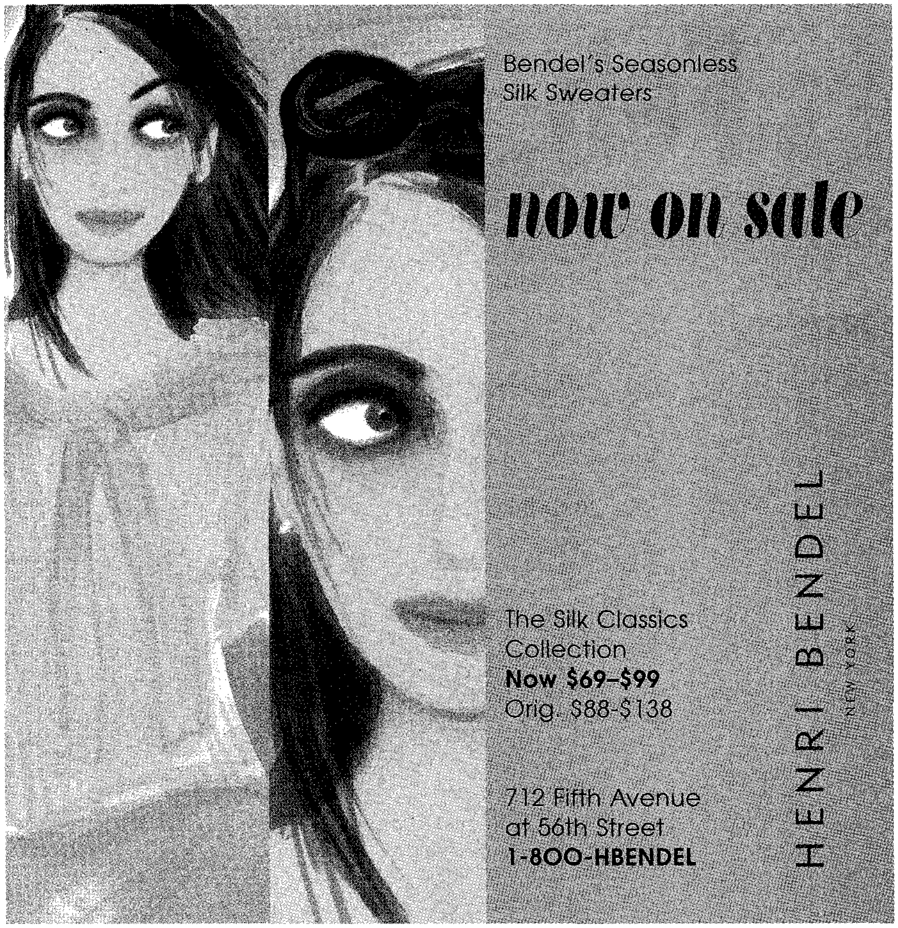

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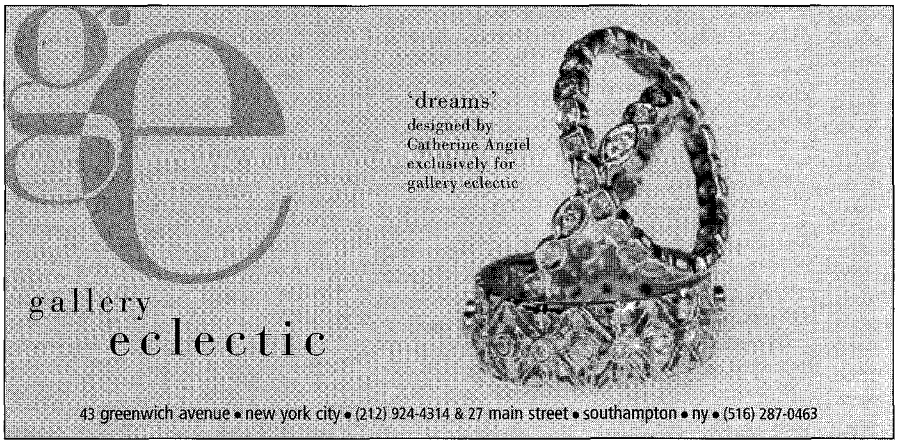
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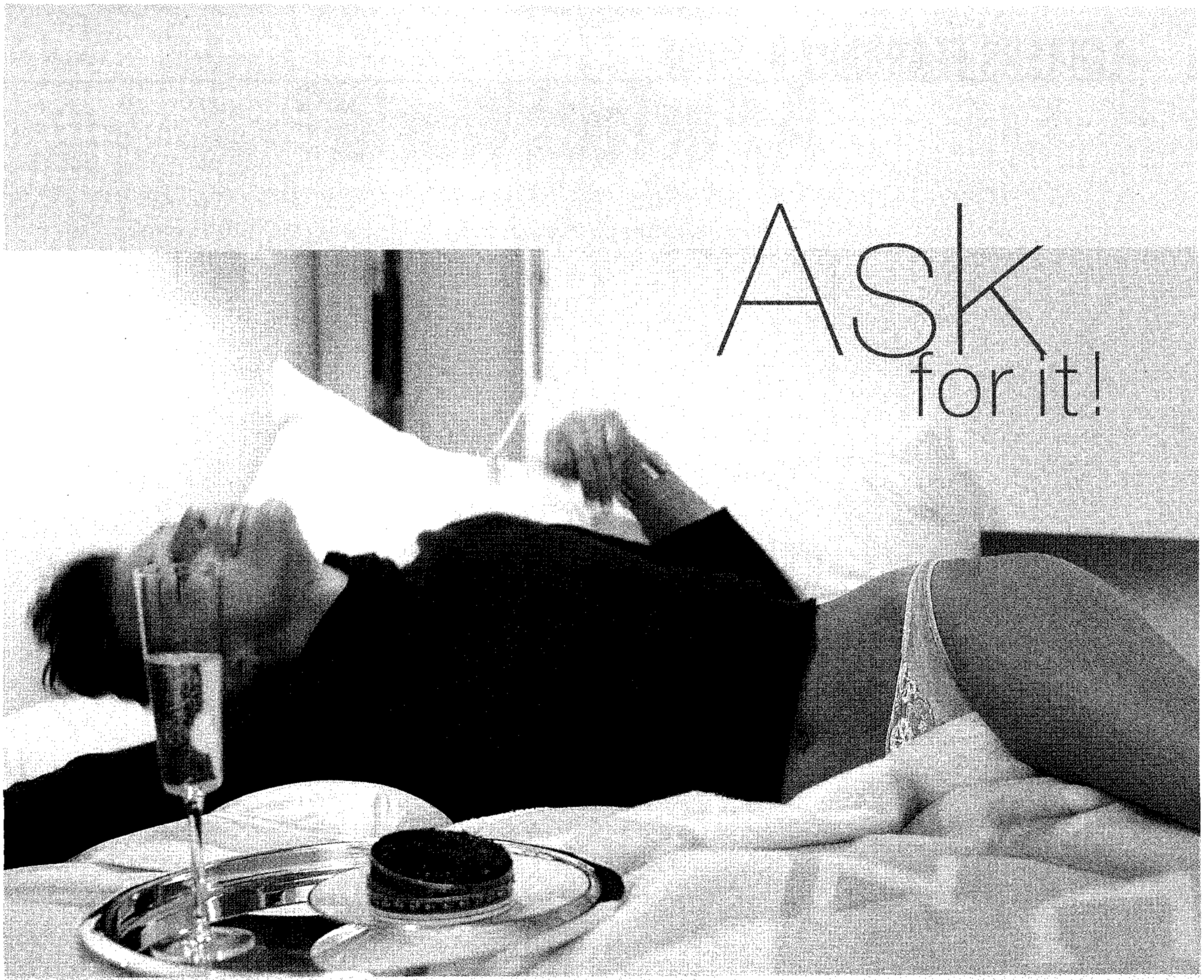

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A Perfect World?

Scarsdale's charms (safety, family, excellence) and its limitations (rich, small, sheltered); a Bible story relevant to the fate of Harry Winston's diamonds.

DAVID HANDELMAN'S ARTICLE "Round-Trip" [January 25] unequivocally confirmed why both my sister Lois (class of '64) and I (class of '73) swore we would never go back to live in Scarsdale. I continue to experience what I term a certain "brain damage" from growing up there. It was the most numbing experience of my life—so antiseptic and homogeneous, for all its safety and good schools. It took us years after leaving to truly experience, appreciate, and relate to the real world. Last year, my sister and I finally convinced our parents we were never coming back and that they should sell their Tudor homestead of nearly 45 years. We encouraged them to come join us in Oregon and Florida, respectively, where we both have found wonderful, diversified, and stimulating lives. I find it nauseating that some of these returning children not only would want to live in their parents' homes but also do not think it extremely strange to be sleeping in their parents' bedrooms.

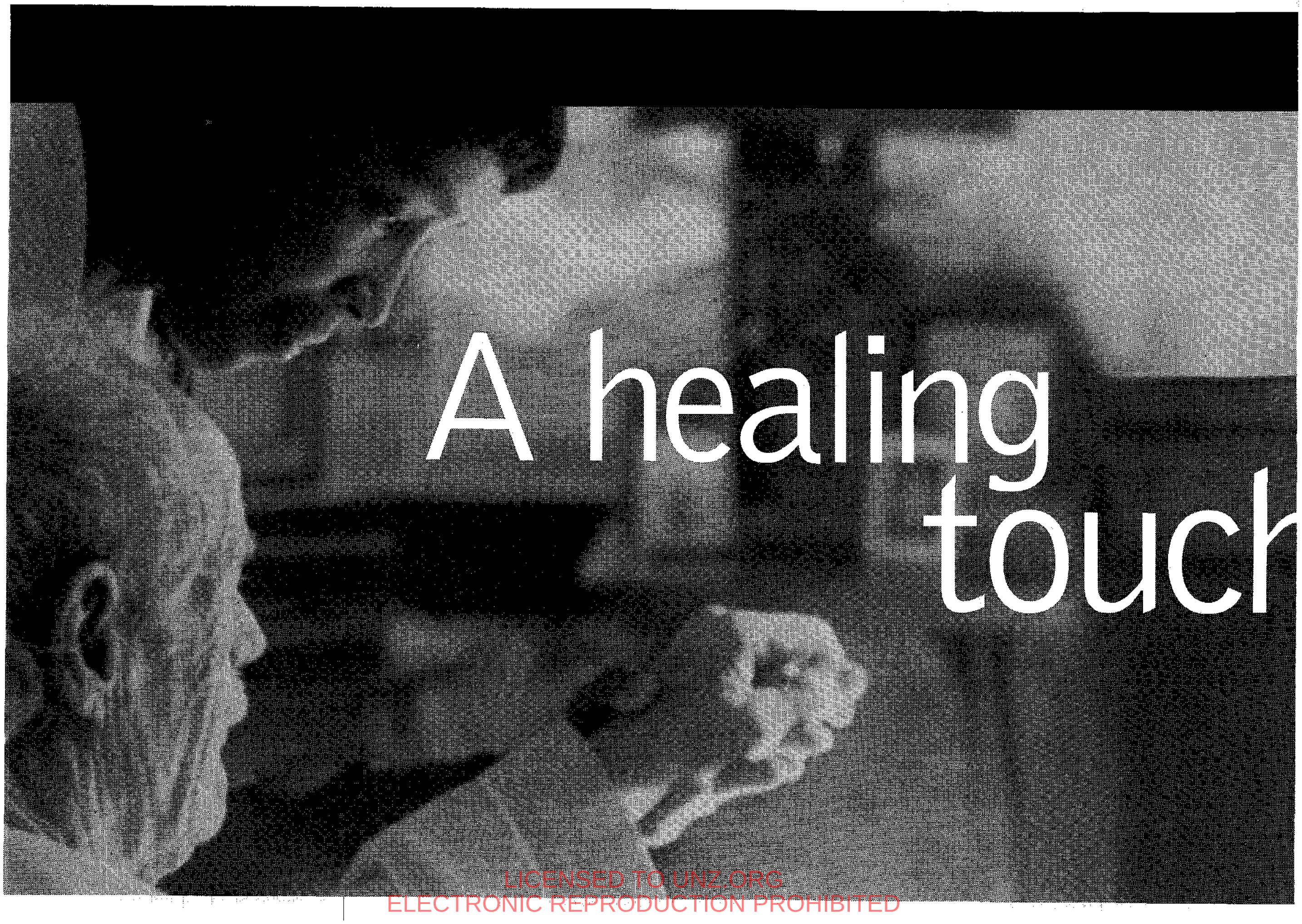
J. Elias Portnoy
WINDERMERE, FLA.

I LOVED GROWING UP IN SCARSDALE, AND I am eternally grateful to my parents for having raised me there. Back then, I could not have appreciated its beauty, or the academic superiority of its schools, or even the weight that the words *Scarsdale High School* would carry on future applications for jobs and graduate school. Still, I sat down at my computer determined to write a letter declaring emphatically that I would never move back to Scarsdale! It is a place unnaturally wound up in ultra-materialistic values. Let's face it: It's not normal, nor is it wise, to give Mercedes Benzes to 16-year-olds.

Sitting here, I realized that I've consciously or subconsciously kept Scarsdale in my life. Seven years after graduating from high school, I began dating my husband, Scott, who graduated from the high school one year after I did. Between all his Scarsdale friends and mine, we have frequent mini-reunions. My oldest and closest friend is a woman I met when we both attended the Scarsdale day camp. I don't know why Scarsdale draws people back the way it does, but I do know that for me, being with my old Scarsdale friends, our own private little "club," is like eating grilled cheese and tomato soup on a rainy day: comfort.

Susan Sterman-Jones
MANHATTAN

WOMEN CHOOSE TO RETURN TO SCARSDALE for additional reasons. Like our male counterparts, we are led by our graduate



degrees and cultural awareness to strive for excellence. We come back to Scarsdale to be among other women who, whether we choose a career on Wall Street or one in the home, offer one another support and stimulation. Some of our colleagues are Scarsdale returnees, but not all. Here we meet such women in the village or on the soccer fields, seeking relationships with others driven by similar goals.

Penny Bauersfeld
SCARSDALE, N.Y.

FROM THIS TRANSPLANTED SCARSDALE SON'S perspective, David Handelman's article served as confirmation. My family lived in Scarsdale from 1961 to 1981. Now, 1,500 miles away, the father of two in a Sunbelt city, I realize the measuring stick I use for my kids and the life I hope to provide for them is based on the positive experience I had growing up in Scarsdale. Even for those who have had successful college, graduate-school, and professional experiences, our Scarsdale years stand out. Our classmates were razor-sharp and, while very competitive, not biting or mean-spirited. An additional benefit of living in sunny Florida is seeing vacationing Scarsdalians often—I spent New Year's weekend at the Orange Bowl with three other former Raiders. The Scarsdale cachet and reputation, deserved or not, are alive and well in social circles thousands of miles from Westchester. However, let's not be short-sighted: Bugsy Siegel raised his family in Scarsdale, too.

Dean J. Borg
BOCA RATON, FLA.

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I HOPE IT WAS A CARELESS OVERSIGHT AND not an example of the "Scarsdalian" mentality that led David Handelman to leave out the men who grew up in Scarsdale who are now firemen protecting the houses that they themselves live in, as well as those that Handelman and his football-hero friends dwell in.

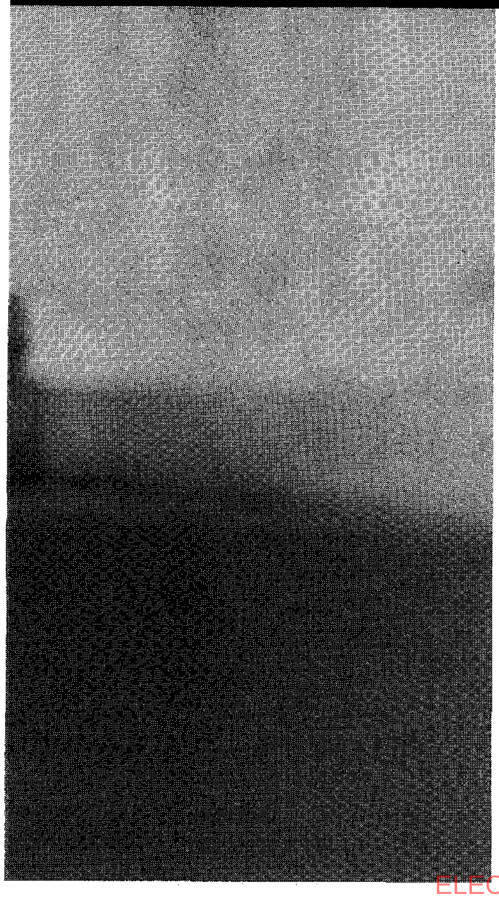
Lisa Gaskin
SCARSDALE, N.Y.

Family Feud

DID HARRY WINSTON'S SONS RECEIVE A RELIGIOUS education ["The Trouble With Harry Winston," by Nina Burleigh, January 25]? If not, he neglected to give them the ultimate tools with which to live their lives. Let me retell a classic *midrash* (exegesis) from the Torah: Two brothers inherited their father's wheat fields. One was single and the other married with children. Each was entitled to half the fields' produce. After the harvest, the single brother thought, "It is not fair that I receive half of the grain. My brother has a family and deserves more than I do." So, in the middle of the night, he secretly added some of his sheaves to his brother's pile. At the same time, the married brother thought, "It is not fair that I should receive half the grain. My brother deserves more because ultimately my children will inherit the land." So, in the middle of the night, he, too, stealthily brought sheaves to his brother's harvest. These acts were repeated two times. On the third night, the brothers collided with each other. On that very spot, the Holy Temple was erected.

Lila Levy
STATEN ISLAND

Correction In January 25's "Nouveau Rich," by Lisa DePaulo, the name of a co-author of *The Complete Breast Book* was omitted. It was written by Dr. Neils Lauersen and Eileen Stukane. ▬



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INTELLIGENCER

LIFE IS NO CABARET FOR KATIE

Katie Couric's producers at the *Today* show seem to have forgotten that they work in the news division. The morning anchor enlisted in "The Singing Experience," **Linda Amiel Burns's** cabaret course instructing regular folks ("doctors, lawyers—a lot of lawyers, because they're basically hams") in the art of musical theater. Burns's winter workshop had already started when Couric joined the class of eighteen singing hopefuls. Couric, who sang a duet with **Barry Manilow** at a benefit last year, was trying to pick her song—two possibilities were "Put on a Happy Face" and "I've Got a Crush on You"—for the class finale, a February 2 performance at the Triad. That show was already sold out, and *Today* was going to tape it for a piece on "fantasy jobs," a feature still planned for this spring, according to a show spokeswoman. But the news that Couric's studies were about to make news was enough to quash the deal for the sensitive *Today* producers. Katie may be the loser in this one: Another of Burns's former students, **Danny Aiello**, is planning to play Harrah's in Atlantic City over Memorial Day weekend.

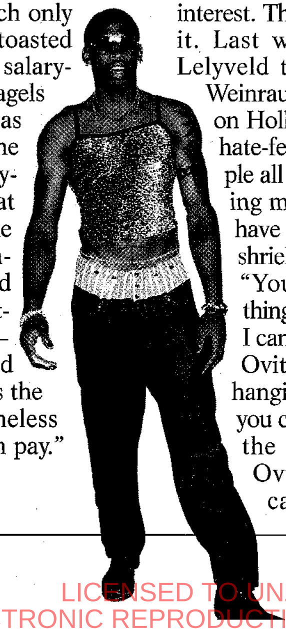
Michael Ovitz: Get me rewrite!

MICHAEL OVITZ'S LIFE & HARD *TIMES*

Hillary Clinton and her "vast right-wing conspiracy" can't hold a candle to **Michael Ovitz**, who evidently feels like the victim of a vast Old Gray Lady conspiracy. Just days after New York *Times* Hollywood reporter **Bernard Weinraub** first wrote about Ovitz's foray into the world of talent management, the former agent turned Disney pensioner turned burned Livent investor turned wannabe pro-football franchisee turned manager marched into the *Times*' West 43rd Street offices to talk with executive editor **Joseph Lelyveld**. Since then, journalists around town have been gleefully trading quotes from that meeting. "What does the New York *Times* have against me?" Ovitz asked Lelyveld, according to one well-connected source. "Your football writer hates me, your theater writer hates me, and Bernie Weinraub just killed me." Lelyveld is said to have replied, "What are you talking about? If I got all three writers in a room, they wouldn't even know one another." Then Ovitz reportedly attacked Weinraub's marriage to Columbia Pictures president **Amy Pascal** for at least creating the appearance of a conflict of interest. That wasn't the end of it. Last week, Ovitz called Lelyveld to complain about Weinraub's recent reporting on Hollywood's latest love-hate-fest with Ovitz. "People all over have been calling me," Ovitz is said to have told Lelyveld, before shrieking in exasperation, "You don't know anything about our business. I can't talk to you." Then Ovitz "came as close to hanging up the phone as you can on Joe Lelyveld," the source continued. Ovitz did not return calls, and Lelyveld confirmed that conversations took place but would not discuss specifics. "We take all criticism seriously, and we think about it hard, and we're thinking about his hard," he said, "but we also make our own judgments."

THE WORM TURNS—AND RUNS

While waiting through the long players' lockout, NBA mischief-maker **Dennis Rodman** wasn't inclined to wait for anything else—not even lunch. Sources say that when the Worm ordered up a few bagels to go at South Beach's Eleventh Street Diner, the packed restaurant's southern-paced delivery put him in a foul mood, which only worsened when he found out that his four toasted bagels with cream cheese would cost him a salary-busting fourteen bucks. "Is that how much bagels cost?" the waitress on duty quotes Rodman as saying. "I asked if he still wanted them and he said, 'Yeah, since I'm not paying for them anyway.' " Quick on the breakaway, Rodman beat it out of there munching on one of the upscale bagels while the rest of the order sat abandoned on the counter. Possibly fearing she'd have to make up for the missing cash, the waitress gave chase, but the superstar's speed—enhanced by Rollerblades—easily outclassed the young rookie. "He's a bit of a giant," says the five-foot-four New Zealander, who nevertheless warns, "If he comes back here, I'll make him pay." Rodman's agent had no comment.



DOES HIP-HOP GO WITH FOIE GRAS?

Is Lutèce, that bastion of East Side upper-crustiness, on the tantalizing verge of hipness? Chef-part-owner **Eberhart Müller** has been talking to event planner and image consultant **Jeffrey Jah**, best known for promoting wild nights at the Bowery Bar and Life, about working with the legendary French restaurant. "My jaw hit the floor when he said he would like me to work with his restaurant," says Jah. "But he wants an edgier crowd and wants to mix it up a bit, and I do have a crowd of models, designers, musicians, and downtown avant-garde." Says Müller, "The crowd is younger than it used to be, and I want to keep going in that direction." Lutèce is also headed in another direction:

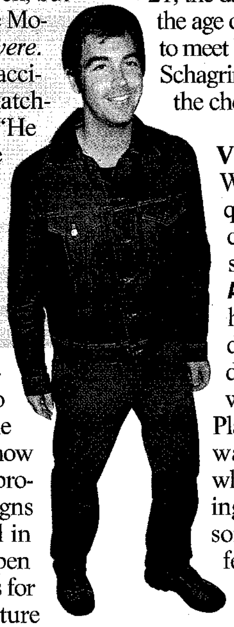
otographs by Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

Sources say Müller plans to open a branch at the Venetian Hotel in Las Vegas.

NORM PEARLSTINE, REPORTER-IN-CHIEF

With all the speculation about the future of Time Inc.'s editor-in-chief, **Norm Pearlstine**, and succession at the nation's top-ranked publishing company, one salient fact has gone unremarked upon—until now. Pearlstine no longer reports directly to the board but rather to the chairman and chief executive officer of Time Inc., **Don Logan**—a chain of command that actually went into effect more than two years ago. When Hedley Donovan succeeded Henry Luce in 1964, he drew up an editor-in-chief's charter that specified he would report directly to the company's board of directors rather than to its business managers, which was altered during the most recent revision of the charter. "It means more in the symbolic context than in the actual," explains one company insider. Pearlstine's spokesman explains that his boss and Logan jointly decided that the editor-in-chief's role "seemed outmoded," so Pearlstine rewrote the charter. The change does not affect "the editorial independence that the editor-in-chief and the managing editors who report to him have always had," the spokesman adds.

SHEIK FASHIONABLY LATE



Duncan Sheik (right) and **Lisa Loeb** may have put on a good show at the BMG Music party at Sundance last week, but Sheik's most stirring performance came just before Motorola's party for the new Miramax film *Guinevere*. The carload of young women he drove over with accidentally left the rocker locked in the rear of their hatchback while they headed in to Grappa to mingle. "He thought we were playing a joke on him," says one fellow passenger, "but we just forgot." Sheik spent several minutes banging on the window, and his futile attempts to catch his friends' attention eventually set off the car alarm. "You go from party to party," explains the neglectful friend. "We didn't realize he was still with us."

MARILYN'S JEWELS; A PSYCHIC RULES

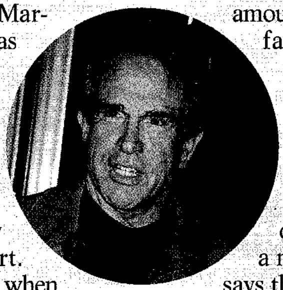
OLDHAM DOES DALLAS: **Todd Oldham** may have known *well in advance* that he would be packing in his sequin dresses and beaded pants and focusing on interior design and film. The former fashion darling often travels with his friend, psychic **Maria Trezise**, who accompanied him to Miami last week for the opening of The Hotel (formerly the Tiffany). Oldham, who transformed the Deco-district hostelry into a trendy vision of tie dye and mosaic, is now at work on a new project—interior designs for the Epic Hotel in Dallas, slated to open a year from now. As for Oldham's other future plans, Trezise could not be reached for comment.

UNBROKEN CHAIN: Marilyn Monroe's pearls are going full circle. The necklace that Emperor Hirohito gave the blonde bombshell on her 1954 honeymoon with **Joe DiMaggio** was recently sold by Susan Strasberg. Now it turns out that Mikimoto, the Japanese firm that made the necklace, bought it back from Strasberg for $110,000. **Robert Schagrin** of Gotta Have It!, who handled the sale, was due to give Strasberg the check on January 21, the day she died of cancer at the age of 60. "I was scheduled to meet her that morning," says Schagrin, who instead handed the check over to her lawyer.

VIEW TO A ROOM: With the Feds having quashed a Cuban-cigar caper at Patroon last summer, owner **Ken Aretsky** may have his heart set on a more traditional operation these days. Sources say he wants to take over the Plaza's super-swank Edwardian room, and while Aretsky's not talking, a Plaza spokesperson calls him "one of a few eminently qualified New York restaurateurs to whom we've been speaking about a possible joint venture." But Aretsky faces stiff competition: Also on the Plaza's short list are **Charlie Palmer** of Aureole, Gotham Bar & Grill's **Jerome Kretchmer**, and **Alan Stillman** of New York Restaurant Group, which owns Smith & Wollensky. Plaza management says it hopes to make its pick within three weeks.

MIXED MESSAGES: **James Truman**, Condé Nast's editorial director, may have a little too much on his plate. In a staff memo welcoming *Times* restaurant critic **Ruth Reichl** as the new editor-in-chief of *Gourmet*, Truman refers to the magazine as "America's premier food and entertaining magazine." It's a phrase so fine it could grace the cover of *Bon Appetit*—in fact, it does. *Gourmet*'s tag line is a less lofty "The magazine of good living." Oh, well, perhaps one Condé Nast product is as good as another.

BULWORTH AND ITS GREEN LIGHT

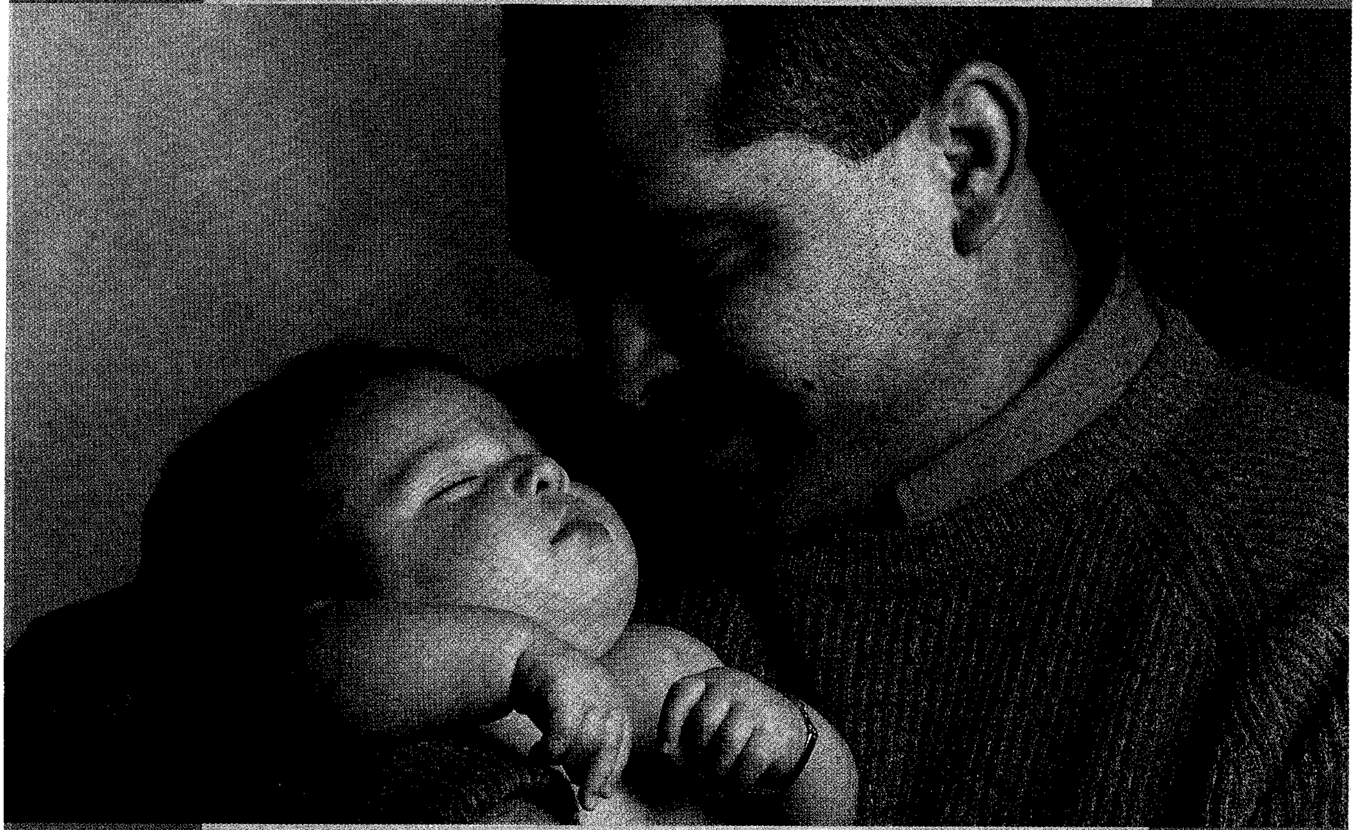


How many executives did it take to plug in **Warren Beatty**'s *Bulworth*? Fewer than one would assume, according to **Peter Bart**, the *Variety* editor whose new book, *The Gross*, is now being published by St. Martin's Press. "Even as *Bulworth* was shooting," writes Bart, "a degree of confusion persisted over who had actually green-lighted the project." Beatty, according to Bart, said that **Barry Diller** had made the deal when he was at 20th Century Fox, but Diller denied it to Bart. **Bill Mechanic**, a top Fox executive when the movie was released, told Bart that the deal "was presented to me." And **Joe Roth** "professed to be similarly puzzled." The basic irony—that **Rupert Murdoch**'s Fox was releasing a sixties-style protest movie—"did not escape Beatty," Bart writes, and he suggests that Beatty was able to exploit studio turmoil at the time to retain a surprising amount of creative autonomy. "Let's face it," says Beatty, calling in from *Bulworth*'s London premiere, "it couldn't have been a walk in the park to be an executive with a big corporation that's owned by an even bigger corporation and have to deal with a guy like me, making a movie for that corporation that says the greatest danger to American democracy is big corporations. However, all the more credit to that corporation for financing the movie. They made it difficult but they did not make it impossible."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Retna; Gregory Pace/Sygm

"15 YEARS AGO I HAD TESTICULAR CANCER. THREE MONTHS AGO I HAD A SON."



Luis Reyes was only 23 when he got cancer…for the second time. Six months earlier, Luis had been treated at a local hospital for testicular cancer. But now the cancer was back. Two large tumors were growing in his chest and behind his abdomen. This time Luis' family looked for the best cancer care possible for him. They brought Luis to Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and quickly realized it should have been their first choice. At Memorial Sloan-Kettering, our doctors treat more cancer patients in a year than most doctors treat in a lifetime. First, we treated Luis with chemotherapy, then delicate surgery to remove the cancer. Today, 15 years later, Luis remains cancer free. But if one miracle in his life wasn't enough, three months ago Luis was touched by another. A son, Matthew, was born to Luis and his wife. If someone you care about needs help and hope, please call us at 1-800-525-2225.

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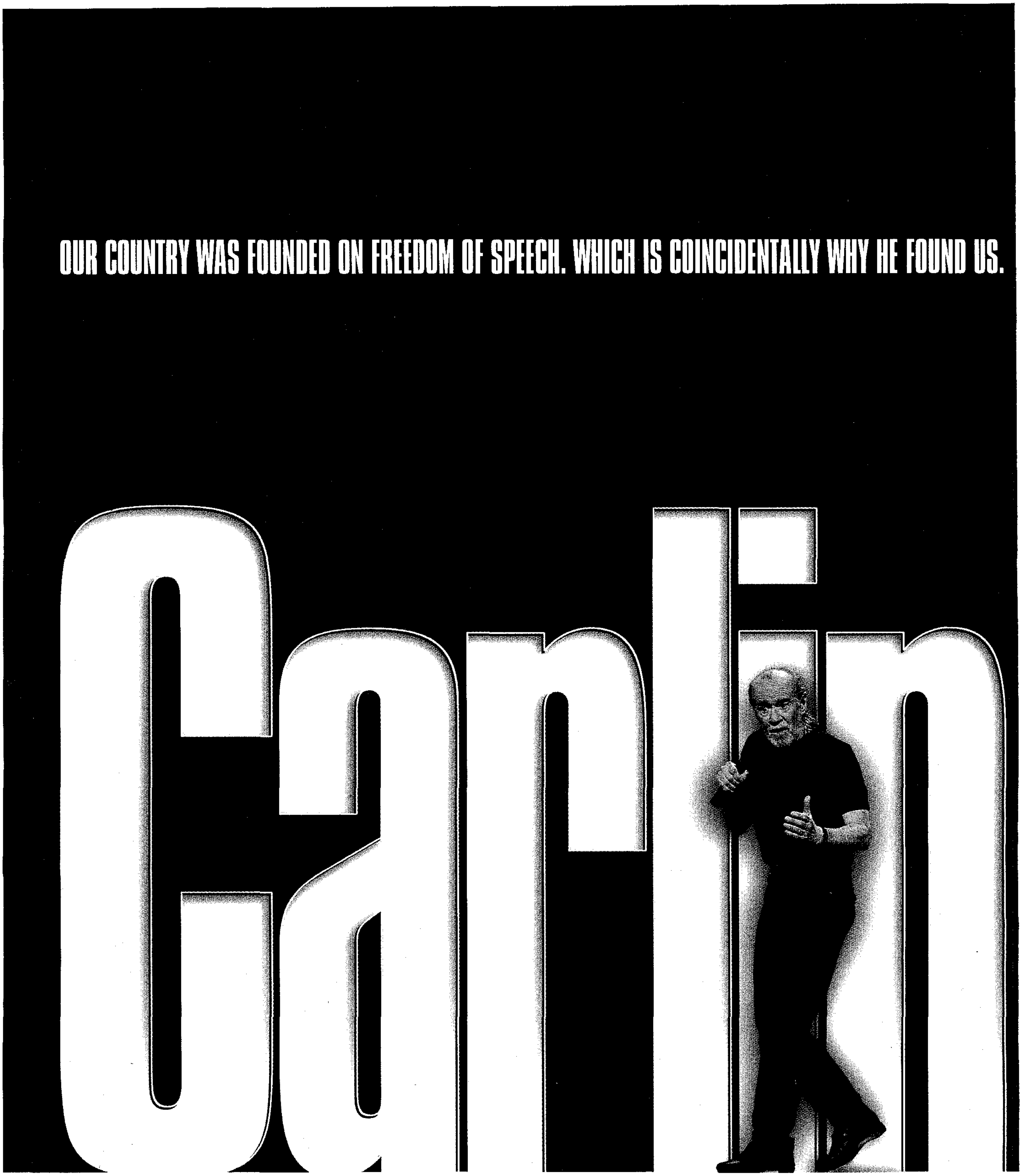
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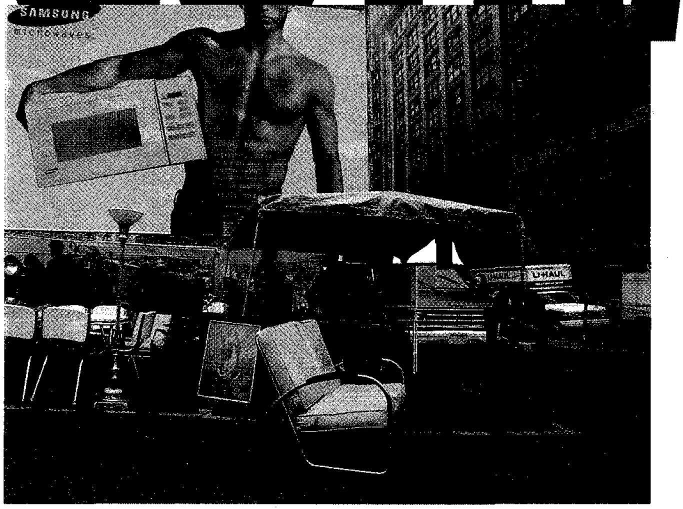
GOTHAM



Antique Finish?

Chelsea's real-estate boom imperils its beloved flea market.

TO THE DESIGNERS, COLLECTORS, and commodity fetishists who flock to the Chelsea flea market every weekend, losing their hunting grounds to the whims of the real-estate market would amount to a New York tragedy as unthinkable as the paving-over of Central Park. To the market's founder, Alan Boss, it is, like any death, simply inevitable. "I've always known these lots would be developed," he says of his "26th Street market," which actually sprawls over three lots on either side of Sixth Avenue from 24th to 27th Street.

The lots—where Cynthia Rowley, Donna Karan, and even the queen of Spain regularly dig for gold—"could go at any moment," says Boss. "When I was here in the sixties, I knew everyone in the neighborhood—all eight of them." He points at the crowds inching through the stalls on a chilly Sunday morning. "Now I'm a victim of my own success. The area has skyrocketed, and my leases are all predicated on a cancellation clause, which essentially allows the owners to boot me if they want to convert the space to residential."

In November, Boss lost one lot between 24th and 25th Streets when the owner, Sexton Realty, sold it to the Albanese Development Group. "We're building a 30-story apartment building with 300 units that should go from $1,700 a month for studios to $3,500 for two bedrooms," says executive-v.p. Christopher Albanese. Construction began three weeks ago. Alan Locker, president of Marine Estates, which owns the other lots Boss subleases, declined to comment on the remaining 53,000 square feet of space. "With all the new galleries and restaurants," says the Corcoran Group's Pamela Liebman, "people see this as a reinvented neighborhood. From a developer's perspective, that's really hot."

Even as the market's future grows more uncertain, Boss is looking ahead: He just signed a lease uniting the Metropolitan Pavilion in the original 18th Street B. Altman with an adjacent building. After he and designer Jeanne Giordano (who worked on the Grand Central renovation) redo the space, Boss sees the Pavilion as a venue for galas, trade fairs, and, of course, antiques shows. He plans to open for business by September.

Discoursing tirelessly in his Bronx patois about India (the birthplace of his two adopted kids) and Cuba (he met Castro in a Havana synagogue at Hanukkah), Boss seems part–City College professor and part-cabdriver, but his eclectic interests and laid-back efficiency have helped him cultivate a minor empire. Ironically, with his market now a raging success, the king of collectibles seems to be developing a distaste for materialism. He declares that "the psychology of collecting" is "very sick"—though he admits to vast holdings of Plains Indian art, Japanese porcelain, and Cuban records. "I'm going to atone," he says unconvincingly. "At this stage in my life, I'm trying to divest myself of material things." ARIEL LEVY

tograph by Etienne DeMalglaive/Gamma Liaison.

SPIN CITY

Future *Post* Headlines About Latrell Sprewell

LET SPREE-DOM RING!
NY Loves Newest Knick 2/11

IT'S NO CHOKE
'Shooting Spree' Cans Buzzer Trey to Beat Pacers 3/31

GAG ORDER
Fuming Knick Guard Chokes Off Press as Van Smoulders 4/16

PAT-RICIDE!
'Crime Spree' Headbutts Ewing 5/4

FOR WHOM LATRELL TOLLS
It Tolls for Spree 5/5

GAZA STRIPPED!
Knicks Grab Israeli Star, Send Spree Packing 7/9

MICHAEL TOMASKY AND ALEX WILLIAMS

LAW

Courtroom Drama

How do you spice up an otherwise deadly New York State Bar Association meeting? Show lawyer movies! At last week's annual conference at the Marriott Marquis, legal eagles critiqued their big-screen alter egos.

PATRICIA FALVO

FILM	LAWYER	RESPONSE
A Man for All Seasons	Paul Scofield	"I saw Paul Scofield in the Broadway play and in this film. Both times, I was in tears."
The Young Philadelphians	Paul Newman	[*Discussion: Is stealing clients unethical?*] "Yes." "No." "I think they ought to yank his license there and then."
The Verdict	James Mason	"The movie tries to make you feel he's doing bad stuff, but he's just getting the witness to express his recollection in the language of the jury."
To Kill a Mockingbird	Gregory Peck	"You see this and think, *Wow, I want to be a lawyer just like him!*"

SOCIETY

Rosey-Colored Glasses

A posh prep school's alumni toast an education in the finer things in life.

THE DIMLY LIT LEOPARD-print dining room of nightclub queen Regine's new midtown space was a far cry from the usual high-school-reunion setting. But considering that the get-togethers for alumni of Switzerland's Institut le Rosey, the world's most exclusive prep school, are usually held in such exotic locales as Aspen, the Greek islands, Egypt, and Phuket, East 54th Street did seem a little bit tame.

But that didn't stop 40 Le Rosey grads and their friends and families from having a perfectly lovely time at Rage last week. At more than $40,000 in tuition per year, Rosey is known for putting the finishing touches on young royalty (the king of Italy and the prince of Monaco attended) as well as the offspring of celebrities (Liz Taylor's and Audrey Hepburn's kids)—all of whom, living and dead, are listed in the school's *annuaire,* a white embossed book organized by country and maintained by Liz Maas (stepmother of Peter).

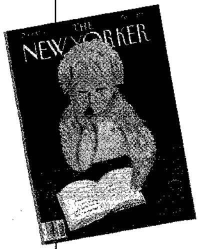
"Imagine a campus centered around an exquisite thirteenth-century chateau at the base of rolling hills overlooking Lake Geneva, upon which students are often rowing," said misty-eyed Yale neurosurgeon Alain de Lotbinière, holding his champagne flute close to his breast. And that's only where the precious pupils spend the *fall;* in the winter, the entire school migrates to Gstaad, where students ski for four hours every afternoon before a fondue party. And membership has even more privileges: "There were no world problems reflected at Rosey," explained Palm Beach socialite Maribel Alvarez, whose tasseled gold necklace matched her companion's tasseled loafers. "When I got to college at Duke, people were always talking about those *Arabs* or those *blacks,* but for me, those people were real people—real Persians or Congolese or Kenyans."

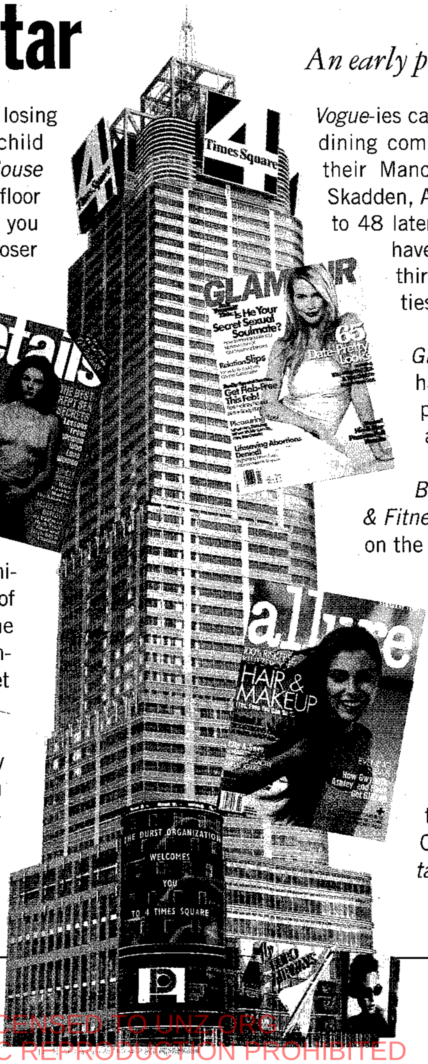
Spearing a bit of red snapper, financier Ned Brown—one of the few alums with an address in the Garden State—described Rosey's new internship program, which guarantees a position anywhere in the world with companies owned by Rosey alumni, such as the Peninsula hotel. "The other day, I was talking to this rea sweet girl who's a senior at Rosey her parents own the biggest sweater manufacturer in Taiwan and she wants to come to New York City. She has our guarantee of working at one of the big cosmetics companies." If only Miss Lewinsky had gone to the right school. VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

REAL ESTATE

The New Death Star

An early peek at Condé Nast's next mother ship




4
Times Square
GLAMOUR
Details
allure
HAIR & MAKEUP
THE DURST ORGANIZATION WELCOMES YOU TO 4 TIMES SQUARE

The New Yorker is *still* grumbling about losing its Bryant Park views. But problem child *Details,* which will pair up with prim *House & Garden,* is relieved to just be on the floor plan . . . sort of. "It all depends on if you believe in the keep-your-enemies-closer strategy," says a *Details* editor, "or if you'd rather stay away from the Death Star."

Self will be in the first wave of 4xSq settlers this spring. "It's like we're the guinea pigs," gripes an editor. "*Then* Anna Wintour can move in." At least there'll be snacks—*Self* will share floor space with Ruth Reichl's souped-up *Gourmet.*

Editors insist *Vanity Fair's* lowly perch, with its proximity to the fourth-floor cafeteria, is actually a sign of high power. "When you're closer to the food," explains a *Vanity Fair* staff member, "it's easier for assistants to get Graydon Carter a latte."

Never mind that the Frank Gehry titanium-clad cafeteria won't open on schedule. A Condé Nast newsletter recommends grungy Times Square pubs like O'Lunney's—"the kind of place where people wear WORLD'S TALLEST LEPRECHAUN pins on St. Patrick's day," grouses a *Glamour* editor.

Vogue-ies can search out deep-pocketed dining companions without scuffing their Manolos when the law firm Skadden, Arps moves into floors 27 to 48 later this year. Skadden will have a gym on the building's third floor—but no Condé Nasties are allowed.

Glamour chief Bonnie Fuller's architect husband has been spotted at 350 Madison with blueprints in hand. Will he replicate the "newsroom atmosphere" he created at *Cosmo?*

Bride's will share quarters with *Women's Sports & Fitness.* "We're the 'loser' magazine that got stuck on the same floor with them," sighs a *Sports* editor.

Perhaps as punishment for its flagging performance, *Allure* reportedly must share space with the Condé Nast market-research department and the company nurse. The silver lining: Relief for glycolic-acid peels gone awry is close at hand.

ESPN is constructing a theme restaurant on the ground floor. "But I'm sure if anyone at Condé Nast is seen eating there," says one *Details* employee, "we'll be fired on the spot."

SARAH BERNARD

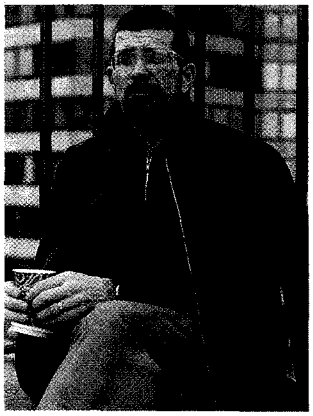
American Tough Fellow

Can David Mamet weather the wrath of an all-female troupe?

THEY MIGHT LACK THE REQuisite equipment to utter vintage David Mamet lines like "I got my *balls* back!" but the tall, willowy actresses of the QuintEssential Theatre Co. do have that ping-pongy, overlapping-dialogue thing down pat—even though the macho playwright has blocked them from performing his work.

KATHRYN ROLSTON: We read a ot of plays and we were very disappointed—

ALECIA HURST: You could tell *exactly* what was going to happen—they were going to fight over a *man*—



Playwright Mamet prefers men.

REBECCA WOODLAND: We didn't see those *restrictions* in the Mamet plays—

ROLSTON: There was a lot of humor in it, too. It could have been spoken by a *man, woman, child,* anyone—

HURST: I was disappointed that I never got to *swear*!

In early January, just 24 hours before opening night, rights-holder Samuel French told the ladies they couldn't stage their Mamet revue—the playwright was said to have sent down word that he disapproved of gender-bending productions. Far from being a penis-free restaging of *Glengarry Glen Ross,* QuintEssential's show, to be staged at Limelight, was culled from Mamet's *Goldberg Street* collection of short plays and monologues. "The majority of the works had characters named A, B, and C—not Ben, Bill, and Jack," says company member Natasha Borg. "But even if a character said, 'Yo, I just nailed this chick last night,' why shouldn't a woman be able to say that?"

It seems QuintEssential won't go quietly: The troupe's lawyer, John Lonuzzi, has just fired off a letter to French demanding compensation for economic damages and threatening legal action. Borg estimates that the group spent more than $10,000 on the show. Mamet himself isn't a legal target yet, but hell hath no fury like five women scorned—especially if the scorner made his name scrutinizing overt male oafishness and latent female power.

French still hasn't explained why the actresses, who never hid their sex on their application, were originally granted the rights to the playlets four months ago. French reps now aren't commenting. Neither is Mamet; his agent, Howard Rosenstone, wouldn't return calls. But Lonuzzi says that last week, Stephen Sultan, president of Dramatists Play Service (another Mamet rights-holder), called him to berate the actresses for taking their cause to the press. "Sultan said if QuintEssential wants to work in New York again, they're going to have to come to Dramatists again, and they're not making any friends here by doing this," Lonuzzi says. "I was a little shocked to hear this." (Sultan wouldn't return calls either.)

Quintessential is now planning to hit the boards in early March with new, less volatile material. Mamet's stylized dialogue, however, should stay with them awhile. "We've got enough Mamet under our belts for two shows," says Hurst. Of course, it's what *isn't* under their belts that got them into trouble.

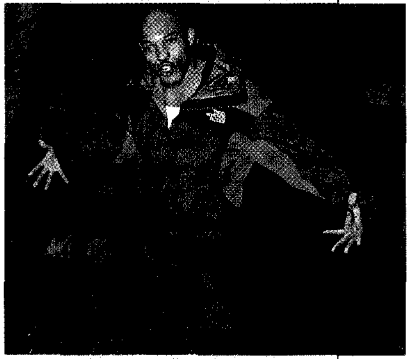
ROBERT KOLKER

tograph by Leslie Hassler/Outline.

Do Believe the Hype

"MAN, WHAT'S WITH ALL THE DRAMA?" GRUMBLED ROTUND Atlanta rapper Jugga the Bully as he waited to be frisked outside the Kit Kat Klub. "The only weapon I'm bringing is my vocal cords." The not-yet-notorious Jugga and nine equally confident M.C.'s from around the country were chosen, *Star Search*–style, for *The Source* magazine's "Unsigned Hype Live" amateur-rap finals—an outgrowth of the magazine's monthly "Unsigned Hype" column, which ran early word on the Notorious B.I.G. and the Wu-Tang Clan. Top honors went to Detroit's Proof, a lean but passionate M.C. who got the somewhat stiff crowd loosened up right away. But even the losers knew the exposure could help launch them. "I'm signing with Mercury when I get home," bragged a young Houston M.C. called Black One. "I want you to write in your magazine that I'm an up-and-coming artist."

Rap royalty Sticky Fingaz, Lord Tariq, and all three members of Naughty by Nature turned out to witness hip-hop's future. Cormega, an ex-member of the Firm, served as one of the show's judges, peering intently through clouds of smoke from the mezzanine. In humbler days, did he ever send a demo to *The Source*? "I didn't have time to be an 'Unsigned Hype' artist," the M.C. deadpanned. "I was already a legend." R.K.



Sticky Fingaz at the finals for *The Source* magazine's talent search.

Faye Dunaway and Michael Kors at American Movie Classics' twenty-fifth-anniversary screening of *Chinatown*.

Barbara Vaughn and Sandy Hill at the Winter Antiques Show's Young Collector's Night.

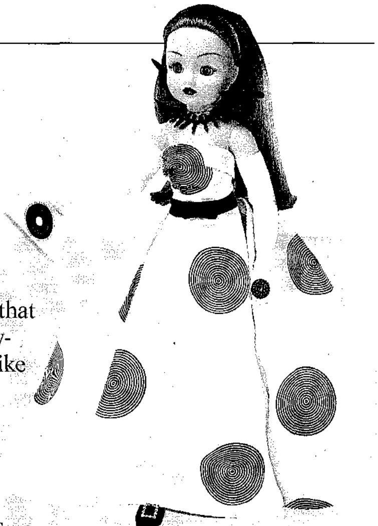
Judy Hudson and Morgan Entrekin at the opening of David Salle's new show at Lehmann Maupin.

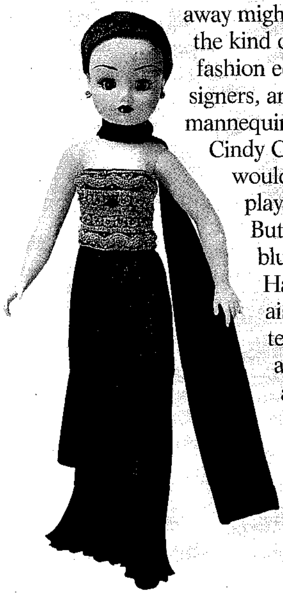
Stacey Ness, Enrique Iglesias, and Zofia at Mercer Kitchen following Iglesias's performance at Madison Square Garden.

GOTHAMSTYLE

Dry Idea

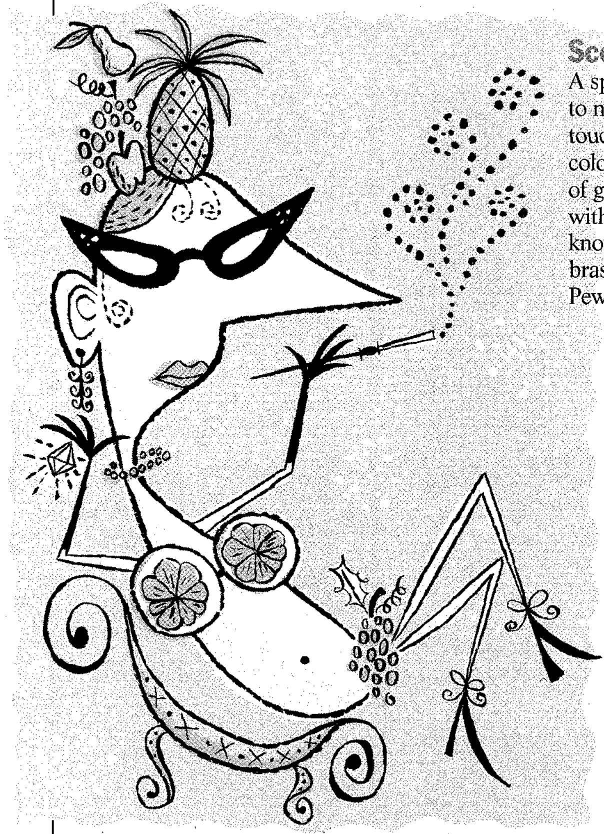
As an adolescent in Quincy, a small central-Illinois town "where fashion does not exist," Douglas Hannant overheard his grandmother and mother complaining about having to tack mink collars and cuffs on and off before having suits and jackets cleaned. "It just did not seem like something the modern woman should have to do," says Hannant. Thirty years later, the New York designer has become the first in the U.S. to work with dry-cleanable mink, courtesy of a new chemical technology from Denmark (don't ask). Hannant sews slivers of mink on sweaters and shirt-jackets made of fabrics like granular crepe, tweed, and twill. Now the only thing you need to worry about is the odd can of red paint.





Dolls in the House

A $500 handcrafted plastic doll that can be purchased on monthly layaway might not seem like the kind of *objet* that fashion editors, designers, and real-life mannequins like Cindy Crawford would want to display alongside the CFDA awards on their mantels. But those were the types at the pink-and-blue Madame Alexander factory in Harlem last week, walking down the aisles past Dominican rhinestone-setters, bow-makers, rosebud-sewers, and bootie-cobblers, oohing and aahing over the new line of couture ensembles created by such minds as James Purcell (top), Mary McFadden, and Betsey Johnson—can you guess which is which?



Scent of a Woman

A spray of Obsession may get you to first base, but when you need to nudge things further along, an aromatic bra might be just the right touch. Parisian lingerie designer Neyret's new embroidered cream-colored bras are fashioned with an extra-special surprise—capsules of grapefruit, apple, jasmine, rose, and "autumnal" scent that burst with minimum wetness and maximum aroma when they're, you know, *caressed*. Priced at $80, in sizes 32 to 36 and cups A to C, the bras stay fragrant for five washes. Surely someone besides Pepe le Pew will find this intoxicating. RACHEL SILVER

Pretty in White

While the sixties look has gone in and out of fashion over the past 30 years, there's rarely been an attempt to revive the ghostly white-on-white makeup of the era. But with cosmetics giants like M.A.C. and Guerlain showing pastel colors for spring, perhaps the time is right for the new shop recently opened on Madison Avenue by Mary Quant, pioneer of the miniskirt/go-go boot/white-lipstick look of Britain's Youthquake. Featuring a full line of makeup (with lipstick colors including white, gold, green, and blue) and the inevitable White Line skin-care products, Quant's store coincides with the reopening of Biba—the trendiest High Street store in the sixties—in London, and the recent purchase of Yardley of London by Wella. Yes, that's patchouli wafting through the air.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

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A Special Road to Parenthood

"Everywhere we looked for information about infertility treatment, we kept getting the same advice: Have you considered going to Dr. Rosenwaks at Cornell?"

Photos by Richard A. Bloom and Jeff Kamen

Infertility affects more than six million people in the U.S., and can be one of life's most difficult challenges. After they were married, Jeff Kamen and Dr. Cynthia Putchat, of Washington, D.C., yearned to have a child together. Jeff and Cynthia sought the help of local infertility experts in the Washington, D.C. area. After many tests, they were told that their best hope rested in the newest techniques available at only a few IVF clinics. Following thorough research, they determined that Dr. Zev Rosenwaks and the New York–Cornell Center for Reproductive Medicine and Infertility (CRMI) offered the best hope for making their dream come true.

"We were looking to get the treatment we needed fast. We didn't have time to waste. The success rates at CRMI were about the highest in the world," says Cynthia.

CRMI's record of success is outstanding. Of the 45,000 IVF births to date reported to the American Society for Reproductive Medicine, more than 5,000 have been born to couples who were treated by Dr. Rosenwaks and the team at CRMI.

Jeff and Cynthia so appreciated the level of care and personal attention that they received from Dr. Rosenwaks and the team at CRMI that they chose to honor their doctor in a very special way for making their dream come true. They gave their daughter the name "Zev."

"We could not think of a more meaningful way to honor another human being," Cynthia said.

Cynthia and Jeff may need to find another variation of the name, because they will soon welcome their second child born with the help of CRMI—Zevvy's baby sister.

"Jeff and I will be grateful to Zev Rosenwaks until the end of time," Cynthia said.

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SPORTS CHRIS SMITH

CBS's Hail Mary

When CBS paid the NFL $4 billion for TV rights over eight years, it seemed an all-or-nothing gamble—and it paid off, a giant victory for sport as entertainment product.

HIGH ATOP MILE HIGH STADIUM in Denver, protected from the brutal 50-mile-per-hour January winds by the sturdy plate glass of a skybox, CBS Sports president Sean McManus stares in disbelief at a TV tuned to his competitor, Fox. McManus doesn't care who wins the NFC Championship game between Minnesota and Atlanta. His dark-brown eyes are narrowing because of the pace at which the Vikings are blowing the game: very, very slowly.

To football fans, it's a thrilling cliffhanger. To McManus, it's like being the victim of a hanging: With the Vikings-Falcons game stretching into overtime, 50 million viewers will remain glued to Fox. Down on the field below McManus, the Denver Broncos and the New York Jets are thirteen minutes away from kickoff. This game, for the AFC Championship, is expected to be the highest-rated telecast for CBS Sports all season, a triumphant conclusion to the first year of a $4 billion, eight-year gamble on the AFC that McManus and CBS made last January.

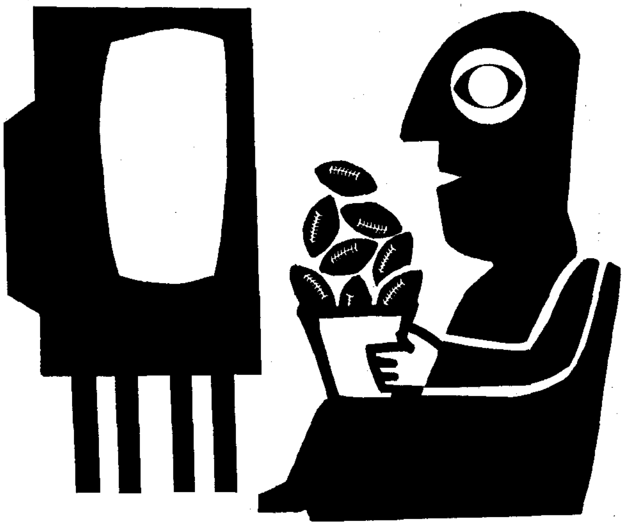
Standing next to McManus is NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue. "Do you want to push the kickoff back five minutes?" Tagliabue asks.

McManus doesn't want to delay the game so long that the Broncos and Jets grow stiff. But he's also deeply worried about Morley Safer, Roma Downey, and Sean Penn. How late can the Broncos-Jets game start without cutting into the CBS prime-time audience for *60 Minutes*, *Touched by an Angel*, and *Dead Man Walking*? McManus consults with one of the other football fans in the skybox: his boss, CBS Television head Leslie Moonves.

The kickoff is delayed for ten minutes. Then John Elway and Bill Parcells can wait no longer. The game, with its $600,000 ads, will start with only blood relatives of the players switching over to CBS.

Suddenly, the Falcons kick a field goal. Game over. The two broadcasts overlap for a mere 90 seconds, CBS beats the ratings for last year's AFC Championship game, on NBC, and Della Reese warms hearts. Everyone gets a happy ending. Well, except Jets fans.

MCMANUS AND CBS, IN FACT, ARE QUIETLY ecstatic. In January 1998, they were ridiculed for spending more than double the money that NBC had paid for NFL rights. That CBS broke even on its first NFL season is a stunning success story in an era of lowered network expectations, and the soft-spoken, Duke-educated 43-year-old McManus is now the reigning smart guy in TV sports.



Oh, and football also managed to save the network. Talk that CBS was on the verge of being sold was epidemic before the NFL deal kicked in. Now, after using football to promote its prime-time lineup, CBS has jumped to No. 1 in the Nielsens. How powerful is football's influence? *Becker*, starring Ted Danson, is a hit.

"The benefits of football have been fantastic for CBS," says Salomon Smith Barney analyst Paul Sweeney. "They'll still lose money at the network level, but at the local level they're making a tremendous amount, and they've had a big demographic improvement by bringing in young male viewers. The stock price is up, too. It's certainly possible CBS could be sold, but it's no longer imminent."

No network had ever leveraged its nightly slate so completely on sports before. It worked so well that CBS is mulling an attempt to outbid Fox for the rights to Major League Baseball next year. "As ratings in network television continue to diminish," McManus says optimistically, "sports will diminish less, and sports will always have a very important, large core audience."

Sitting in his twenty-fifth-floor office, overlooking a snowy Sixth Avenue three days before the AFC Championship, McManus details how hard his ad reps, producers, and talking heads worked to sell the NFL on CBS. And then he admits they all had to get lucky. "We're dependent on the quality of the games," he says. "We can control the quality of the telecast; that's our responsibility. But Fox, for instance, couldn't control the fact that the Yankees won the World Series in four games. That had an enormous negative financial impact, and it had nothing to do with their planning, their talent, their ability. It's the chance you take. I have no control over how good the Jets-Denver game is gonna be."

That, however, is about to change. For four decades, networks have invested millions, then waited for the leagues to deliver scintillating entertainment. ABC took a beating on last year's lame *Monday Night Football* schedule. NBC, shut out of the NFL, thought it had made

Illustration by Igor Kopelnitsk

safe, if pricey, bets on basketball and the Olympics—only to be dealt a lockout (the NBA), the retirement of a god (Michael Jordan), and two corruption scandals (Salt Lake City and Sydney). With the stakes in the billions, TV is looking to reduce the risk.

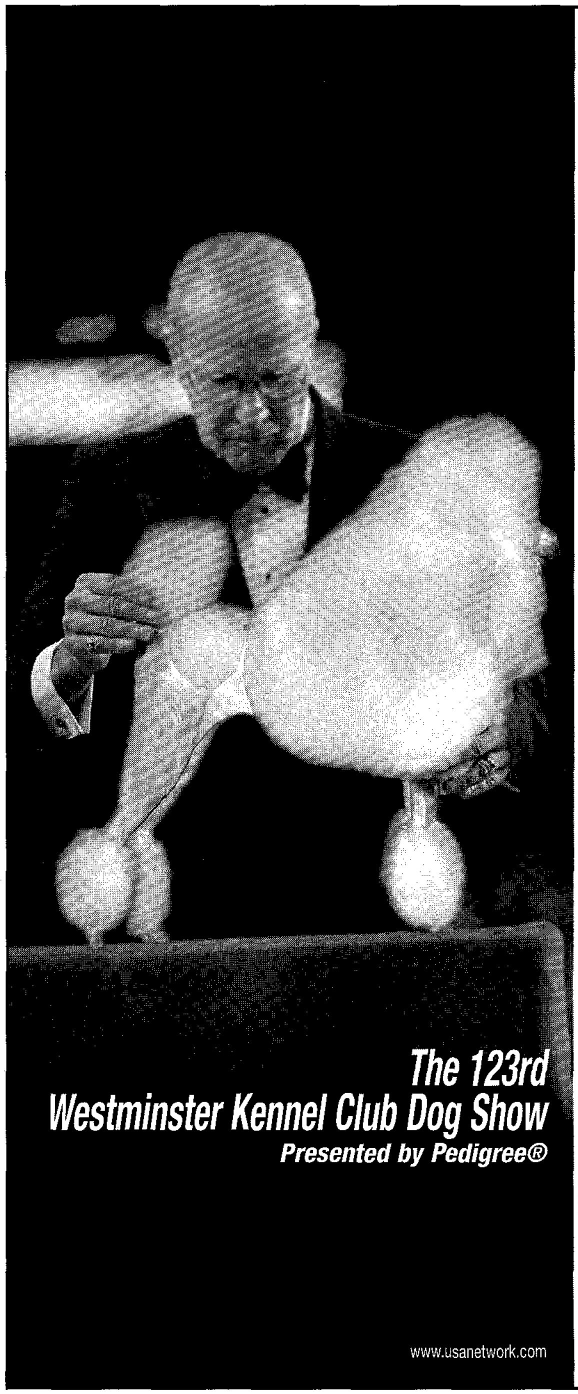
There have already been instances of media moguls tweaking their on-field product: The recent signing of pitcher Kevin Brown to a $15 million–a–year deal was widely interpreted as a move by Rupert Murdoch, the new owner of the Dodgers, to deliver a sexier TV show for his Fox network, at least every fifth night, and propel the team into the revenue-rich promised land of the playoffs.

Murdoch's maneuver may soon look timid. Media companies will push beyond docile ownership of the Mighty Ducks and Hawks and Cubs. The future is active control of entire leagues by entertainment companies. TNT (a tentacle of Time Warner) and NBC, the bitter losers in 1998's bidding war for NFL television rights, are planning to launch their own pro-football league. "It's gonna happen," says TNT sports executive Harvey Schiller. He'll begin meeting with potential sponsors and cities in the next couple of months.

The CBS-NFL deal shows how valuable a decent football season can be to a struggling prime-time lineup. Imagine the profits if CBS could increase the percentage of gripping Sunday afternoons by canceling lousy teams as fast as it dropped *Buddy Faro*.

"Clearly, the haves and the have-nots in baseball, for instance, have created a real problem," says Bryant Gumbel, the CBS and HBO journalist who began his career at NBC Sports. "If you don't have money, you're not a contender. So do we wind up consolidating the weak teams? Does a G.E., if it is broadcasting baseball, turn around and say, 'You know what, I'm gonna buy the Royals, the Brewers, and the Reds and we'll put them into one team, and we'll play in all three cities, because it gives us, the network, a more viable TV product'? Michael Jordan was not far removed from that idea [during the NBA lockout] when he turned to Abe Pollin, the owner of the Washington Wizards, and said, 'Look, if you can't afford it, get out.' "

Fans should be thrilled. The worst problem in pro sports isn't greedhead owners and bonehead athletes; it's a surplus of rotten teams. Scripting real sports as if they were a Stone Cold Steve Austin match would be a disaster. But c'mon: Who really wants to sit through Islanders games? ▬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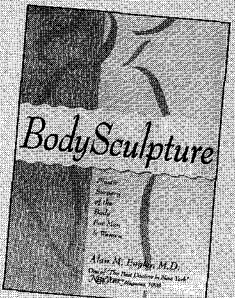
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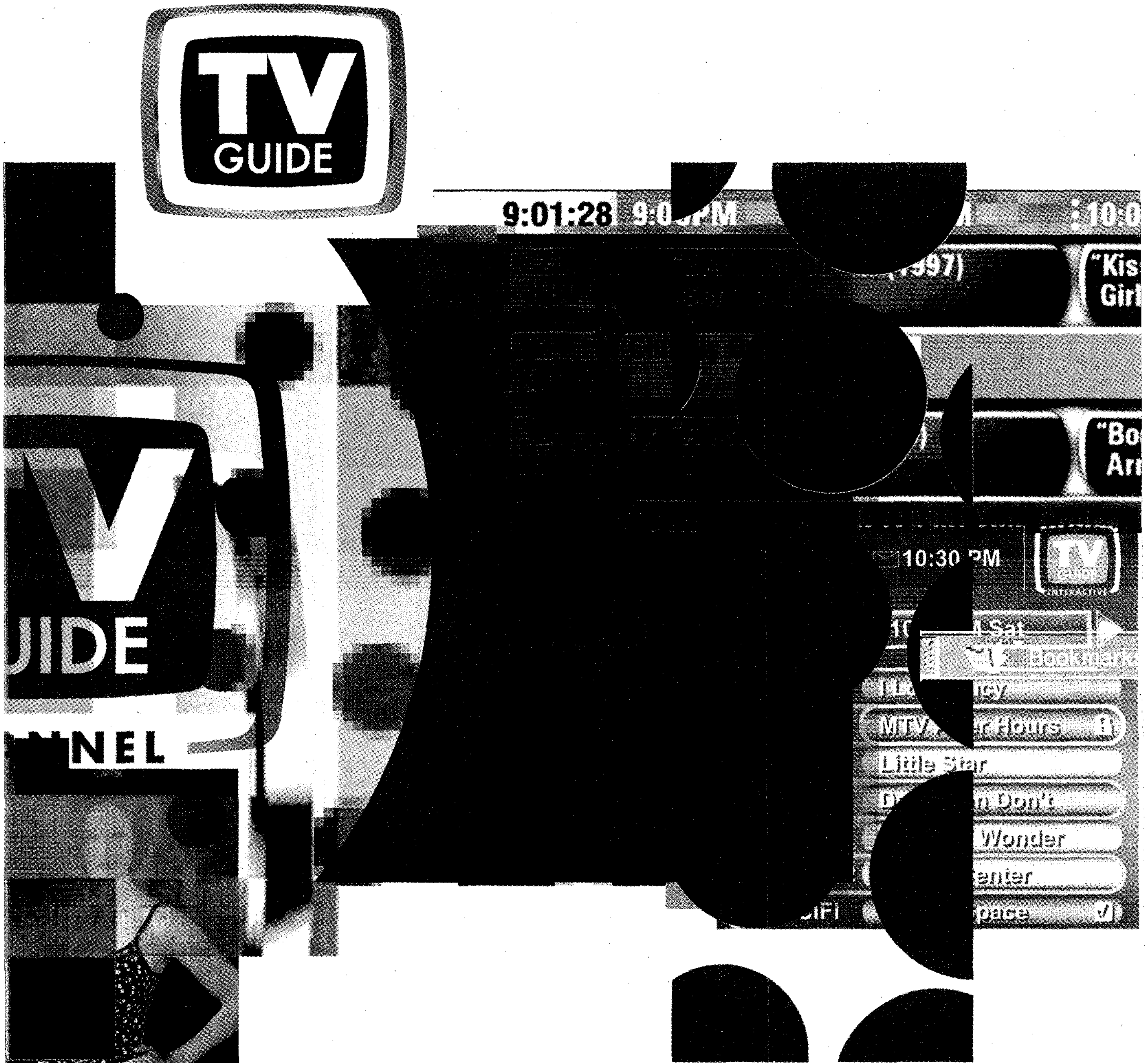
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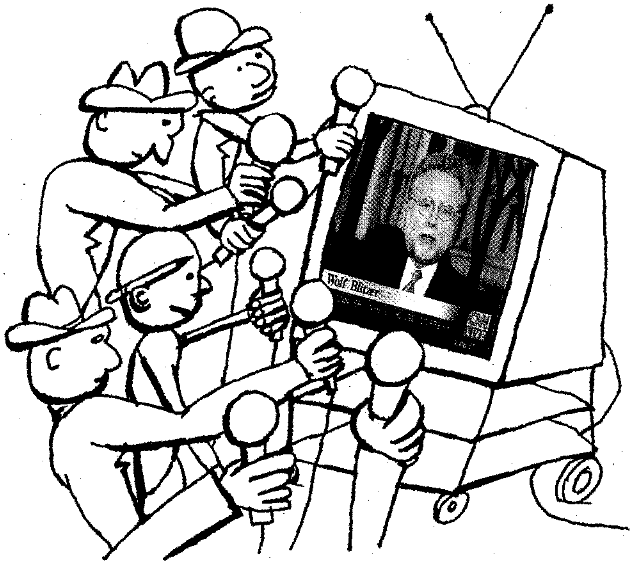
MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Virtual Reporting

Media coverage of Clinton's trial is actually, mostly, media coverage of CNN—with even R. W. Apple Jr. writing his 'In the Chamber' reports from . . . outside the chamber.



I AM SITTING ON A SWIVEL SEAT IN THE front row of the press gallery at the Senate trial of the president—next to Dominick Dunne. We are looking down on the heads of the senators as they enter the chamber, counting rugs—Senator Roth, of the Roth IRA, sports the most obvious one.

Ruff wheels in under us; Thurmond comes dazedly down the Republican aisle; Conrad from North Dakota rubs his hand along his colleagues' shoulders; Leahy gives Orrin Hatch a pinch; even Schumer, here only a few weeks, extends several rubs. The stenographers, like cigarette girls, with their machines hung from their necks, move into place.

Dunne, perhaps the nation's most prominent trial reporter and certainly its most socially well-connected, is on the lookout for celebrities in the gallery: He spots the Kennedy sisters, Eunice and Pat; Frank Langella and Whoopi Goldberg; later Al Franken. The young and earnest wonk reporters around us—Dunne and I are the only non-legislative specialists here—seem uncertain about how to regard such extra-political interest. They are respectful, though. One notes that Whoopi has been here every day and praises her attention span; another sees the issue as how Whoopi has gotten an all-day pass (suggesting he'll take a look at contributor disclosure filings).

Uncertainly—but no more uncertainly than the senators themselves—we rise for the chief justice, perhaps the trial's most aggrieved participant (he has been reduced to ceremonial functionary).

And we settle in.

I would have thought that covering an impeachment of a president should be the zenith of a reporter's career (how many of us began these careers because of Watergate?). But aside from Dunne, there's little to indicate that the press gallery is the hot place to be. In attendance are only the daily reporters who are posted to Congress, and the wonk reporters from insider publications like *Salon, Slate, The New Republic*, and *The Hill*; *Time* correspondent and *Capital Gang* regular Margaret Carlson slips in and out (passing a note to Dunne about possible evening plans).

I certainly begin to feel that in sitting here, in actually covering the event, I've missed the point. The chamber itself, even with its color—its spittoons and creaky desks, a gargantuan Teddy Kennedy, bigger than Henry Hyde—is a picture of monotony. Just because some sort of curse, or joke, or historical error forces a hundred senators to sit here every day doesn't mean the news—or the information—is here.

R. W. Apple, the *Times'* chief trial correspondent, writing the daily front-page dispatch with the special rubric "In the Chamber," is not, and hasn't been, in the chamber during the trial. ("So Apple is writing from the television?" I confirm with one of his *Times* colleagues. "More or less." "More or less?" "All right, he's writing from the television.")

While this certainly seems like cheating (a war reporter staying out of harm's way of the shelling; a congressional reporter staying out of harm's way of the boredom), it is (like most cheating) much more efficient. C-Span, and the CNN Capitol location interviews, provide a distilled information feed. The fact is, the wonks assure me, the physical Congress has all but disappeared. Indeed, the closest Senators themselves most often get to the chamber is C-Span. Does it matter? When you're here, on site, bound to your seat, the somnambulant rhythms of the proceeding surely dilute the pure information. Senate rules, however, say that the camera must focus only on the speaker, lending the speaker, on air, a dimension of authority, focus, and solemnity. In the chamber, the speaker is seldom so potent and clear. The certainty of the news reports would undoubtedly be less certain if reporters had to sit here.

THE TRIAL'S TWO STAND-OUT moments—especially in contrast to last week's procedural wrangling and partisan voting—have been the Bumpers and Mills presentations. Bumpers was sexy in his intimacy—the slowness of his voice, the ease of his body. Mills was sexy in the opposite way. She was unfamiliar; everything about her was surprising: She was young, thin, comely, black. Within the White House, Mills is known as a motormouth. But in this slow-moving chamber, the speed of her words translated into passion. While television rendered her earnest (even noble), here, in person, hearts raced.

In apparent violation of Senate rules forbidding electronic equipment of any sort in the chamber (I was stripped of all mine), Mills (symbolically or forgetfully?) wore a black beeper fastened fetchingly on her right hip.

Her beeper, along with the cumbersome and unreadable white-board charts, was a reminder that these proceedings, from an information point of view, are at a disadvantage.

A laptop or two might have helped cut though the morass.

Illustration by Scott Menchi

Could the Republicans have changed history with PowerPoint?

The Republican managers certainly do not have the advantages of education, experience, or I.Q. to compete with the White House legal team. This is another thing that the television has flattened: the class differences between the House members and the president's legal team (and also the Senate at large: "Look at Domenici talking to Rogan," one of the wonks said. "Under no other circumstances would you ever see someone like Domenici talking to someone like Rogan.")

It's Yale Law School versus the bumpkins. Even if you believe the facts are on their side, it's hard not to cringe at how the House managers handled the rhetorical side of the proposition. That point was rammed home when Bumpers took on Hyde's American Legion rendition of history. That Bunker Hill crap might work in the House, Bumpers clearly indicated, but we've gotten to the Senate. One of the wonk reporters shared a rumor that the House Republicans had considered hiring "real" lawyers to make their case—a plan that was scuttled by the managers' scramble for face time.

Even so, at sales meetings across the country, PowerPoint has aided many a challenged speaker. If the Republicans could have created animations of Betty Currie, and Vernon Jordan, and Revlon's Ronald Perelman, which, with a push of the mouse, might have brought home the point . . . who knows . . . ?

THE REAL STORY, THE STANDING CONGRESSIONAL reporters believe, is not in the chamber but in the deals and gambits and shifting allegiances among the 100 senators. "There's no way you can stay on top of what's happening," says Alison Mitchell, the New York *Times'* congressional correspondent. That's why she, and virtually every other print reporter, spends a good part of the day watching CNN—you won't find a desk in the print-press gallery that isn't tuned in.

With cameras stationed on the Senate side under the Ohio Clock, in the Will Rogers Corridor, in the Radio and TV Gallery, on the Russell Balcony, and on the lawn (Charles Bierbauer perpetually at attention, rain or shine, in brown trench coat on the Capitol lawn is like a living statue to, well, Charles Bierbauer), CNN has become the main information conduit of the trial.

There is something almost unfair about the competitive balance. The five New York *Times* congressional reporters, with coats on their chairs, are crammed into a tight corner of the Senate press room, with prehistoric terminals (forget a T1, or a LAN, we're talking black screens with green type), glued to CNN. "CNN has replaced the wire services," says the *Times'* Eric Schmitt.

H. Michael Roselli, CNN's senior producer on the Hill, is nonchalant about his role as the ultimate information broker and unfazed by larger questions about democratic process and who controls the news. It's about creating a package, he says, about keeping viewers interested, about certain rhythms, balancing Democrat against Republican, senator against congressman, wide angles against talking heads, live camera feeds against tape. "It's television," says Roselli.

A laptop or two might have helped **cut through the morass.** *Could the Republicans have* **changed history with PowerPoint?**

THERE'S A KIBITZING PERIOD ON THE floor before the session resumes after each break. "Two bucks conferring," Dunne says, pointing to Jay Rockefeller and Teddy Kennedy, heads together, chuckling.

Dunne is always first on line to be led into the gallery. His diligence and his attention—his courtliness too—all seem out of another era. Dunne, taking notes in a diary with his name embossed in the leather, is covering the trial the old-fashioned way; everyone else is covering something . . . but not this.

The trial itself may have no real meaning. It is here, it is occurring—with 100 senators trapped like trainees—because no one has figured out how to get around it. It's a process of going through the motions, with a foregone conclusion. But frankly, I like it. It's something you don't see every day. The pace, while excruciating, gives you time to look. The chamber itself, having fallen into disuse, works. The senators even seem to have reconciled themselves to paying attention.

And still, there's Monica to come.

A further media note: There are no impeachment T-shirts. Not that I could find. ▬

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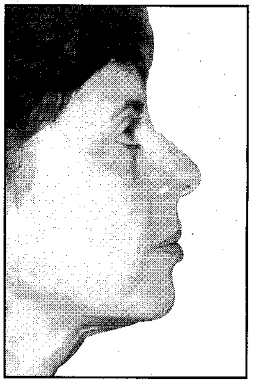
A New Year



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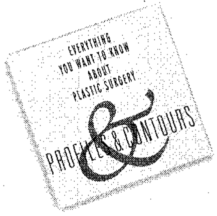

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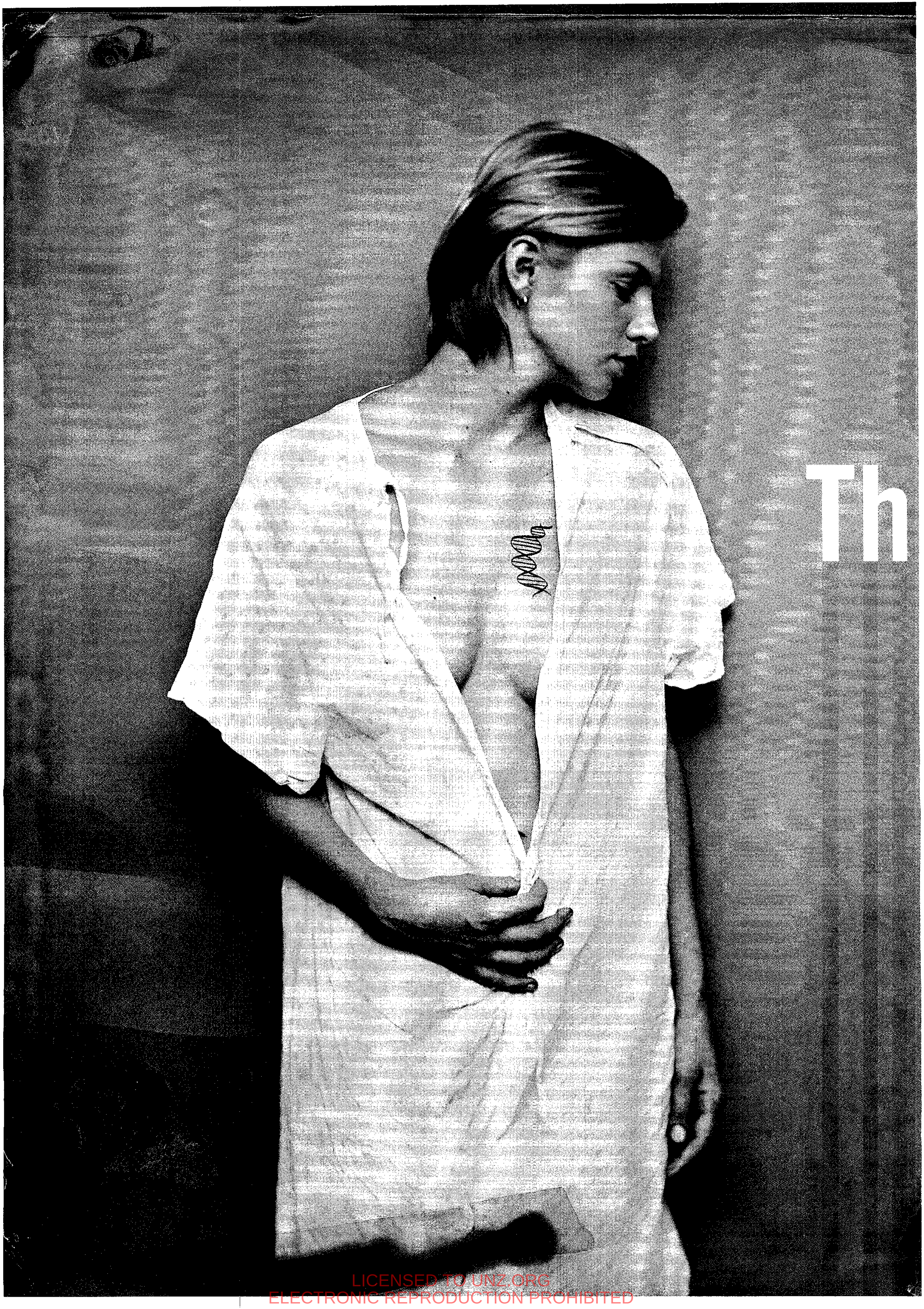


Th

More and more women are being tested for genetic defects that can cause breast and ovarian cancer. But learning you are at risk presents a near-impossible choice: Should you remove healthy breasts and ovaries to combat a disease you may never get? A report from the medical frontier.

Time-Bomb Genes

When Angela T. enrolled in the genetic-testing program at Memorial Sloan-Kettering two years ago to find out whether she was predisposed to breast and ovarian cancer, it was in many ways the end of a long, difficult journey. For nearly 30 years, she had wondered not so much if she'd get sick but when. Over and over during this odyssey, she'd been forced to confront the most fundamental questions about who she was and whether some inherited characteristic meant her body was destined to fail her. Now there was a possibility she could get some answers. • She wanted to wake up in the morning, as she imagined most other women did, without worrying about lumps, ominous masses, or suspiciously dense tissue. At 49, she wanted relief from a dizzying cycle of more than two decades of mammograms, sonograms, MRIs, breast exams, and biopsies. Every three months it was off to the gynecologist, the breast surgeon, or both. After a while, she began to refer sardonically to these quarterly interruptions in her life as "AMA week." ("Will

BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MAXWELL

Hair by Eric Raymond for Artists; makeup by Kristofer Buckle for Artists; styling by Michaela Angela Davis for One; manicure by Richa Bogaczewicz; tattoo by Matty Jankowski for Sacred Body Art Emporium.

this be the week they find something?”) During one twelve-year period, Angela had four biopsies.

“And it’s not so long ago that when you signed to go in for a biopsy,” she says, “you didn’t know how you’d wake up. You either came out and were told it was a benign cyst or you had no breast.”

Ever since high school, Angela (she asked that her name be changed) had lived with the burden of knowing that her family was its own little cancer cluster. While she obsessed about her own body and health, she watched as other women in the family got sick. First one aunt, then another. Then it struck her mother. To understand just how pernicious the disease has been and how deeply it infiltrated Angela’s family, it’s perhaps necessary to know only that her mother and her mother’s three sisters all had breast cancer by the age of 45. One of the sisters also had ovarian cancer. Two weeks after Angela was married, her mother died at the age of 47. Only one of the aunts is still alive.

But on that morning when she walked down East 68th Street toward the hulking redbrick edifice of Sloan-Kettering to attend her first genetic-counseling session, she had no unrealistic expectations, no false hope that a blood test—no matter how sophisticated the technology—was going to solve all her problems. Or even answer all her questions.

“Why?” her friends asked insistently. “Why do you want to know?”

And the truth is that in the beginning, at the start of genetic counseling, Angela wasn’t sure she did want to know. All she really wanted was to get on with her life—and, of course, to prolong it. She wanted to continue to work with kids; to watch her two sons, now in their early twenties, grow and develop as men; and to someday become a grandparent.

“I really felt,” Angela says, “that if I was going to be tested, then I wanted to have a pretty clear idea of what I would do if I tested positive.”

“To not do everything I possibly can to lessen my chances of breast ca

If Angela agreed to give a blood sample, it would be screened for inherited mutations in two genes thought to play a crucial role in some breast and ovarian cancers—BRCA 1, which was discovered only in 1994, and BRCA 2, which was identified a year later. Even though there is little understanding of what these genes do, scientists believe that defects found in one or both of them are responsible for nearly 10 percent of the approximately 180,000 cases of breast cancer diagnosed in the U.S. every year. In general, a woman has a 10 percent chance of developing breast cancer by the age of 85. These odds can rise to more than 80 percent—depending on age and specific family history—among women who have BRCA mutations. Ovarian cancer is much less common; a woman has only a 1.4 percent chance of getting it by 85. The odds jump to 40 percent, however, for women who carry the BRCA mutations.

Angela knew that given her family history, there was a strong likelihood a genetic mutation was being passed from one generation to the next. But testing positive would mean she’d have to make some very difficult decisions. To begin with, having a BRCA mutation doesn’t guarantee a woman will get cancer. It only increases the likelihood. And the options currently available to a BRCA carrier are at best rather limited, and at worst strikingly unappealing. Once a women is identified as high-risk, her clearest strategy is vigilance; she can maintain a rigid program of regular examinations so that if a cancer develops, it can be found and treated early.

The newest avenue being pursued is what’s referred to as chemo-prevention. That is using the drugs tamoxifen and raloxifene in high-risk women *before* the onset of disease. The problem here is the potential for substantial side effects. tamoxifen, for example, is believed to greatly increase a woman’s risk of uterine cancer over time.

There are two far more extreme strategies as well. One is to have a preventative oophorectomy, which is the surgical removal of the ovaries. Because the current screening techniques for early-stage ovarian cancer are not especially effective, an oophorectomy is an option some women—particularly those who’ve already had kids—consider seriously. Even more radical is a preemptive mastectomy, which is a far more complicated and psychologically loaded choice. (In the past year, about 50 of these kinds of oophorectomies, and five mastectomies, have been done at Sloan-Kettering.)

GENETIC TESTING IS ONE OF THE FIRST TANgible benefits of the golden age of biotechnology. It’s easy to forget that it was only twenty years ago that researchers even began to examine the notion of cancer as a genetic disease. Opening the window wider and wider on the way genes work, and fail, will—like Darwin’s theory of natural selection and Einstein’s quantum physics—change the way we look at the world.

But this new era is fraught with frightening issues, questions that would have been unimaginable just ten years ago. And while progress is taking place at the speed of light, the science can still seem painfully inadequate, particularly for someone at risk. If genetic testing for breast and ovarian cancer can predict only probabilities, not certainties, and if the treatment options are severely limited anyway, what’s the point? Particularly when you think about the potential psychological impact of telling a woman she’s a walking biological time bomb.

Not to mention the enormously complicated family issues, the potential for insurance-company discrimination, and the further potential for discrimination against particular racial or ethnic groups that show a genetic propensity for certain maladies.

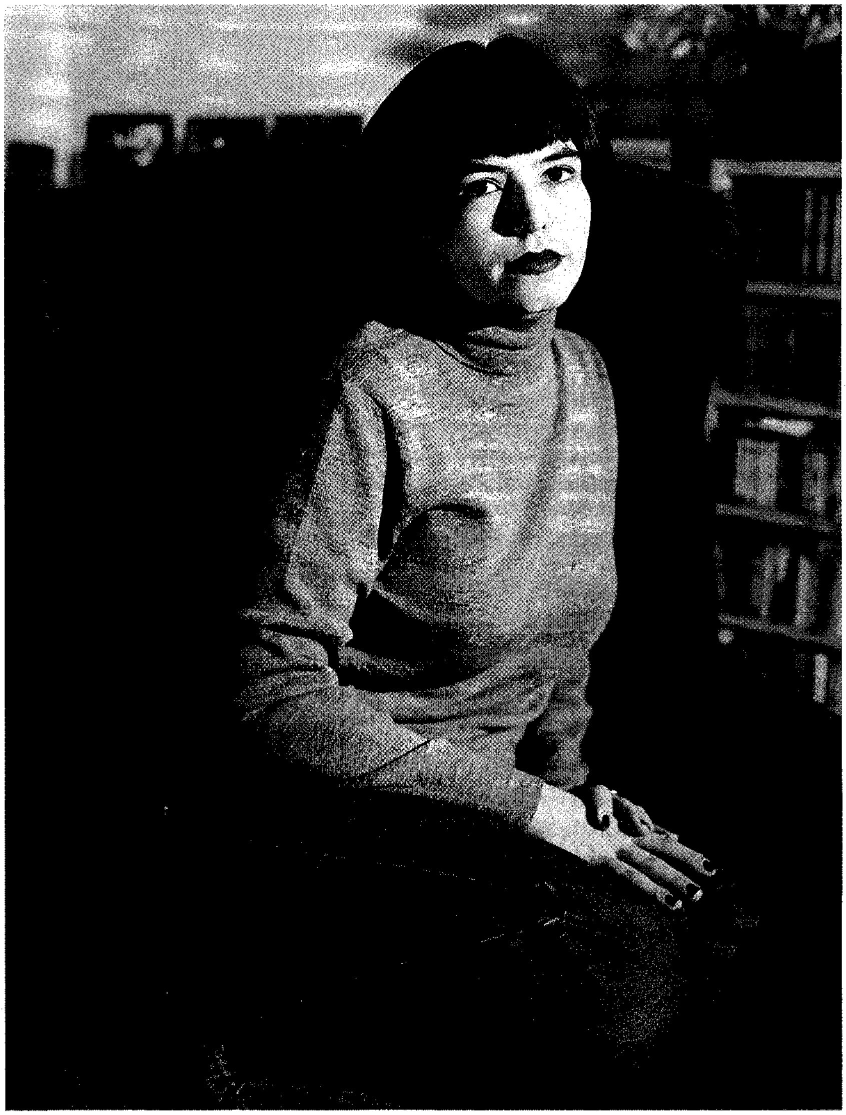
For many people, none of these issues is as disturbing as the fact that the entire idea of genetic testing strikes them as some haunting scientific remnant of the Third Reich. For some time, the search for the causes of cancer has focused on external factors: the environment, pesticides, carcinogens in food, tobacco. But now it’s possible to say the cause is actually within the individual; in fact, it’s in our DNA, the very essence of what makes us who we are. Eugenics, then, hardly seems out of the question.

“We are on the verge of being able to map the entire human genome,” says Dr. Harold Freeman, the director of surgery at Harlem Hospital, referring to the fact that the National Institutes of Health and several private companies believe that by 2003 they will have identified every one of the 100,000 or so genes in the human body. “This is a scientific achievement that’s the equivalent of splitting the atom. It’s powerful knowledge, and we can use it to create a bomb or we can use it to create energy and help people,” cautions Freeman, who’s also the chairman of the President’s Cancer Panel.

“There’s no question that we’re in a transition period where clearly we have to think these issues through,” says Dr. Kenneth Offit, chief of the clinical-genetics service at Sloan-Kettering. “But it’s a miraculous eventuality that when people get sick you can explain why it happened. Think of it this way. It’s December 7 and you’re in Pearl Harbor. You know the planes are coming, you know from which direction they’re coming, and you can turn on the radar. You may not shoot down every one, but think of the impact.”

The less appealing version of that metaphor is the one that may come a little closer to the current reality as it concerns BRCA 1 and 2. You're in Pearl Harbor, you know the attack is coming, but you're not sure on which day and you have no ammunition to fire at the incoming planes anyway. “Keep in mind,” says Offit, who discovered the most common BRCA 2 mutation, “that the twelve or so genes that we've uncovered that cause disease have pretty much all been found in the last five years. That should give you some idea of the pace of the research. Our best-case scenario when BRCA 1 was discovered was we'd have a relatively simple test that would provide the opportunity to save lives. And that's exactly what's happened.”

ANGELA WAITED A YEAR AFTER HER INITIAL genetic-counseling session to have her blood drawn. In the meantime, she persuaded her lone surviving aunt to go in and be tested. This was critical. In families with a pattern of inherited cancer, the most effective way to test those who don't have cancer is to first find the genetic defect in a relative who does. This way, researchers know what they're looking for. While there are several common defects—most Jewish women of Ashkenazi descent who are affected have one of three mutations; that's why they're so easy to screen—some families have mutations that are unique to them.



“How can I not?” Molly Ker, 27, will be tested later this year.

t feels irresponsible.”

Consequently, unless doctors first identify the genetic marker in a family member who's sick, a negative test result is not conclusive. It can simply mean the testers missed the defect. BRCA 1 and 2 are very large, complex genes. When researchers know what defect they're looking for, it's as if they've been told to find a misspelled word on page 367 in volume B of the encyclopedia. Otherwise, it's as if they've been told there's a misspelled word somewhere in the encyclopedia. Find it.

“My aunt has a daughter who also got tested and she turned out to be negative,” Angela says. “And I began to think, *Wow, maybe there's a chance I could beat this thing.* It hadn't really occurred to me until I started the genetic-counseling process that there was even a chance I could be negative.”

So, in the middle of the summer of 1997, Angela had her blood drawn. Several weeks later, the day after she and her husband returned from California, she got a call to come in for her results. “I knew at that moment I'd tested positive. I knew that a negative result could be given over the phone. Otherwise they wanted to see you, to present the various options.”

But Angela already knew what she was going to do. “The disease had been an albatross around my neck for years. I'd watched all these women in my family get sick. I watched them go bald and suffer from chemo and radiation. I'd watched them not be able to lift their arms after surgeries. And maybe even worst of all, I'd watched them get sick not once but twice. They'd be diagnosed with cancer in one breast, and just as they'd gotten better and built themselves up they'd get knocked down again with a diagnosis two or three years later in the other breast. [Close to 60 percent of all inherited breast cancers are bilateral.] And, of course, I'd watched them all die, including two of my cousins who were only in their thirties,” Angela says without even a hint of tremor in her voice.

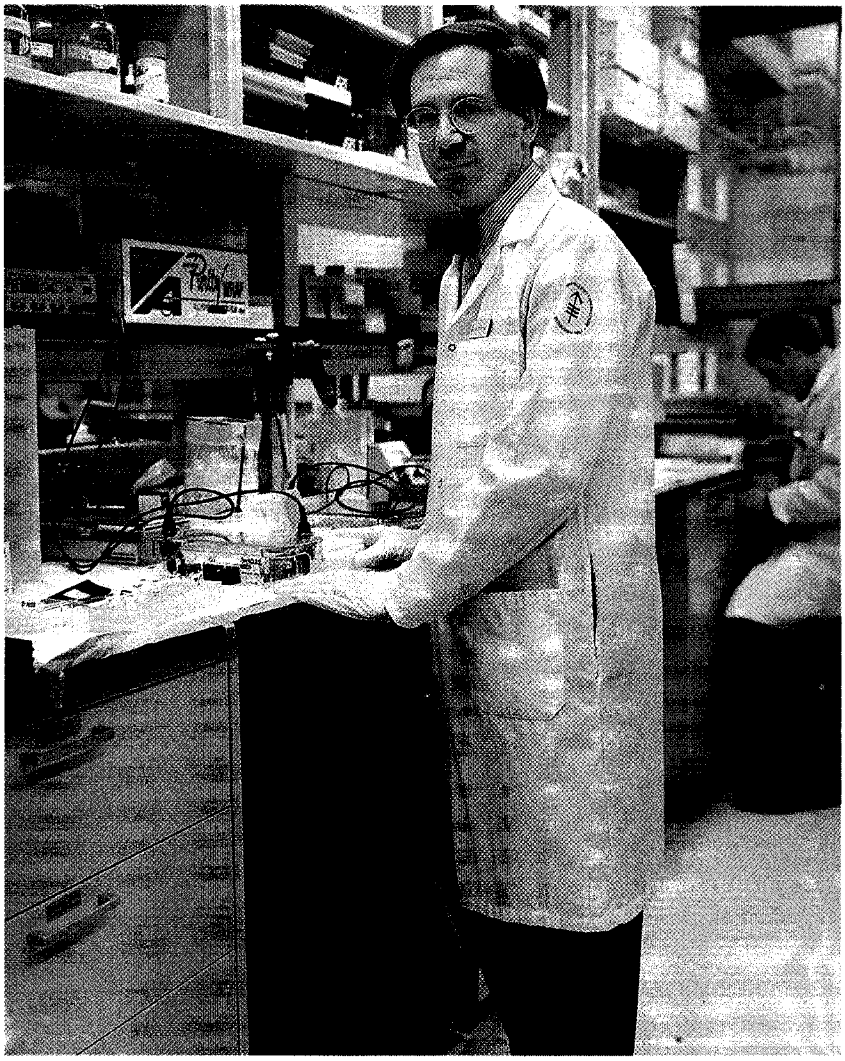
“I knew that I didn't want to have to go through all that. I wanted to deal with this with as little suffering as possible and with as little interruption for my family as well.”

And if this meant she had to have her breasts—her healthy, apparently disease-free breasts—surgically taken off, amputated, then that was what she intended to do. She was convinced this was the right decision, and she was determined to carry it out no matter what anyone else said. (She'd already had a hysterectomy for unrelated reasons, so her ovaries were not an issue.)

And when one of her friends, a co-worker, told her, “I support you, but I can't believe you'd even consider mutilating yourself like this,” she decided she'd accept no input from anyone except her husband and her sons.

Photograph by Tom Tavee.

The hunter: Dr. Kenneth Offit in the Sloan-Kettering laboratory.



WHILE BREAST AMPUTATION before an actual diagnosis of disease is clearly extreme, the applications of genetic science are on their way to becoming accepted clinical practice. Right now there are essentially two approaches being pursued by researchers and doctors.

The more accepted of these avenues is the genetic analysis of an existing cancer. Doctors use these tests to predict how the cancer will behave and how to treat it. A child who has neuroblastoma, for example, is now routinely treated based on the results of a genetic test done on the tumors. Another example is the recently introduced breakthrough drug for breast cancer called Herceptin. It is given to those women whose cancer appears to flourish because they have too many copies of a gene called HER-2.

The other genetic front is the testing of cells before there's any disease—like that done for BRCA—to try to determine tendencies. This is the area that is freighted with controversy. The nucleus of the ethical argument is whether anyone ought to know, given that we'll all die of something eventually, what disease they're going to get and when. Especially, as in the case of Huntington's disease, if the illness can be reliably forecast but not treated.

And since there is significant potential for misusing the information, why take the risk if there's little or no upside? Why open the door to the possibility of insurance companies' refusing to cover people with a genetic predisposition to a particular disease? Why invite negative racial and ethnic stereotyping based on what seems to be one group or another's tendency to get a certain illness?

“I was empowered,” says Angela. “I knew what I was looking for

“We have to think these issues through,” says Offit. “But we also need to separate perception from reality. Though insurance discrimination is a major concern people have, I don't know of a single case of someone losing their coverage because they tested BRCA-positive. Nor do I know of even one case where an insurance company has asked for someone's test results—which are kept strictly confidential.”

Offit points out that some insurance companies are now paying for genetic testing, and as was true with Angela, paying for prophylactic surgery as well. Individuals who don't trust their insurance carriers but are determined to get tested pay for it themselves. The cost is around $400 when the lab knows which defect to look for and around $2,400 when a full gene sequencing is required.

“The further and further we get into this research,” Offit says, “the more we'll see that everybody will have some genetic baggage. This will drive the actuaries crazy and it will eventually get us back to square one with everybody being equal.”

In the Jewish community, the issue of genetic testing—and the fear of being stigmatized—has been a raw subject. Because Jewish women of European descent are so easy to screen for BRCA mutations, the gene is sometimes incorrectly referred to as the Jewish cancer gene.

This is the result of something called the founder effect rather than an increased susceptibility among Jewish women to cancer. Because Ashkenazi Jews have, until very recently, remained a cohesive, essentially closed group that by and large didn't marry outsiders, certain genetic markers can be traced back several thousand years to a handful of founder families. The same genetic phenomenon has been uncovered in Iceland, for precisely the same reasons; the integrity of the group has not been compromised by marriage to outsiders.

“The stigma issue in the Jewish community is totally misplaced,” Offit says. “Not only does every group have its genetic baggage, but it turns out that in many cases what we thought was baggage is not. In the African-American community, for example, sickle-cell turns out to be the leftover result of the body protecting itself against malaria, which was widespread in certain parts of Africa before there was medication. So there may be a higher reason for BRCA as well that we just don't know about.”

Once the external issues attached to genetic testing are stripped away, however, what remains is the extraordinary

Photograph by Tom Tavee.

mpact on the affected families and individuals. Mothers struggling with guilt over passing the genetic mutation to a child. The dynamic between two sisters when one tests positive and the other is negative. Families where certain relatives don't talk to one another and consequently can't communicate test results. Women who find the idea of having to tell anyone else in the family so painful they end up not even getting tested.

"I had an older woman with breast and ovarian cancer," says Myrna Ben-Yishay, a genetic counselor at Montefiore Medical Center/Albert Einstein College of Medicine, "who was simply unable to tell her two sons she was BRCA-positive. So she wrote them a letter that will be included as part of her will." (Men can carry and pass on the mutation. Though the impact of BRCA defects in men is uncertain, regular prostate and colon exams are urged.)

"I think that so far we have pretty much been dealing with a self-selecting group," says Ben-Yishay. "These women are unusual people. They are clearly women who believe that knowledge is power. We don't really know at this point how the average person will feel about all this because I think they're the people who haven't started to come in for genetic counseling yet."

Those people who should be tested, experts say, are women with multiple cases of breast or ovarian cancer in their families, particularly at an early age, generally defined as either premenopausal or before 50.

ose to lose my breasts. The cancer did not choose that for me."

MOLLY KER'S FAMILY, RIDDLED WITH BREAST and ovarian cancer, certainly fits that description. Sitting in a Park Avenue South patisserie one morning recently, Ker, 27, pushes her fruit salad around in its bowl, sips her tea, and talks about having her ovaries removed.

Though she hasn't been tested yet, she has a plan. If she finds out she's positive later this year, when she figures she'll get tested, she intends to have an oophorectomy by the time she's 35. She worries about ovarian cancer because it's so insidious, but feels her regimen of frequent breast exams is sufficient to catch anything early enough to take care of it.

She wants to have kids, but she and her boyfriend aren't ready. "What worries me is I could be 32 and I won't feel any more ready and I've set this deadline. I've been raised in a generation of women who've been led to believe they can wait till they're 40 to have kids," says Ker.

A couple of weeks later, Ker, who works for an Internet company, sends me an e-mail saying her doctor found an abnormality in one of her breasts. He had her take an ultrasound. In the waiting room at the radiology lab, she thought for the first time about a mastectomy.

"To not do everything I possibly can to lessen my chances of breast cancer just feels irresponsible," she says.

The ultrasound didn't turn up anything, and Ker remains determined to get tested even though she's not at all certain how helpful the results will be.

"What's going to change?" she says. "It's not going to tell me I'm going to get cancer. It's only going to tell me about two genes. But how could I not get tested?"

This, of course, is the quandary. The science is good but not quite good enough. "We don't have all the answers," says Lauren Scheuer, a genetics counselor at Sloan-Kettering. "We can give people options, but that's just what they are, options."

THOUGH ANGELA WAS MORE RESOLUTE about her choice than many of the women in the same precarious position, there was a searing irony in her decision to have a double mastectomy. For years she had been offended, outraged, and disappointed by many of the doctors she'd been to. Stunned by her harrowing family history, one doctor after another delivered a version of the if-you-were-my-wife-or-my-sister speech, which essentially consisted of imploring her, often during a first visit, to have a bilateral mastectomy.

It was one thing to hear this in the dark ages of breast-cancer treatment, that period before the activist movement took hold and forced the medical community to rethink some of its preferred treatment options. But it was inexcusable, Angela believes, to have this advice delivered after doctors were enlightened and even after the introduction of genetic testing.

"My argument is with the doctors who were unaware of the choices I could make," Angela says. "Those doctors who either didn't know enough about genetic testing or didn't give it enough credence. They were recommending—without knowing enough about me or suggesting I get tested—that I go in for a radical surgical procedure I may not have needed, as my cousin who tested negative didn't."

But it went deeper than that. There was the doctor who told her she didn't want to go into Manhattan for treatment; the one who said if she used him she'd be "patient of the week"; the one who refused to say specifically how many mastectomies he'd performed; and the one who told her, when discussing breast reconstruction, "you won't bounce but you'll never sag." He also told her the whole thing was really nothing to worry about because "you go in with breasts and you come out with breasts."

One doctor even told her to get cancer in one breast first and then he'd "take them both off." But the worst offense was probably committed by the doctor who assured her he could save her nipples. Most breast cancer starts in the ducts that come out from the back of the nipples, and the most critical part of doing a prophylactic mastectomy is getting every last bit of breast tissue.

"This whole process for me," Angela says, "has been one step at a time. Do you want to go into Manhattan? Do you want to go to Memorial Sloan-Kettering? People go and die at Memorial, don't they? Do you want to have the blood test? Do you want to do this? Do you want to do that? But I had to know, before making the final decision about my breasts, that I had found the best surgeon. I knew I needed someone who was trained to get every cell possible and understood how critical that was. Unlike the doctor who was going to leave my nipples. Unless I found a doctor I was comfortable with and confident in, I was not going to have the surgery."

She shopped for doctors in earnest and stuck to a rigid set of standards. If there was a nurse in the office who was snarky, or anything else at all she didn't like about the practice, it was eliminated. She talked to other women who'd had their breasts removed. "I was empowered. I knew what I was looking for, I had time, and I felt I was in control of this disease. If I had been diagnosed first, I don't know if I would have, if I could have, taken so much time. If I'd been frightened, perhaps I would have dealt with the first guy who was looking to help me. I might have allowed some hysterical doctor to perform the surgery. But now I was in control. I chose to lose my breasts. The cancer did not decide that for me."

The turning point for Angela came when she went to see Dr. Alexandra Heerdt, who heads Sloan-Kettering's high-risk program for women. Heerdt was patient, informed, and compassionate. But she was

(continued on page 89)

Research shows that men and women respond differently to everything from pain medication to heart attacks. Yet gender-based medicine struggles for respect—and funding for research that could be critical to your future health.

Sex Matters

If you (or your mother) were recently saved by a doctor who correctly diagnosed what you thought was indigestion as, in fact, a heart attack, you can thank the small band of mostly female M.D.'s who found a way to make medical gender bias politically sexy. Through backstage maneuvering, they got the members of Congress to look at two massive, federally funded studies of heart disease in 1990 and say, basically, *What do you mean, you only looked at men? No women?* Heart disease was—still is—the leading killer of both sexes. But as doctors now know, it manifests itself differently in men and women. • In 1993, the exclusion of women from any relevant federally funded research was banned by law. Soon after, the Food and Drug Administration began monitoring clinical trials to ensure the inclusion of women. So began the second flowering of the women's-health movement, a kind of hard-science follow-up to the assertiveness training of *Our Bodies, Our Selves.* • It is now a movement of such scope that the flag is waved by everyone from survivors lobbying for more breast-cancer research to the pharmaceutical giants racing to produce

BY SUSAN BRENNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MAXWELL

Male hand model: Jimmy Furino/Parts. Manicures by Richa Bogaczewicz.

more perfect designer estrogens. Biotech companies, medical-school faculty, senators in tough campaigns—everyone's paying attention.

But some of those same, mostly female physicians have pushed on toward a next research frontier. Getting women into clinical trials was the easy part, they say. "The fact is that now you have to *think* about the differences between men and women—and that's a much bigger problem. How do you design your experiments to include gender differences?" says Dr. Florence Haseltine of the National Institute for Child Health and Human Development (and founder of the influential Washington-based Society for the Advancement of Women's Health Research).

The goal of advocacy groups like the SAWHR has subtly moved beyond getting scientists to give up their reliance on "the male model," steering them toward a more thorough exploration of the basic biological differences between men and women in every organ, system, and function of the body. Gender-specific biology, as this emerging field is called, posits that every medicine you take, every treatment you receive, can have a different effect based on whether you're female or male—and that those potentially critical differences have barely been explored.

Consider, for instance, differences that researches have found in just the past decade: that women are more likely than men to die within the first year following a heart attack; that women awaken more quickly from anesthesia; that woman smokers get lung cancer more frequently than men who smoke as much; that women are twice as likely to get a sexually transmitted disease and ten times as likely to contract HIV through unprotected sex with an infected partner. Why those things are true is less well known; still, that knowledge informs the way doctors advise and treat patients.

Considerations of gender ought to be integrated into medical research "on such a fundamental level that it really gets embedded in the system," Haseltine says. Not coincidentally, this research shift has a political shading. Budget battles driven by advocacy groups can look like ugly gender wars: Why does breast cancer get more funding than prostate cancer? Research that looks at gender *differences* in disease, advocates argue, could improve care for both men and women, while filling in knowledge gaps resulting from the exclusion of women in research for so long. "This is not a one-way street," says Phyllis Greenberger, executive director of the SAWHR. "Why are women living longer and getting their heart attacks later? Those are interesting questions. Maybe we can learn from women how to have men live longer and get *their* heart attacks later."

A critical next step is to excite greater interest among the best medical theorists, whoever they are, the team behind SAWHR believes. "You want both males and females involved," says Haseltine, "because you get more interesting thinking that way, and because you don't want the field to be marginalized."

Haseltine has the kind of mind that spins off more ideas in an hour than most people's do in a year. This partially explains how she can run the Center for Population Research at the National Institutes of Health (NIH), plot research strategy with Greenberger, and run up to Yale (where she taught gynecology) to interview residents and find out how women's health ranked in their medical-school curricula.

THERE'S CERTAINLY EVIDENCE THAT THE subtle shift from thinking about women to thinking about gender differences has spread beyond Washington. Two years ago, a second front in the movement opened up in Washington Heights. At the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, professor of clinical medicine Marianne Legato has joined four major corporate sponsors in a partnership devoted to studying gender-based biology. The concept of gender-specific medicine was too new at the time to get it into the organization's name, Legato says, so it was called the Partnership for Women's Health. But she has just published issue 3 of the *Journal of Gender Specific Medicine.*

A cardiac specialist, Legato was not even thinking about gender differences, she says, until a medical writer approached her to collaborate on a book about women and heart disease in 1991. Describing her pre-1991 self as a "dyed-in-the-wool, conventional, conservative NIH baby," she says the inquiry "opened my eyes to the notion that maybe women were not just small men, and maybe there was something to gender that was not fully explored."

She wrote another book for practicing physicians highlighting some of the significant research so far in the field, and secured $1 million from Procter & Gamble, among others, to create an international database study of gender differences throughout the medical subspecialties. Legato is estimating that it will cost a half-million P&G dollars to do the first search, in the field of bone metabolism. The W.K. Kellogg Institute for Food and Nutrition Research—the cereal family—is backing a similar search in the field of nutrition.

Legato—a tall, deep-voiced woman of imposing poise who enjoys making mildly shocking remarks about the skepticism she's faced within her own medical school—has a less-than-modest goal. It is to make the field of women's health obsolete. "Instead," she says, "there will be gender-specific medicine."

Enthusiasm for this research template extends to researchers at prominent universities who are on the verge of new insights into the interplay of sex hormones and the immune system in autoimmune diseases, like multiple sclerosis, that predominate in women; into the function and metabolism of neurotransmitters in men and women; into the basic biological differences that make it harder for women than men to stop smoking. "Gender differences really turn people on once they try to think about them," says Georgetown University Medical Center pharmacology chairman Raymond Woosley.

But the enthusiasm is not universal. Some scientists argue that age, ethnicity, and economic status are all better predictors of a person's health status than gender. Others question how much of the way men and women experience disease differently is biologically determined and how much is social and cultural.

And how well does the science translate into more effective treatment? It's been established that women metabolize food, alcohol, and atmospheric toxins differently from men and have greater sensitivities to many commonly prescribed drugs. It's been established that pain is both experienced and relieved differently. The NIH has embarked on a major research effort aimed at targeting pain relief more precisely to males and females, and convened scientists for two days last April to discuss what's known about the gender differences. There is also strong evidence that women metabolize drugs differently according to their age and where they are in their menstrual cycle.

But drug developers argue that it's hard enough to get people to comply with their doctors' orders and faithfully take their

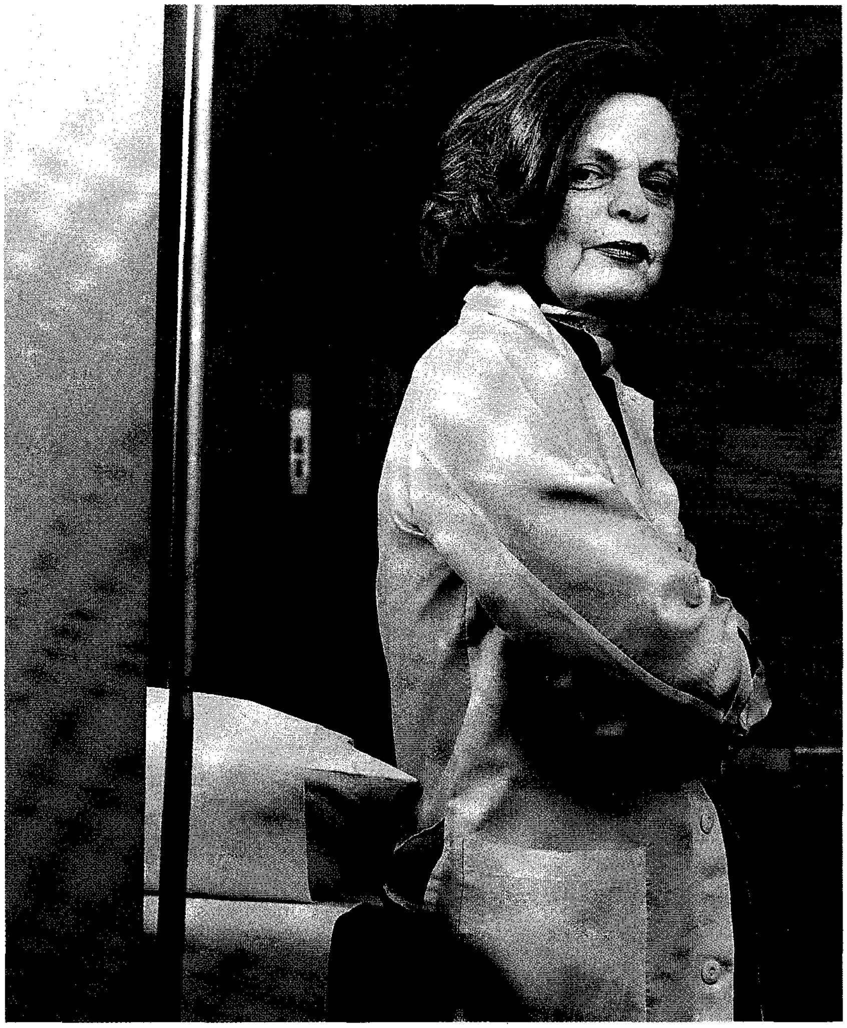
"Gender differences really turn people on," says Georgetown Univer

medicines. What happens when a woman is supposed to take the blue pill during one week of her cycle, the red pill the next week? "That's an issue in the real world," Carol Braun Trapnell, director of medical affairs for the pharmaceutical firm GloboMax LLC, noted at a recent SAWHR update on gender-specific biology.

Woosley notes, "There's been a lot of gender research for gender's sake," and while much of it has been of high quality, "frankly a lot of it was too simplistic." This remains a problem in legitimizing the field and breaking down institutional resistance within such citadels of conservatism as the nation's medical schools. "It's a lot harder to change basic scientific research than you might think," Haseltine says, understating.

"Senior people tend to be very set in their ways, and this is a brand-new idea," says John Bilezikian, chief of the Division of Endocrinology at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. "I just don't think it's part of anyone's mind-set to think there are huge differences between men and women biologically," aside from the perfectly obvious ones.

On the other hand, Bilezikian says, there are plenty of senior doctors and researchers who are simply going forward with the science. His laboratory, for example, is looking at osteoporosis both in women—who get 80 percent of the cases—and in men. Bilezikian's team hopes to improve understanding of how male and female hormones, to cite one instance, affect bone health.



"Not just small men": Columbia's Marianne Legato.

dical Center's Raymond Woosley, "once they try to think about them."

Woosley has yet to get the major NIH grant he's sought for his work, although he has used pilot funds from the NIH and the FDA to establish through his laboratory that there are more than twenty drugs that, when taken by women, could trigger potentially fatal arrhythmias, including one—tamoxifen—recently identified as a possible breast-cancer preventative. "There are probably another twenty or more," he says, "that haven't been studied yet that could affect the heart."

Woosley believes that differences among women and men in drug reactions continue to be under-studied, mostly because the clinical research is so difficult to do. That's where popular pressure applied to scientific committees—which sometimes favor basic research over clinical studies—can make a difference. Last year, Congress directed the federal Department of Health and Human Services to fund a report, to be done through the Institute of Medicine, that would set an agenda for gender-specific medical research.

"What we're trying to do," says Haseltine, who conceptualized the report, "is to get people who review the grants to know that this is a legitimate question, because the young men and women really want to look into this, but the old guys don't think it's of any interest."

Columbia's Marianne Legato believes that in the future we'll see doctors who advertise themselves as gender-specific specialists in their fields. "I think we could set up cardiovascular clinics and treat hypertension and cardiac disease differently in men and women," she says. "We could do it in headache and probably anxiety and depression. But we still have an infant science in most other disciplines." Legato wants to end the ongoing "ghettoization" of women "in centers with mauve walls and flowered trellises, talking about their reproductive systems."

Legato's partnership is almost wholly financed by private industry. One concern among scientists like Haseltine is that if government doesn't underwrite gender-specific studies, private industry will dash ahead outside the careful peer-review structure. Legato is fond of telling how, when she approached P&G for funding, she piqued the curiosity of company executives by noting the differences in flow rates and glucose concentrations in the saliva of men and women. There might be room in the marketplace, she noted, for male and female toothpastes. She says, "We believe, and I think we've proven already, that an understanding of gender-based medicine is an economic bonanza for companies."

The question still on the table: How long will it take for gender-based research to translate as productively to the physician's office as it does to the corporate world? ■

Photograph by Martin Schoeller/Saba.

Too old for the pediatrician and too young for the OB-GYN, teenage girls—none too communicative to begin with—are often shut off from smart medical care just when they're confronting major issues like sex, smoking, and diet that will affect them for the rest of their lives.

The Silent Tre

When Kerry Washington was in high school at Spence, she was known as the Condom Lady. An aspiring actress with a heart-shaped face, she was one of a troupe of teens, trained at Mount Sinai hospital, who traveled around New York doing safe-sex skits in schools. For years, she played a virgin on stages across the city. Meanwhile, at Spence, she was passing out condoms to anyone who asked. "They knew this was my after-school job," she says of her classmates. "They were coming to me as a friend who had more information and had read a few more books than they had. I *know* they weren't going to their parents." • She knows this, says Kerry, who is now 21, because as cool as she was on the subject, she still didn't welcome heart-to-heart talks with her *own* parents about her sex life. "My mom knew I was sexually active in high school, but I had a lot of issues about wanting to be a perfect daughter. I wanted to protect my mom from all this scary stuff. Once, I had a scare that I had an STI [a

BY SUSAN BRENNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MAXWELL

Hair by Eric Raymond for Artists; makeup by Kristofer Buckle for Artists; styling by Michaela Angela Davis for One; Model: Merideth Vida/Ford. Tank top by Ralph Lauren; jeans by Diesel.

ment

Teens' angel: Adolescent specialist Dr. Andrea Marks.

"Adolescents don't have a great reputation with doctors," says Dr. Mark

sexually transmitted infection]. I didn't talk to her about it. I had a scare that I was pregnant. I didn't talk to her about it."

An Upper East Side mother of three teenage girls, one of whom developed a weight problem in high school, says she knows just enough to be aware that she doesn't know much at all. "This is a heartrending transition," says the woman. "You're just baffled that this lovely child you adore is pushing so far from you and is so unreachable, and you can't figure out what the hell is going on with her." This much the mother was told by her daughter: She didn't want to talk about her diet with her pediatrician. She felt it was not a childish problem.

Parents who micromanaged their children through toilet training and sleep upsets, who saw the pediatrician more often in strep season than they saw their spouses, who sought the best medical care offered the modern American child, find the information blackout of adolescence deeply unnerving. Teenage girls are developmentally wired to evade their parents' anxious attention to detail. Too bad this happens just at the time of highest risk from smoking, eating disorders, and sexually transmitted diseases. And at the very time they're entering the Bermuda Triangle of health care.

THE TEENAGE GIRL IS ALMOST NO DOCTOR'S primary business. She's getting too old for the pediatrician, but she's hardly the bread and butter of the internist or family practitioner. Those few experts who do specialize in adolescent medicine (there are fewer than 1,000 physician members, across the country, of the national Society for Adolescent Medicine) contend that the average physician's checklist approach—do you smoke? Do you drink? Do you exercise? Check, check, check—does not shed much light on the byzantine mesh of emotional and developmental changes that drive an adolescent's life. And it doesn't get at the truth; pro forma questions, or none at all, are like a license to lie, say girls interviewed.

Many generalists were never trained to ask adolescent-specific questions, and they're not comfortable asking, say adolescent specialists. Moreover, "in an age of managed care and financial restraints, people feel that taking care of adolescents is a financial liability," says Dr. Andrea Marks, who treats teenagers at her office on East 90th Street. "To sit and talk to an adolescent will take me half an hour."

And there's one more problem: "Adolescents don't have a great reputation with doctors," says Marks, whose office is an aerie of soft couches in green leafy prints. "They're difficult, and doctors like to feel confident that they can help somebody."

Combine that disconnect with an adolescent's growing desire for privacy, and you can end up with a virtual wall of silence. This is especially true when a parent is choosing, paying, and possibly sharing an internist or gynecologist with her daughter. "It sets up this dynamic of 'How do I know this is confidential if my mother is coming in next week?' " Kerry Washington notes.

In fact, most adolescent-medicine specialists work in hospital-based clinics that operate by design as confidential zones (though doctors have the right to contact parents in a crisis and, as a rule, encourage teens to bring parents). Many high-school students have found their way, often through guidance counselors, to a Planned Parenthood, the Door (a Manhattan combination social club–clinic for teens), an in-hospital clinic such as the one at St. Luke's–Roosevelt, or the Mount Sinai Adolescent Health Center on East 94th Street. The only stand-alone center in Manhattan, Mount Sinai gets 40,000 visits—including girls on secret missions from New Jersey and Westchester—each year.

It's counterintuitive that a generation of mothers who are better informed and more watchful of their own health than any before them could be missing the story with their own daughters. Yet a decade's worth of statistics, collected by public-health agencies and foundation-funded reports on adolescent health, suggest that girls are in crisis; when they reach the age of their mothers, they may be facing significant osteoporosis; car-

Photograph by Martin Schoeller/Sal

re difficult, and doctors like to feel confident they can help somebody."

diovascular disease; and that expensive curse of so many boomers, infertility.

Here's a scorecard: Among teenage girls, pregnancy rates are dropping or at least leveling off, depending on who interprets the data. Analysts at the Alan Guttmacher Institute credit girls' use of longer-term, more reliable contraception, including Depo-Provera, though many of the girls interviewed for this story credited morning-after contraception (see box). And under threat of AIDS, more teens are using condoms, though four in ten still do not.

But sexually transmitted diseases are passed along so freely that an astounding percentage of girls in New York, and nationally, are walking around with infections. Among girls between the ages of 15 and 19 who are tested in New York City, nearly a third—31 percent—are infected with chlamydia. It's an easily treated disease, but it often has no symptoms. AMA guidelines say sexually active teens should be screened by a doctor every six months. The consequences of untreated chlamydia may be damaged Fallopian tubes, infertility, or ectopic pregnancy.

Human papilloma virus, linked to cervical cancer, is not tracked by the city Health Department, but the director of Mount Sinai's Adolescent Health Center, Dr. Angela Diaz, calls it epidemic. She is alarmed that more and younger girls have abnormal pap smears. Some 32 percent of girls screened through North Shore University Hospital in Manhasset have HPV, and some 38 percent screened through Montefiore in the Bronx do, says Dr. Martin Fisher, president of the Society for Adolescent Medicine.

Why so much infection? "There's a double risk for adolescent women," says Dr. Isaac Weisfuse, New York's assistant commissioner for health in the Bureau of Sexually Transmitted Disease Control. Not only do many practice risky sexual behavior, he says, "but the cervix of adolescent women is more susceptible to infections like chlamydia than the cervix of older women."

Then there's the spreading discomfort with food and normal eating. "Everyone I know has something going on," says a 16-year-old honors student at the High School for Environmental Studies. She herself tried to maximize weight loss last spring by fasting through the first three days of softball practice. She says of her friends, "Like today, they're only eating crackers, or a girl will skip lunch all week so she can have a brownie Friday."

Few in the field trust the statistics on eating disorders—some say 2 percent of teen girls reach the disease state at some point during adolescence, some say 10 percent—but the statistics don't even get at the ubiquity of eating-related problems. Some 18 percent of high-school girls surveyed by the Commonwealth Fund, according to a 1997 report on adolescent health, said they'd tried bingeing and purging. Odd eating tics and discomfort with food have become so common, especially among affluent girls, says Marks, that the same girls who so healthfully avoid red meat may also be avoiding breakfast and lunch on a regular basis. And second-generation eating disorders are increasingly showing up in doctors' offices—the daughters of Manhattan moms who can't get comfortable around a piece of grilled chicken.

It's now known that the peak period for women to develop bone mass is in their teenage years; skeletal construction is just about finished by age 20. "We are very concerned about osteoporosis among many of these girls," says Fisher. He is reluctant to predict with certainty that skeletal problems will be more common among this generation, considering the rate at which estrogen-replacement therapy is improving. But he does note that teens who are protected by a genetic predisposition toward stronger bones "lose their advantage" with just a few months of an eating disorder. And others, he believes, may never be able to rebuild artificially what they lost.

Doctors like Diaz who treat mostly poorer teens are more concerned with rising rates of obesity, and its lifelong chain of associated risks. City girls who go to private schools are exposed to plenty of sports, but Diaz hears constantly from her patients that they have nowhere to exercise, even at school. What they share in common with wealthier teens, Diaz says, is that they fend for themselves at many if not most meals, and her patients often make fast food their staples.

Smoking among teens had been on the decline since its peak in the seventies, but some statistical data suggest that in 1995, the trend began to reverse. Some 40 percent of white high-school girls now smoke, the most among teenagers. Teenagers are still developing lung capacity, which smoking retards; cancer risks aside, they're setting themselves up for asthma and bronchial disease. Plus smoking is linked with increased infertility.

Though the overall rates of drinking and illegal drug-taking among teens have declined since the seventies, girls have caught up with boys.

"A LOT OF FAMILIES AND YOUNG WOMEN think they have had a preventive-care visit because they've had a school physical or a team physical or a camp physical," says Dr. Jonathan Klein, one of the nation's top researchers in adolescent medicine, at the University of Rochester's medical school. "But oftentimes it's very short and directed toward: Is this person safe to play?" Research has found that 80 percent of teens see a doctor for fifteen minutes a year, or less.

Quickie physicals, though, may have as much to do with doctors' reticence as expedience has. The mother of a Dalton 13-year-old says she switched her daughter from a pediatrician to Marks two years ago, after she had asked the pediatrician to talk to her daughter about menstruation and other physical changes. "He said, 'I don't think so,' " says the mother, who half laughs in astonishment as she recalls the conversation. "The man teaches pediatrics at NYU, he's bright and engaging, he'd been wonderful, but it was clear he just wasn't going to do this."

Of course, the discomfort goes both ways. Marie Torres, a 16-year-old junior at the High School for Humanities, recently had a checkup with a New York Hospital pediatrician. She couldn't wait to get out of there. "I don't like when he touches me. He says, 'Take off your pants,' and I say, '*What?*' He's really a nice man, but it feels very awkward."

SO WHAT IS TO BE DONE? SENSIBLY, DOCtors like Fisher and Klein have concluded that they're not going to change the ways information fails to pass between teens and their parents. What they propose instead is to install a second line, between teens and their doctors.

In 1995, the American Medical Association, with Klein as a principal author, published guidelines aimed at radically changing the primary and preventive care of teens. The AMA suggested that pediatricians establish office policies for seeing teens confidentially, and Klein goes further in suggesting that sometime around puberty, parents should be told that their place is not in the examining room. The report, called Guidelines for Preventive Services, prescribed a long list of conditions doctors should screen for, and suggested that in a 30-minute exam there had to be time for some open-ended Q&A. "The physical examination and lab tests have the lowest yield for any useful information," says Marks. "The art is in asking the right questions."

But picture your pediatrician's office, with the choo-choo-wallpaper border and the needlepoint Bert and Ernie over the desk. Imagine your pediatrician following these AMA guidelines: "Sexually active adolescents should be asked about their use and motivation to use condoms and contraceptive methods, their sexual orientation, the number of sexual partners they had in the past six months, if they have exchanged money for drugs, and their history of prior pregnancy or STDs."

The alternative for the mother who thinks her daughter may need to talk to someone about birth control is to send her to her gynecologist. "So in walks this 15-year-old girl to a gynecologist's office filled with a lot of pregnant and middle-aged women sitting there," suggests Marks, who has one of only two Manhattan full-time private practices in adolescent medicine. "It's as much of a mismatch as it is with a pediatrician."

There are, of course, pediatricians who are good with adolescents, who can gracefully make the psychological leap between the exam room with the colicky baby and the one with the suicidal teen. Some larger pediatric practices often include someone who concentrates on teens. Internal- and family-medicine residents of newer vintage have also been exposed to more training and rotations through adolescent medicine than their senior colleagues have, Klein notes, "but I've been doing this long enough to think that we're not going to get a change just by training clinicians." If a teen's doctor doesn't suggest that their visits be confidential, Klein says, then parents should swallow hard and suggest it themselves.

Klein notes the alarm about girls, and their relationships with doctors, raised by the Commonwealth Fund report. The authors reported that two thirds of the girls surveyed thought their doctors should discuss drugs, alcohol, smoking, eating disorders, STDs, and pregnancy prevention with them, but less than a third said their doctors did. Half of younger girls and a third of older girls said they had no opportunity to talk confidentially with their doctors.

In clinics like the one she runs at Mount Sinai, serving 40,000 residents mostly of the Bronx and uptown Manhattan, Diaz tries to ensure that kids see the same doctor every time and build a relationship. And "because I run this place and I make sure it happens," says Diaz, teens are closely questioned about their habits, moods, and concerns, as well as whether they have suffered any sort of physical or sexual abuse, which is a strong predictor of depression.

At the other end of the economic spectrum, Marks's practice is a model for what care would look like in a world where there were looser financial limits on the time a doctor could spend with a patient. Marks structures her patient relationships so that parents get comfortable with her and then step out of the picture. In fact, many mothers of her patients say their daughters schedule their own visits and, once they reach high school, generally visit Marks's office alone.

An initial patient meeting with Marks is an hour long. She spends the first half taking medical histories from parents and hearing their concerns. Then she brings the adolescent in. "I'll say, 'I didn't mean to exclude you from the beginning, but the reason I set up my visit this way is because sometimes my patients have private or confidential matters that they want to share with me, so it would be awkward to do it the other way around.'

"I also tell them that if I ever need to speak to their parents about something that is of great concern, I won't do it behind their backs." Marks says the art is to make the teens feel that their agenda—not her checklist—is the guiding force in the relationship. She does go down the risky-business checklist, not so much because she expects to hear rigorously honest answers as to lay the groundwork for getting at problems. "I'll have patients who call me six months later and say, 'Dr. Marks, remember you asked me if I was smoking cigarettes? Well, I didn't tell the truth at the time, but I really want to stop and I don't know what to do.' "

This kind of doctor-patient encounter can be jarring to kids, said the mother of that Dalton 13-year-old. "The first time my daughter went there, she said, 'I'll tell you something. She is so nosy. She asked me questions about you and Daddy and my friends, and that's none of her business.' We had to have the discussion about how health has to do with psychological and emotional wellness, and why it's important for her to talk about these things."

This particular parent feels an almost rueful gratitude at having that second line installed: "Wouldn't I want her to talk to me instead? Yes, of course." But this mother also had the experience not long ago of hearing one of her daughters' friends try to explain to her the difference between cocaine and heroin addiction. It was off-the-wall. "I just had to say *stop*, stop the misinformation.

"If she's going to turn to someone else for this information," the mother said, "I would love for her to call a doctor." ■

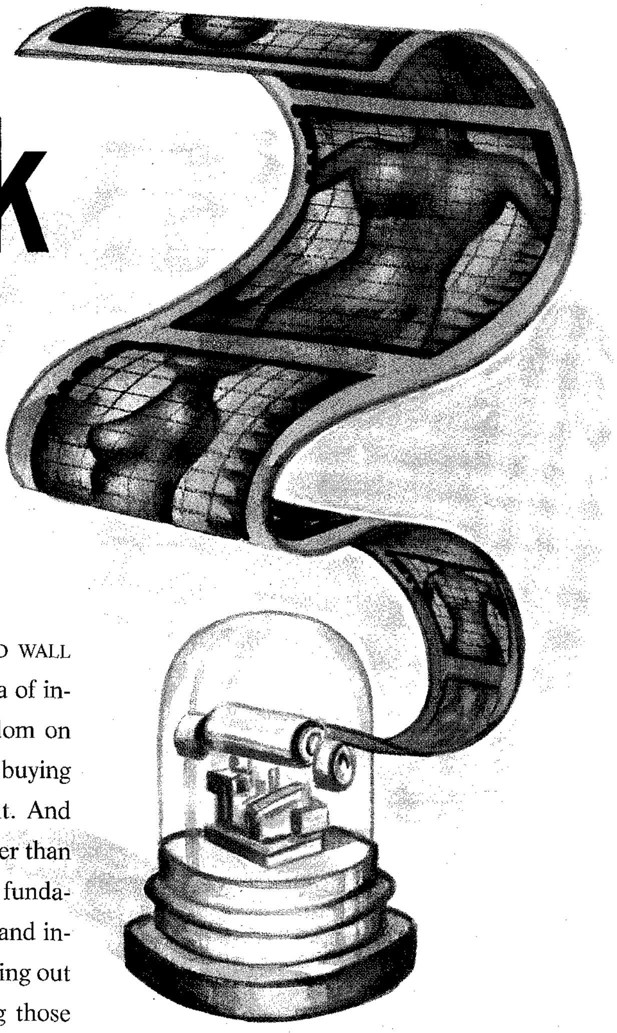
Second Chances

"Last week, one of my patients had unprotected sex, and then she and her boyfriend went on the Net to find out where to get the morning-after pill," says Dr. Marcie Schneider, associate chief of adolescent medicine at North Shore University Hospital. "There was some information, but it was pretty sketchy, so they went to the emergency room. And they gave her the morning-after pill." Schneider's patient could have come to her clinic to get the pill—there is a 72-hour window of opportunity for postcoital contraception—but she didn't want, or have, to wait. In 1998, teens accounted for 22 percent of Planned Parenthood's prescriptions for the morning-after pill. By the end of its eye-catching "Ohhhh . . . Ohhhh . . . Uh Oh!" ad campaign, PP's teen-oriented Facts of Life Line (965-7015) experienced a 96 percent increase in calls about emergency contraception. Increasingly, teens are asking their doctors for the morning-after pill. "Those in the adolescent-medicine field are trying very hard to make it more accessible to teenagers and young adults," says Dr. Frances Tubens of the St. Luke's–Roosevelt division of adolescent medicine. "In our clinics, it's part of our anticipatory guidance to every sexually active girl who is hesitant about what kind of, or reluctant to use, contraception. We don't want them to get pregnant in the meantime." "People are more aware that it is an option," says Mount Sinai adolescent specialist Dr. Sharon Edwards. "They pick up magazines, they see it. There's that whole ad now for Preven in a lot of women's magazines." "There is this toll-free number 888-NOT-2-LATE, which is sort of catchy," Schneider adds. For teenage girls, the morning-after pill's only drawback may be cost. One package of Preven costs $20, equivalent in cost to purchasing a whole pack of birth-control pills. Doctors who prescribe the morning-after pill believe it must have helped to reduce the teen-pregnancy rate but think condoms—now widely available, free—are still the first line of defense.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Taking Stock

Drug companies have discovered women's health care in a big way. Now investors are asking, Is there a Prozac or Viagra in the offing? **BY JAMES SUROWIECKI**



SINCE THE DAYS WHEN INVESTMENT WIZARD PETER LYNCH DAZZLED WALL Street with his simple strategy of "buy what you know," the idea of investing in your own experience has become conventional wisdom on Wall Street, with Mac users buying Apple stock, khaki-wearers buying the Gap, and Netizens buying, well, every .com stock in sight. And while investing in your own health is clearly a more serious matter than picking up shares of Starbucks because you like the coffee, the fundamental idea is the same: Your concerns and interests are likely the concerns and interests of others, which means that some company, somewhere, must be figuring out how to make money off them. Successful investing, in turn, means finding those companies. • Oddly, though, before the nineties—the mid-nineties, really—you would have had a hard time finding any public companies that saw the women's-health-care market as a significant business opportunity. Only in the past three or four years, in fact, has something we can call a women's-health-care industry come into existence, and it is an industry that is still very much in its early stages. There are probably fewer than twenty public companies specializing in women's health care (that is, "pure play" companies), and many of them are micro-cap companies, with market capitalizations below $100 million. It is, needless to say, a risky field for the individual investor.

At the same time, giant drug companies—including Merck, Lilly, Johnson & Johnson, and American Home Products—have come to recognize that the aging of the baby-boomers will create a massive demand for products ranging from post-menopausal drugs to mammographies to drugs that can fight breast, cervical, and ovarian cancers. That recognition has led them to establish separate business units dedicated to women's health care.

From an investor's perspective, then, the women's-health-care field is rather dramatically divided, with a set of tiny, pure-play companies on one side and a set of giant, diversified drug companies on the other. That division is also characteristic of the biotech field as a whole, but women's health care has yet to have a pure-play company break out, as biotech firms like Amgen and Biogen have.

In typical biotech fashion, most of the pure-play companies went public all at once, in a boomlet in early 1996, when the overall stock market was ravenous for initial public offerings (IPOs). Among others, Cytyc, ESC Medical Systems, Biopsys, Digene, and Trex Medical all went public in 1996, and investors snapped them up, so much so that at the end of that year, *Fortune* decreed that the women's-health-care field was "poised for greatness" in investment terms.

Well, that prophecy proved singularly unprophetic—or at least it has so far. In retrospect, it seems clear that most of these companies went public far too soon. Many of them had no real revenue streams, and their major products had yet to make it through the FDA approval process. The chance to raise capital via an IPO is, of course, nearly impossible to resist, but these companies were a long way from being powerhouses like Microsoft. After meandering through 1997, almost all of these firms—with the notable exception of Cytyc (which makes a new test for cervical cancer)—peaked near the beginning of 1998. The chaos of the summer devastated these companies' shares, as it did those of most small-cap stocks, and they've made only tentative recoveries since. ESC Medical Systems, for instance, which makes lasers for cosmetic and clinical applications, has watched its stock fall from $38 to below $7, while shares of Biofield, maker of a non-mammographic test for breast cancer, now trade at about 33 cents a share (down from a 52-week high of $5), and those of HumaScan, which makes a similar test, can be picked up for less than a dime. Last spring, HumaScan's stock was at $13 a share.

As sobering as the past year has been for investors in these companies, though, women's health care obviously remains a

Illustration by Tim Bower.

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field with enormous growth potential. Four years ago, it would have been hard to find a stock analyst who followed the industry. Today, several major investment banks have analysts who track the field, including Melissa Wilmoth at Salomon Smith Barney, co-author of an influential 1997 report, *The New Women's Movement,* which argued that the women's-health-care industry was on the verge of exploding.

Of course, when it comes to biotech–medical-device companies, it's important to remember that anything can—and often does—go wrong. Consider the obstacles: Only after passing clinical trials, getting FDA approval, and persuading insurance companies to reimburse for the product can a company really test consumer demand. And, of course, that demand is filtered through individual doctors. That a woman wants a particular test doesn't mean that her gynecologist will offer it. (Companies have to spend millions marketing drugs to doctors.)

The real problem for investors is that there is no reliable way to figure out which products will be able to get over all those obstacles and which will not. Disappointments are a permanent feature of the biotech landscape, even for larger companies, and a distressingly familiar problem for smaller ones.

> **"There's just no way to tell what's going to happen in clinical trials or with the FDA. That's the basic problem with the sector."**
>
> ANALYST MELISSA WILMOTH

Trex Medical, for instance, one of the two women's-health-care companies that Wilmoth has a rating on (it's a hold), had been counting on its new digital-mammography technology to be a major future revenue source. The company was far ahead of its competition and expected to roll out a full line of mammography systems. Digital mammography, which Salomon calls "a breakthrough technology in early breast-cancer detection," offers the promise of a dramatic improvement in the quality and speed of diagnosis over conventional mammography, and it's also safer, since it requires less radiation. If it works as it's supposed to, digital mammography will make it much easier to detect breast cancer in younger women.

The FDA, though, is apparently unconvinced that the Trex system will work as promised. Although the FDA did not reject the technology, it essentially returned it to Trex and said, "We need more information." The technology may still be approved, but in the meantime the company's stock has plummeted from a 52-week high of $19 a share to around $8 a share.

"There's just no way to tell what's going to happen in clinical trials or with the FDA," Wilmoth says. "That's the basic problem with this sector, and you have to have a tolerance for that kind of risk."

What that means is that even people who would like to invest in their own health should not invest *only* in their own health. Small biotech companies are the very definition of speculative investments, so if you want to invest in them, make sure you've also got some blue chips in the portfolio. Wilmoth puts it bluntly: "No one in their right mind should ever have a portfolio made up of just pure-play women's-health-care stocks."

Why buy them at all? Well, the potential payoffs are obviously huge, especially for small companies, where one widely adopted medical device or drug can drive growth for years. The drug company Immunex, for instance, has seen its stock price more than double in the past year, thanks to expectations for its new anti-arthritis drug Enbrel. And investors who bought Biopsys—whose mammotone system uses a single needle to perform minimally invasive biopsies—when it went public almost doubled their money a year later when the company was bought by Johnson & Johnson.

Biopsys is clearly the biggest winner to date in the women's-health-care field. And although some still hold out high hopes for Trex, the most interesting pure-play company out there right now may be Cytyc, whose ThinPrep alternative to traditional Pap smears is finally finding a market. Technologically superior and significantly more accurate than current tests, ThinPrep could reduce the number of women who die from cervical cancer each year by improving early detection of the disease. But since the test is more expensive than the traditional method, Cytyc has had a hard time getting labs to invest in the technology because insurance companies have been dragging their feet on offering reimbursement for the test. Recently, though, that seems to have changed.

"Reimbursement is starting to come through for Cytyc, and all I can say is God bless them," says Wilmoth, who adds that her father is a physician who has wanted to use the ThinPrep test but hasn't been able to because the lab he uses doesn't own the equipment. "They're finally getting labs to invest in the technology, and building up enough of a critical mass from insurance companies. It's a complicated dance. In order to convince the labs there will be enough volume coming from doctors, you have to get reimbursement in place, and to do that you have to convince the insurance companies that this is something that has to be covered."

One other company that's worth watching is a small, privately held firm called Biex, which makes a saliva test that can effectively tell a woman whether she's going to have a pre-term delivery. A woman who gets two positives on the test—which can be taken at home—is eight times as likely to have a baby in the following two weeks as a woman who gets two negatives. Biex nearly went public last year, but when the overall market's appetite for new issues waned, so, too, did the company's chances of an IPO. Somewhere down the road, though, you may get a chance to own shares in the firm.

Of course, if you're going to own shares in any company with a commitment to women's health care, your best bet is almost certainly one of the bigger drug companies, which offer the chance to invest in what you know *and* the protection of a diversified product base. Among midsize companies worth looking at, Genentech makes Herceptin, which has had good clinical results in fighting advanced breast cancer. And generic-drug-maker Barr Laboratories owns the rights to distribute tamoxifen, a 25-year-old drug recently shown to also be effective against breast cancer.

Among the true powerhouses, Johnson & Johnson, with its recent acquisitions of Biopsys and Gynecare (which makes products to treat fibroids and excessive menstrual bleeding), is moving strongly into the field, and its reputation as an aggressive acquirer means that more purchases may be in the offing. American Home Products has Premarin, the No. 1–prescribed drug in the U.S., and Merck has Fosamax, the first real alternative to estrogen for osteoporosis. Eli Lilly, meanwhile, is probably the leader in the field, in terms of both its broad-based commitment to research and the long-term prospects for Evista. In targeting both osteoporosis and breast cancer, Evista is a potential blockbuster. And if the blunt but accurate formula *demographics + demand = dollars* really means anything, it's that Lilly's future is especially bright. ■

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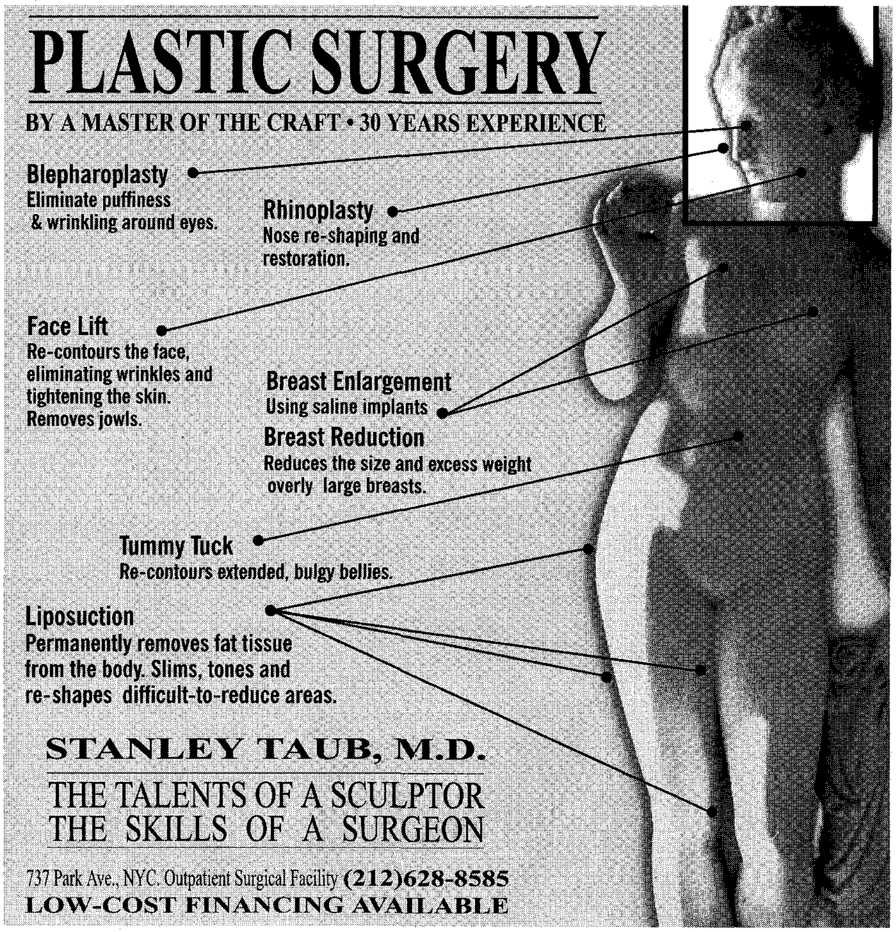

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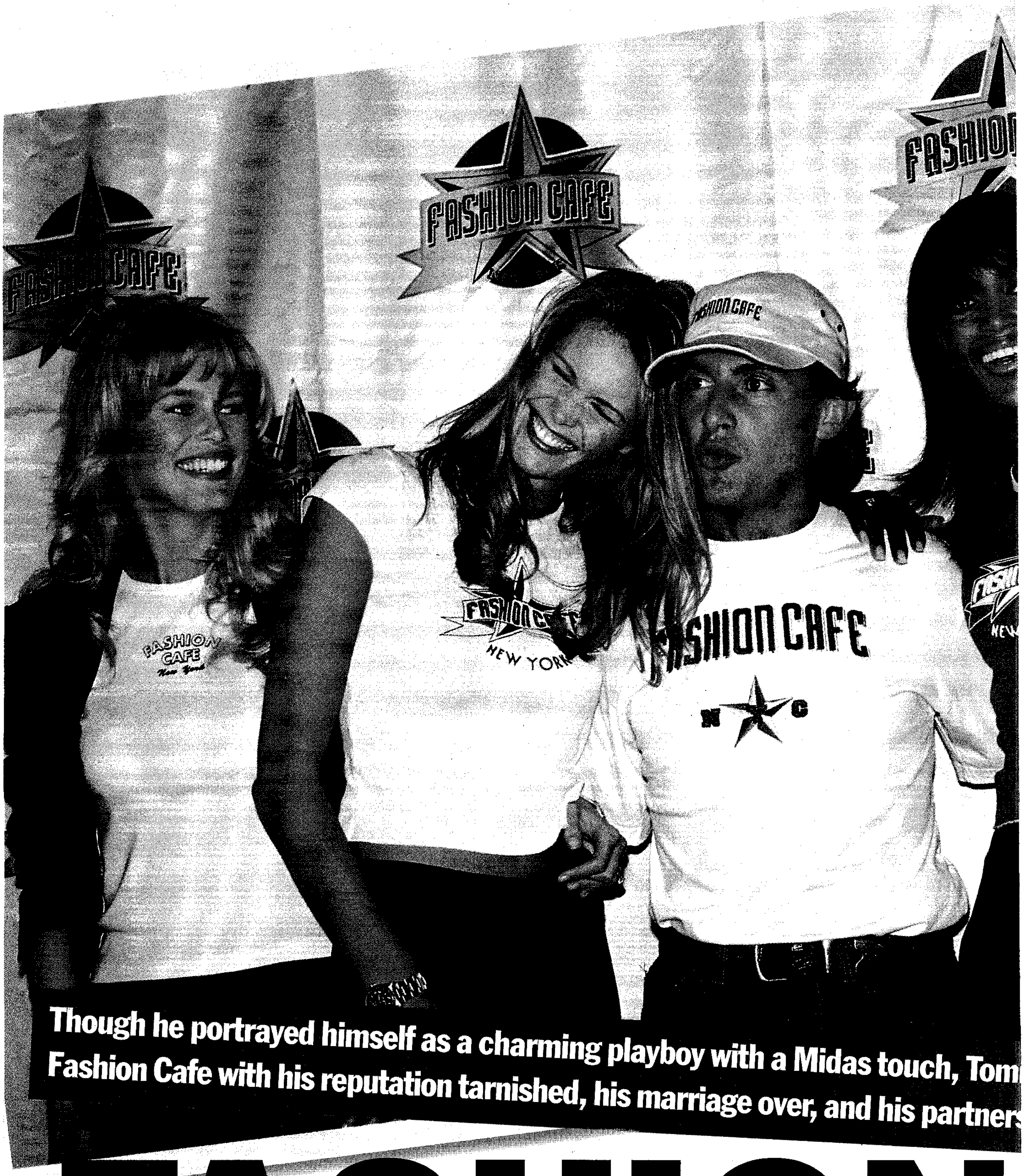
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Though he portrayed himself as a charming playboy with a Midas touch, Tom
Fashion Cafe with his reputation tarnished, his marriage over, and his partner

FASHION

Photograph by Nick Elgar/London Features.

FAUX PAS

ti emerged from the ashes of the eels. Then The Donald stepped in.

By Johanna Berkman

BUTI CALL: Tommaso Buti and his Fashion Cafe front women (left to right) Claudia Schiffer, Elle MacPherson, Naomi Campbell, and Christy Turlington.

ON DECEMBER 17, THE NIGHT BEFORE they left for vacation in Switzerland, Fashion Cafe founder Tommaso Buti and his Czech supermodel wife, Daniela Pestova, threw a "low-key" Christmas party at their palatial Olympic Tower penthouse. There was a simple buffet dinner for 50, and Pestova, attired in gray cashmere and a diamond necklace, didn't even bother to put on her shoes. While their toddler son, Yanick, padded about, babbling to guests, Buti and his wife radiated joy, adding even more light to a home graced with floor-to-ceiling windows and dazzling views. To the many modeling agents and models in attendance—Veronica Webb and Yasmeen Ghauri among them—there seemed an obvious reason for the couple's unabashed bliss: Early in the week, Donald Trump had announced he was opening a modeling superagency with Buti at the helm. Indeed, the evening's high point came when the bushy-browed real-estate mogul summoned his new business partner—and Daniela, the firm's putative first supermodel client—to his side for a champagne toast. "To the richest agency," declared the Donald before imbibing.

What none of the guests knew was that the couple had another, far more complicated reason for revelry. The previous day, without any fanfare, the 32-year-old entrepreneur had finalized a very different kind of deal: paying $350,000 to the Fashion Cafe to settle $15 million in lawsuits his partners had filed against him earlier in the year. Though the press has portrayed Buti as a savvy restaurant impresario who severed his ties with Fashion Cafe in 1997, while "the getting was good," the truth is less flattering. In fact, Buti resigned from management of the chain fronted by Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer, and Elle MacPherson last summer, long after the company had descended into a financial quagmire, and only then once his partners were after him.

In late 1997, Luigi Palma, a Miami ophthalmologist who met Buti while vacationing in Monaco a decade ago, slapped his best friend with a $1 million suit alleging that Buti had illegally siphoned Fashion Cafe's assets to finance a lavish lifestyle that includes "an expensive apartment, a car collection, private jets and extravagant entertainment." The following summer, three corporate entities controlled by Valerio Morabito, the twentysomething heir to an Italian construction fortune, sued Buti for $14 million, claiming that Morabito's erstwhile New York nightlife mentor had diverted company funds and lied repeatedly to prolong the illusion that Fashion Cafe was a success. Both partners demanded that a receiver be appointed to wrest the business from Buti's control.

While the suits were pending in court, the battle spilled over into the papers. In August, the New York *Post* reported that Buti was resigning from Fashion Cafe management because he had sold his shares to a Mexican company and "felt it was time to move on." By September, the story had changed dramatically: With the company in crisis, Buti had simply "disappeared." "If Buti doesn't show up, he's in a lot of trouble," Palma told the *Sunday Times* of London. Buti retaliated by suing the paper; the *Times* printed a retraction, acknowledging he had never vanished.

TOMMASO BUTI DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE TYPE who would find himself married to a supermodel. With short dark hair and clear olive skin, he is handsome but not exceedingly so. He claims to be five-foot-ten but appears at least an inch or two shorter. In fact, seated behind an enormous desk in his sprawling Murray Hill headquarters—which once housed Andy Warhol's Factory—the diminutive Buti might easily be mistaken for the boss's son. Buti says he never reads books and can recall only two he has completed: *Pinocchio* and *Den of Thieves*. Indeed, it seems fitting that both his boyhood-fantasy marriage and the financial scandal that has engulfed him are dissolving simultaneously. Just two weeks ago—a month after the Fashion Cafe settlement was completed—Buti announced on "Page Six" that he and Pestova are separating. The fate of his modeling agency remains uncertain.

Trump defends his new partner, saying it was he who proposed that they team up to start the agency, Trump Management Group. "I've made $5 billion because I bank on the right people," Trump says. "And I think he's a terrific, unjustly accused guy. Restaurants, with all the unions and hamburgers you got to deal with, are not for him. But Tommaso loves women and women love him back. He's a natural to run a modeling agency."

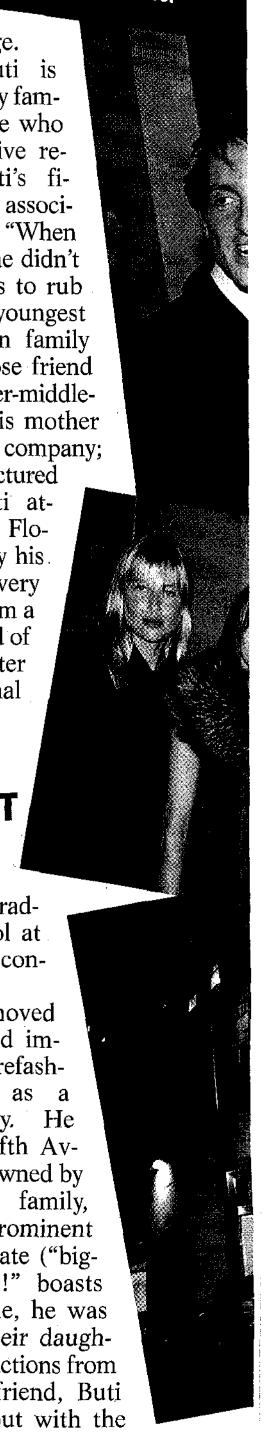
"AND I THINK HE'S A TERRIFIC GUY," GUSHES DONALD TRUMP. "RESTAURANTS, WITH ALL THE UNIONS AND HAMBURGERS YOU GOT

ACCORDING TO THE PERSONAL HISTORY HE served up in interviews, which were often accompanied by photographs of him posed on the hood of his canary-yellow Rolls Royce, Buti came to the U.S. from Florence "in search of a fresh start" after a disagreement with his wealthy father, for whom he had been working. In reality, he left Italy after bouncing 51 checks and promissory notes, having never worked at all. When I confront Buti with this information, he responds blithely. "I think *everybody* can have a financial problem," he tells me. "We're talking about $30,000 to $40,000. We're not talking about $3 million. You know this, no?" Buti claims that the bulk of the bad money was promissory notes he wrote for the purchase of a BMW—notes he deliberately did not make good on when he realized the seller was a fraud. What the rest of the notes and checks were for—all of which he says have since been paid off—well, he can't remember. "I swear I have no idea," he says, laughing. "Is it that big of a deal when you are 22 years old?"

Notwithstanding the embarrassment back home, Buti insists he comes from an affluent background, and peppers his conversation with richly textured details of his pedigree. To hear him tell it, the Buti family was one of the first "pioneers" of Sardinia but sold their home there when posh Porto Rotondo "became commercial." But those with firsthand knowledge of Buti's upbringing insist that his family fortune is a mirage.

"Tommaso Buti is not from a wealthy family," says someone who has done extensive research into Buti's finances. A former associate is more blunt: "When Buti came here, he didn't have two pennies to rub together." The youngest son of an Italian family that a former close friend describes as "upper-middle-class at best"—his mother owned a clothing company; his father manufactured bottle caps—Buti attended school in Florence and was, by his own account, a very poor student. "I am a two-plus-two kind of guy," he says. After repeating his final year twice, Buti graduated high school at 21, and did not continue his studies.

In 1989, he moved to New York and immediately began refashioning himself as a wealthy playboy. He moved into a Fifth Avenue apartment owned by the Caltagirone family, which is quite prominent in Italian real estate ("bigger than Trump!" boasts Buti); at the time, he was dating one of their daughters. With introductions from his wealthy girlfriend, Buti began hanging out with the Italian-expat jet set, befriending people like Luca Orlandi (scion of one of Italy's largest fabric manufacturers and ex-boyfriend of Naomi Campbell) and Stefano Chitis (heir to a Naples-based global construction firm called Fondedile). "It's not like Buti hung out with these people in



PARTY PATROL: From top to bottom, Buti with his wife, Daniela Pestova, at Fashion Cafe's grand opening in 1995; Buti and Pestova with Trump and his girlfriend Melania Knauss in 1998; opening night at Fashion Cafe.

Photographs: top to bottom, Patrick McMullan; Arnaldo Magnani/Gamma Liaison; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

prep school," quips a former close friend. Along the way, he also befriended Kevin Costner, who often accompanies Buti to local nightclubs.

Inevitably, Buti soon amassed a personal posse of models, going to dinner with "the girls" in groups and making a name for himself on the scene. Wisely, he also parlayed his jet-set pals into something he could bank on. In 1990, Buti enlisted Ippolito Etro, scion of the leather-goods family, as a partner in his first venture, a focaccia-sandwich delivery service operated out of a converted office at World Wide Plaza. In 1992, Buti sold his stake to his partners in order to start his own "business on Wall Street"—a Fulton Street deli he immediately began promoting as an enormous success. Trade newspapers reported that his deli sold 1,000 lunches daily and was worth "an estimated $10 million." When I remind Buti of this, he laughs. "It's an article," he tells me. "It doesn't mean anything." As for how much profit the deli made, the deal-maker has no idea and suggests I ask his former accountant. "His name was Greg," he says. "Last name I don't know."

With the financial support of his friend Orlandi, Buti quickly graduated to an Italian restaurant in South Beach and an increasingly flamboyant life. Suddenly he had luxury cars—the Rolls, a Bentley, a Porsche, a Ferrari—and high-end real estate: At 26, he bought a $1 million five-bedroom house on Sunset Island in Miami. A short time later, his older brother, Francesco, bought a $450,000 condo nearby and joined him in business.

Shortly after establishing his luxury beachhead in Miami, Buti met the stunning Pestova, who, like him, had only recently arrived in America. After being discovered in a Prague movie theater in 1989, Pestova came to New York not understanding a word of English but became successful almost overnight. "She worked with all the best photographers, magazines, and beauty campaigns," recalls her former agent Maria Cognata. "This was *years* before Tommaso."

Unlike Buti, Pestova is universally well liked. "She's an amazing, amazing girl," says Cognata. "Extremely generous." A former Fashion Cafe executive, no fan of Tommaso's, has only nice things to say about his wife. "She's beautiful and very polite and kind of shy in a way. Amazing, really—a very nice woman."

Although Pestova rebuffed him at first, Buti pursued his cover model with a passion, giving her frequent gifts of extravagant jewelry, greeting her at airports with roses, and even following her on her travels. In the end, Pestova succumbed to his charms, and by all accounts fell madly in love. She and Buti were married at City Hall in April 1994, and then again the following summer, on Cap Ferrat, in a lavish wedding at the Hotel du Cap with 200 guests. For Buti, so eager to prove his mettle as a world-class playboy, Pestova was the ultimate status symbol.

Buti simultaneously packaged himself as both a product of great wealth and a "self-made" man, one who had transformed a $2,000 investment in a sandwich business into a Fulton Street gourmet store that he sold for a fortune. In truth, he sold the deli—which cost him $120,000 to open—for only $60,000. As for his house, he bought it with money from his mother and a wealthy man Buti describes as a "family friend." His cars, he admits, were all leased. Hype, high living, and sub-ordinary investment returns. It was not an auspicious prehistory for Fashion Cafe.

Still, despite his youth and lack of experience, Buti had little trouble putting together what would become his biggest venture yet: The idea was to take advantage of the supermodel craze by assembling a chain of high-fashion diners. When he approached the supermodels with the concept in 1994, theme restaurants were booming, and Buti was offering an enticing package: $50,000 to $100,000 per appearance plus luxury travel and lodging and a percentage of net earnings as the business expanded. Through Chitis, who is good friends with Elle MacPherson, Buti met the model and sold her on the project; with Elle on board, he approached Claudia Schiffer, via her lawyers, and got her to join as well; once he had those two, Naomi Campbell fell dominolike into place. (Despite deriding Fashion Cafe as a "tacky theme restaurant for tourists," Christy Turlington signed on in the summer of 1995. Two years later, after making far fewer appearances than her peers, she resigned.)

With "the girls" as enticement, it was an even easier feat to raise the money to foot their bills and open the business. The supermodels were then at the height of their power, and there were more than a few Italians on the fringe of Buti's orbit willing to throw millions his way for a chance to meet and greet them. "The investors were 'Tell me where to go' kind of guys," says a former Fashion Cafe employee who joined when the New York restaurant opened in the spring of 1995. "They wanted to say they *owned* the models. They wanted to say they owned a piece of Fashion Cafe. This was play money." According to the source who researched Buti's finances, Buti was not only a fabulous party-giver but also a shrewd one. "A wonderful car, a wonderful bottle of wine, whatever your vice might be, you just got carried along by the glamour," he says. "Would he have succeeded selling copy machines or computers? I have no idea."

Although the New York restaurant certainly had its fifteen minutes—its star-studded opening was captured by CNN and the BBC; Ruth Reichl waited on line for an hour, declaring the food "surprisingly decent"—it was soon attracting a clientele in which extras from *Paper Dolls* mingled with regulars from T.G.I. Friday's. Indeed, it's hard to imagine how a restaurant offering such attractions as a hermetically sealed display case of Pestova's turquoise Victoria's Secret underwear and oil-oozing fish might have garnered any glamorous repeat traffic—or any repeaters at all. The regularly scheduled fashion shows featuring "undiscovered models" parading around in "pajama fashions" didn't help.

Between the time Buti began fund-raising in 1994 and his resignation from the business last summer, he raised a total of approximately $30 million, an exorbitant amount for a group of entities that owned only three restaurants, in New York, London (in receivership), and New Orleans (closed), and opened only four franchises, in Barcelona (closed), Jakarta, Manila, and Mexico City. That sum seems even more staggering when you consider where it did not go. "It was not in the operational budget," says a former executive, who recalled

TO DEAL WITH, ARE NOT FOR HIM. BUT TOMMASO LOVES WOMEN AND WOMEN LOVE HIM. HE'S A NATURAL TO RUN A MODELING AGENCY."

how staff paychecks often bounced. “We were forever struggling—to be able to hire good people, to pay for our resources, even to keep up our business-magazine subscriptions. We had suppliers who would not deliver unless we paid cash.”

“Buti ended up selling like 400 percent of the business, and that’s how he got into trouble,” says a former associate. “Everything’s fine if the deal bombs right away, because none of the investors ask for their money back. But if it works for a while, then people start showing up and asking to see the books.” In less than three years of existence, the restaurant was sued repeatedly. Plaintiffs include such heavyweights as Rockefeller Center, which sued for six months of back rent and utilities, and the law firm Pavia & Harcourt, which sued for $400,000 in unpaid bills.

Records excerpted in the suits brought by Buti’s partners state that in 1996, Fashion Cafe made “payments and/or loans” of $670,000 to an entity called F[rancesco] T[ommaso] Ventures and “payments and/or loans” to Daniela Pestova of $480,000. According to one suit, in 1996 the company paid Buti $260,000; in 1997 it paid him $305,000 and, mysteriously, threw in an additional $85,000 to his Miami restaurant, Mezzaluna. That same year, an entity called D[aniela] P[estova] Entertainment received “payments and/or loans” of $700,000.

“TOMMASO IS NOT FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY,” INSISTS ONE KNOWLEDGEABLE SOURCE. “HE CAME HERE WITHOUT TWO PENNIES TO RUB TOGETHER.”

Valerio Morabito’s records show that his corporations wired more than $3 million of their $9 million investment in the Fashion Cafe entities into non–Fashion Cafe bank accounts in Zurich and Lugano—transfers the suit alleges were made “at the Butis’ explicit direction.” According to a sworn affidavit by another former partner’s accountant, Buti also ran up millions in expenses.

Although the Fashion Cafe partnership agreement entitled Buti to $250,000 in annual income and .05 percent of the annual gross profits of the company (in 1996, this percentage amounted to only $3,000), he spent $57,000 of the company’s money on two leased Mercedeses so that he and his brother could be squired around town in style (both had drivers, also on the company dole), $43,000 on garage bills, and $132,000 on cellular-phone bills. According to the affidavit, Buti also received more than $1 million in repayment for alleged advances to the company, including tens of thousands of dollars in “petty cash” expenses.

Buti insists he is being unfairly tarred. His lawyer Judd Burstein describes his client as an “easy target” and argues that—appearances to the contrary—the evidence against Buti doesn’t amount to much. “What you have,” he tells me, “is a one-sided account with documents taken out of context and trumpeted as the gospel, when the whole story is very different.” According to Burstein, that story’s protagonist is a generous, high-living if naïve foreigner who had no financial background but ultimately only his investors’ best interests at heart. “He was not versed in the formalities of American business law,” insists Burstein.

“I think it’s fair to say that in *his* mind, moving moneys through various corporate accounts to meet cash-flow needs was not improper. And I think from a moral perspective it *wasn’t*, because there was no intent to defraud or do anything other than save the company.” As for the $700,000 of “payments and/or loans” made to DP Entertainment in 1997, Burstein says: “Tommaso’s wife was committed to helping her husband, and so at a later time when there was cash available, the moneys were repaid.”

FROM OUR VERY FIRST MEETING, BEFORE WE delve into the complex issues at the heart of his partners’ lawsuits, it is clear that Buti has cast himself as the victim in the Fashion Cafe saga. “It is unbelievable what happened to me,” he tells me one afternoon as we sit in a cab stuck in midtown traffic. “Everybody thought I had $200 million and they know I don’t like lawsuits, so they think they can line up and I will buy them out.” As for the accusations against him, Buti insists they are all false. “I never took anything from the company,” he says. “I gonna keep saying that for the rest of my life.”

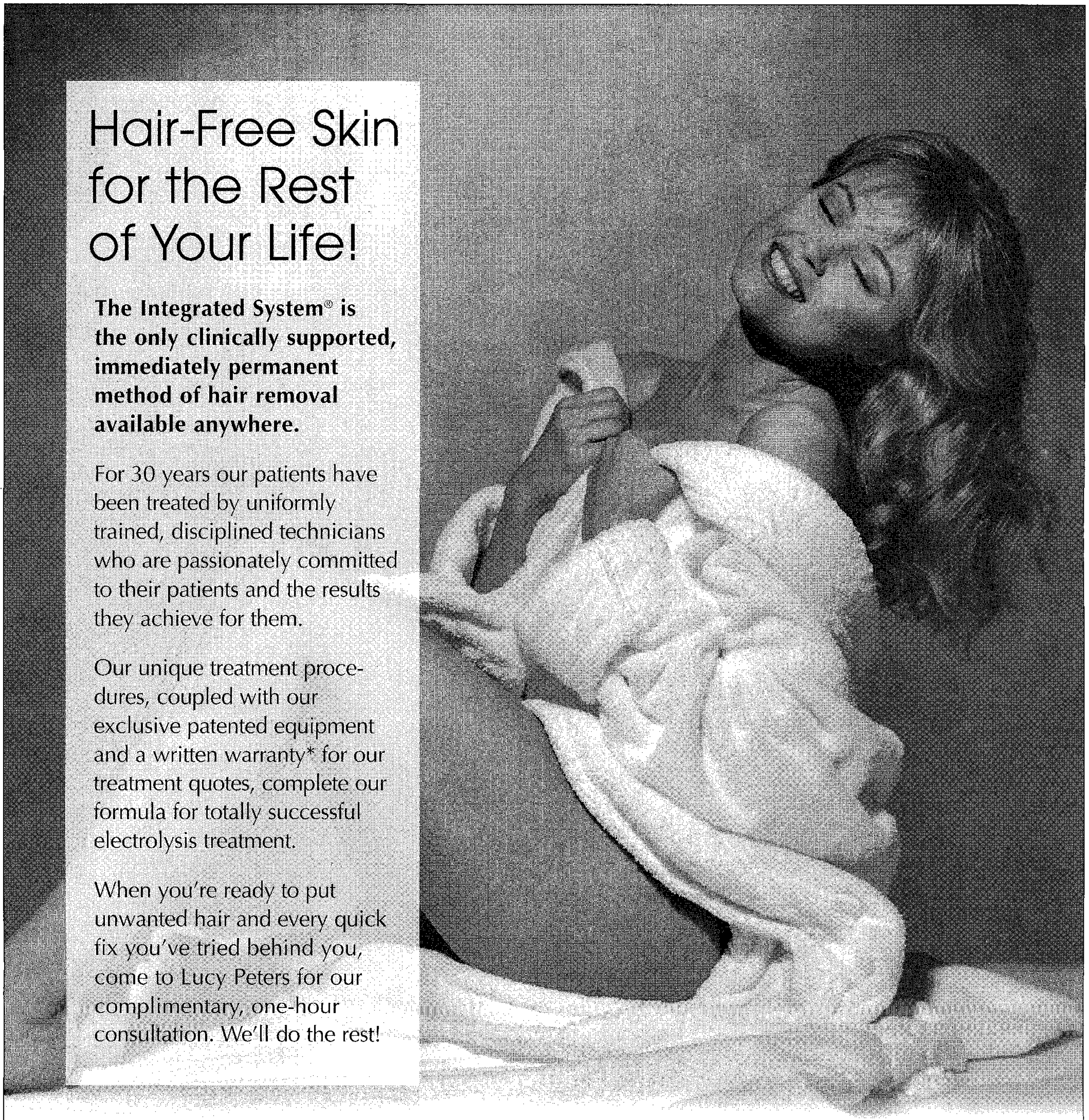
BIRTHDAY BOY: Tommaso Buti at the first-anniversary celebration for the Fashion Cafe.

Buti claims he knows little about Fashion Cafe’s finances—he did what his lawyers and employees told him to do and signed what they told him to sign. Asked why Valerio Morabito’s corporation wired $3 million of its Fashion Cafe investment into Swiss bank accounts when, by Buti’s own admission, all of the company’s accounts are located in the U.S., Buti pleads ignorance. “[I know] zero,” he assures me. As for why he set up so many corporate entities that appear to have done nothing other than receive and transfer money from Fashion Cafe–related companies, well, he simply has no idea. Buti does concede that he owns DP Entertainment, but claims the firm “represents” Pestova and was the financial entity to which he repaid his wife’s loans to the Fashion Cafe. Beyond this, Buti takes a pass on nearly all my specific financial questions and suggests I pose them to his brother and Andy Genett, the Fashion Cafe controller, instead. “Ask my brother. Ask Andy,” he says at least a dozen times in what becomes an irritating, Chekhov-like refrain. “We wasting time, spinning wheels.”

By phone, Genett assures me that when we meet face-to-face with the restaurant’s records before us, he will be able to explain Buti’s transactions. But on the day we are to meet, Genett informs me that Palma’s lawyers have forbidden him to show me the books and ordered him not to speak to me at all. The company’s lawyers, I later find out, are not convinced of the veracity of the records, most of which were created *after* Buti hired Genett—the company’s first controller—at the end of 1996. When I inform Buti of the stonewalling, he is alternately enraged and woeful. He claims he might refuse to let the settlement with his partners go forward if Fashion Cafe does not show me the books, but it is a threat he never makes good on. Then there is a new lament: “I wish I knew if I had a copy of all these things,” he tells me, but alas, he does not.

The week after New Year’s, I meet Buti,

(continued on page 83)

## Hair-Free Skin for the Rest of Your Life!

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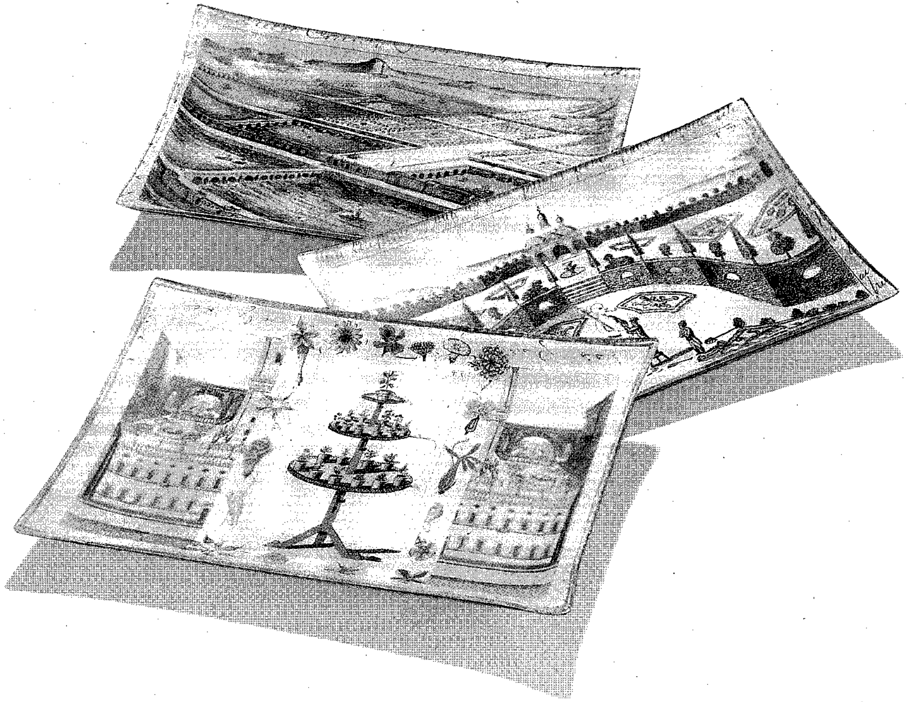
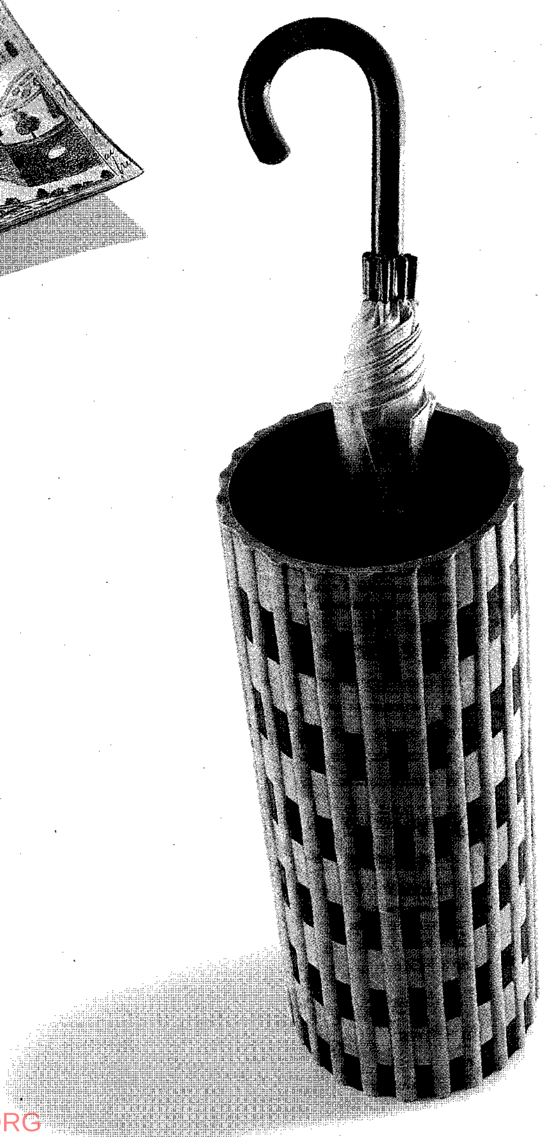
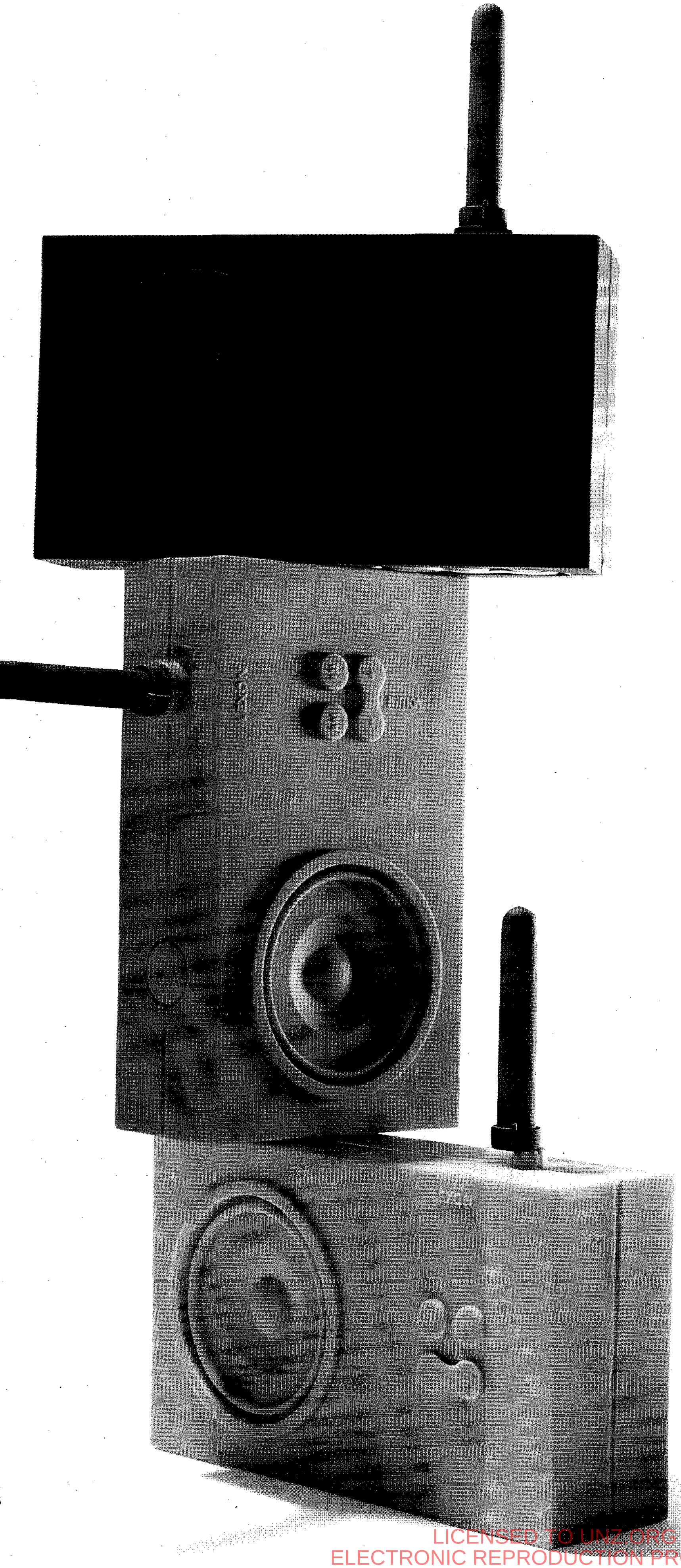




Bill Collector

John Derian—the doyen of decoupage—has recently gone off in a new direction. Instead of cutting and pasting bits and pieces of vintage fruit, floral, or animal images, he's working with 1790 prints that he fits to oversize handblown glass trays. In an earlier era, these rectangular platters would have served as a receptacles for calling cards; today they'd make an elegant dumping ground for the mail ($175 to $220).

JOHN DERIAN COMPANY/*6 East 2nd Street/677-3917*

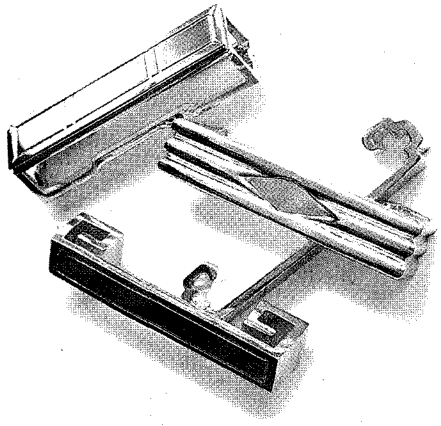


Photographs: clockwise from far right, Josh McHugh (3); Steve Wisbauer.

Rubber Bands

Mxyplyzyk, the definitive outpost for radical homewares, has recently added rubber radios to its stock of must-haves. They're made by Lexon, a French company whose original (and highly functional) designs are created by such first-rate industrial designers as Marc Berthier and Frédéric Lintz. Though the radios are smaller than a videocassette, they deliver a big sound ($65).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*

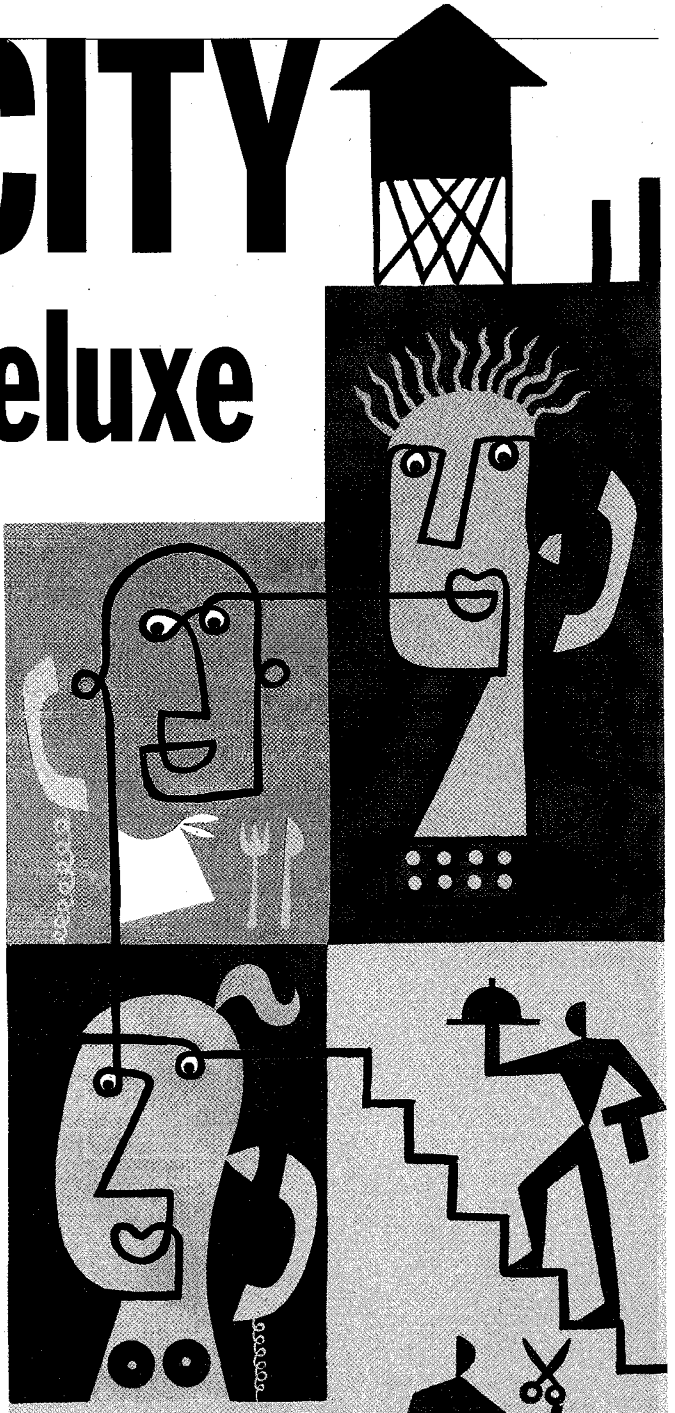


On the Cutting Edge

Now that meat-eating is again in vogue, knife rests are a necessity on any proper table. At least that was the thinking of Marion Johnson. But when she couldn't find elegant ones for her haute tabletop studio, she created her own. They're sterling silver, hand-crafted, and named for Manhattan neighborhoods—Beekman Place, TriBeCa, Carnegie Hill, and the like. Ever practical, Johnson designed these small jewels for the table so they could double as napkin rings (from $105 to $147.50).

MARION DESIGN FOR DINING/*888-0894/By appointment only*

SMARTCITY



Homebody Deluxe

It's bitterly cold outside. Stay home and feel sorry for yourself? Or stay home and get extravagantly, lavishly pampered? Your call. **BY ELANA ZEIDE**

EVEN WHEN NOTHING seems more daunting than venturing out onto the icy streets, New Yorkers won't settle for less than the best. So congratulate yourself for living in the most extravagant city on earth, where all of life's little necessities—from beauty to health to Helmut Lang hipster handbags—can be had without leaving the comfort of your co-op. Here's a guide to some surprising luxe home services that are just a phone call away.

RETAIL THERAPY

Flood's Closet, Personal Shopper; 348-7257

Staying at home doesn't have to mean slumping around in your baggy sweats. Barbara Flood, personal shopper and wardrobe consultant, will come to your apartment, critique your closet, and set out to find the essentials for your desired look (she consults for both men and women). Flood doesn't favor following the season's cookie-cutter looks (i.e., gray, gray, and more gray); instead, she helps clients focus their individual styles. She'll hunt around town, from Bergdorf's to Loehmann's; buy (returnable) clothes, jewelry, even household items and accessories—vintage or new—and bring them right to your apartment. Oh, and if you *must* have that Prada purse in that particular shade, she can snag that for you, too (she does special requests and orders). An average initial consultation costs $125, and while shopping-trip costs vary according to duration, the majority range from $125 to $250, excluding the cost of the merchandise. (Another wardrobe consultant to try—she takes woman clients only—is Emily Cho, 289-7807.)

THE INTERIOR GOURMET

Dial-a-Dinner; 643-1222

This service delivers lunch and dinner from three- and four-star restaurants around the city, including Oceana, Patria, La Côte Basque, and the Palm. A tuxedoed gentleman shows up toting still-warm food within an hour after your call, unloading and explaining it all like the most fawning of waiters. Owner David Blum operates similar services in seven cities nationwide and has a cult following

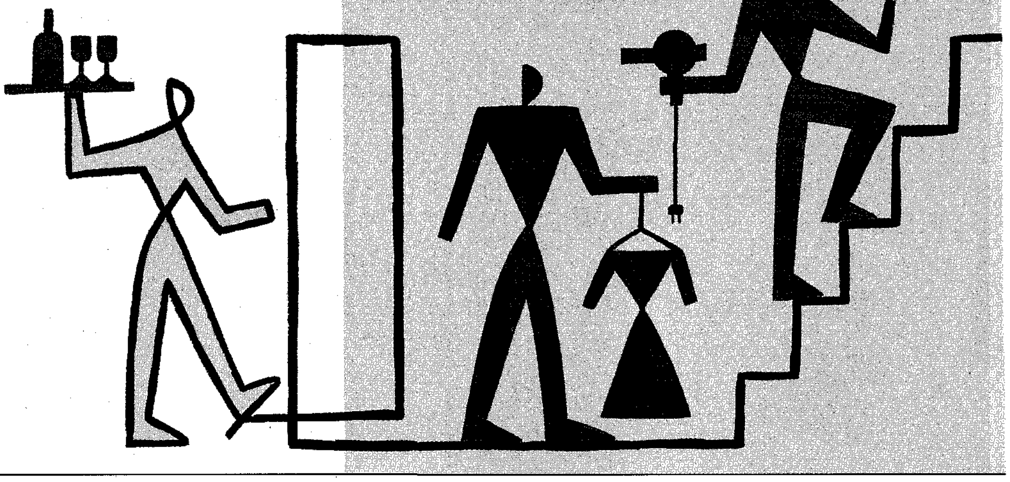


Illustration by Laura Ljungkvist

of celebrity clients—Claudia Schiffer and David Copperfield rely on the service when the magician's conjuring powers don't cut it. So forget haughty maître d's and chilly reservation bookers: Nothing beats the luxury of spooning Beluga while you're outfitted in your favorite T-shirt and stained blue jeans. The service delivers for a 20 percent surcharge (plus gratuity) on top of a restaurant's usual prices.

HAIR TODAY

Frédéric Fekkai, 753-9500

No reason to sit lonely—and frizzy-haired—in your living room. Just call up the folks at Frédéric Fekkai. If you wish, a whole Fekkai team will show up to pamper you. A manicurist will slough your woefully winterized hands with sea salt while a hair-conditioning specialist soothes your split ends with an essential-oil treatment. And for what amounts to twice the usual in-salon fee, a stylist will come and coif between flirty remarks. (On my test drive of the salon's stay-at-home service, senior designer Julien Farel gave me a superb haircut with minimal carpet fallout, reshaping my slight waves into a shiny, straight sheath. The verdict: "Veh-rey sex-ay.") The salon charges $100 an hour for a home manicure; $175 for an hourlong conditioning treatment; and, depending on the seniority of the stylist, between $175 and $400 an hour for a cut and blow-dry. (John Sahag Salon, 750-7772, also offers out-of-salon services; cuts start at $300 per hour.)

YOUR PERSONAL SPA

Paul Labrecque Spa & Salon; 595-0099

Paul Goes Out, the at-home branch of Paul Labrecque's upscale salon (located in the Reebok Sports/NY gym), is a half-day at-home spa package that includes a deep-cleaning facial (sans steam), a skin-sloughing body scrub of mineral salts and marine essences, and a muscle-pummeling massage. The spa package costs $500. (Dorit Baxter Skin Care will also make house calls; a basic facial is $120 an hour; most other services are double that of in-salon prices.)

HOME BOX OFFICE

Kozmo.com; www.kozmo.com

While lots of neighborhood video stores deliver, sometimes it's almost impossible to decide what you want without browsing the aisles. Browse the Internet instead at Kozmo.com. While Kozmo.com hardly charges luxury prices ($4 per delivered video), there's something undeniably lush about having a fully stocked video store right in your home (PC, that is). With tapes arranged by actor, director, type, and all sorts of arcane criteria on the store's well-organized, easily searched Website, it's a movie buff's bliss. After registering, customers can arrange delivery (including an appealing add-some–Ben and Jerry's–and–popcorn option) within the hour or whenever else suits. Though Kozmo does have quite a few drop-off locations around Manhattan, we advise forking over an extra buck to arrange for pickup (a particularly handy option for those living in doorman buildings).

HOMESICK

Home Care Physician Services; 718-238-2100 (8 A.M. to midnight)

Next time a winter flu sets in too far, just send for a doctor from this office-management service for home-based doctors, run by Jerry Steinberg. Appointments are often available on the day you call, although Steinberg stresses that the service is not suited to emergencies. (For the most part, patients will have to pay the physician's fee and bill their insurance companies for reimbursement.) Still, it beats a crosstown trek to sit in a waiting room full of coughing and sniffling New Yorkers. Prices vary depending upon treatment; there is no extra charge for house-call service.

GET ENLIGHTENED

Suzanne Chamlin, drawing and painting instructor, 925-9729; Jivamukti Yoga Center, 353-0214; Tannen's Magic Shop, 929-4500. Cooking classes: Amanda Cushman, 749-2110; Melanie Underwood, 358-7793.

Suzanne Chamlin, a lecturer at the New School, says she can teach even skeptics to draw and paint. A teacher for almost fifteen years, she works with oils, watercolors, ink, wash, charcoal, and pencil. Advanced students can ask for just feedback and criticism, but Chamlin suggests that students plan to put aside three to four hours a session, "because it takes so long to set up and get involved." Cost per session: $90 to $120 an hour (depending on travel time).

For the body—and spirit—conscious, Jivamukti Yoga Center gives at-home private lessons in breathing techniques, meditation, and its particular yoga style—"a vigorous, integrated form." A yogi of your choice will bring everything required: yoga mat, relaxing music, towels, and massage oil (to be rubbed

(continued on page 102)

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Coffee Talk

Spending half your salary at the corner coffee bar? Get your fix at home with the ultimate espresso-maker. François Payard, famed pâtissier and confirmed coffee addict, recommends the Krups Novo 4000 (available at Bloomingdale's for $450). Among the machine's impressive array of features is a programmable flow control to dispense one or two cups automatically at just the press of a button (perfect for a busy chef who consumes up to twenty cups a day). Payard, be advised, prefers his espresso robust—"It's a little too strong when you can stick the spoon in and it stays straight up." ELANA ZEIDE

NAVIGATOR

Q: I finally replaced my grandmother's time-worn settee with a custom-made convertible. The catch is, I just can't get it through my skinny doorway. Is there anyone who can *temporarily bring my furniture* down to size?

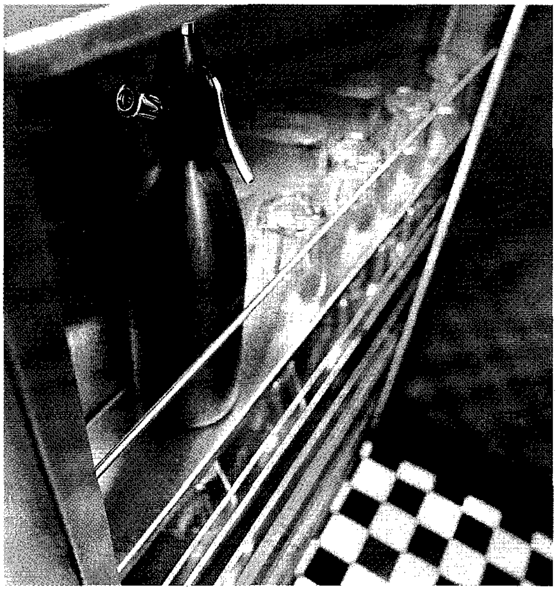
A: Call Z Brothers Trucking of Thornwood, New York (914-769-2178), one of the oldest disassembly services in the area. Owner Joe Zeolla has been taking apart couches in the five boroughs for a quarter of a century. A basic disassembly and reconstruction costs about $165 (a flat rate with no last-minute "extra" costs, which other moving companies like to slap on). The operation can usually be performed incredibly quickly—in less than an hour for most models. For pricier custom-made models (which are fastened with dowels rather than nails), the price starts at $225.

Of course, you could altogether avoid the stress and expense of having something disassembled and simply buy smaller furnishings to start with. Ace Design (269 Elizabeth Street; 226-5123) offers a line of elegant, handcrafted modern (forties-to-seventies-styled) sofas, armchairs, and ottomans scaled to fit vest-pocket living rooms. You can choose from a huge collection of fabrics—from leather (five shades of white alone) to heavyweight cashmeres. Just because the pieces are smaller, however, doesn't mean the prices are. Figure to start at $3,500 plus fabric for a couch. MAURA EGAN

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Steeling Home

Metalheads unite! *The brushed-steel kitchen fixtures you see in every design magazine, custom-built in Chinatown* **at Home Depot prices.**



Stainless reputation: A handmade bar from Master Restaurant.

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED of your own restaurant-style kitchen but think you need a platinum card to afford the fixings, head for Chinatown's restaurant-supply district. These discounters cater mostly to the pros, but intrepid amateurs are welcome.

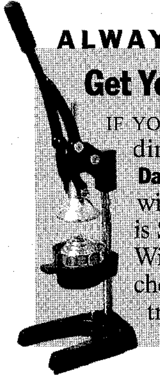
New York Store Fixture Company stocks chrome wire shelving by InterMetro Industries. Components are sold individually and can be assembled into anything from work islands and bookcases (mats keep objects from falling through) to custom closets. The industrial system looks similar to cheap chain-store stuff, but it comes in far more sizes and sustains real weight. Shelves cost from $36 (14 inches by 24 inches) to $104 (24 by 72) each, and posts are $8 (7-inch) to $27 (96-inch). Butcher-block-top islands in sizes up to 25 inches by 60 inches (with two shelves and optional casters) are $267 to $537, and stainless-steel shelves can be added.

To customize your Metro unit with drawers, or to craft anything else from stainless steel, stop by **Master Restaurant Equipment**. A favorite source for Chinatown's hot-dog-cart vendors, the factory is equally happy to make, say, a stainless-steel pet condo for a whimsical sculptor's dog and two cats (a folly that cost him $2,500). Cabinets (with drawers and shelves) are $350 per linear foot, but you can get better deals on things you conjure up and they build to your specs (like desks, sinks, backsplashes, etc.). A floor-to-ceiling bar recently cost $500; ditto for a large pantry. If you think stainless is old hat, forge your fantasies from black steel, a mottled raw form that Amy, Master's manager, is betting will be the next winning metal.

For hardware, head to **Design Source**, where architects and decorators snap up sleek pulls, knobs, and fixtures at trade prices. Simple steel or chrome-plated handles start at $5; faucets start at $250. Master will add them to your designs.

New York Store Fixture Company, 167 Bowery (226-0044); Master Restaurant Equipment, 165 Chrystie Street (533-2356); Design Source, 115 Bowery (274-0022).

ALWAYS A DEAL



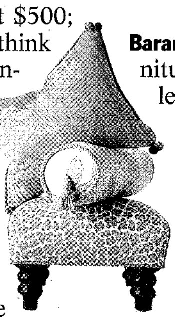
Get Your Juices Flowing

IF YOU'RE STILL PINING FOR THE COOL STEEL APPLIANCES ON YOUR WEDding registry that never materialized, there's hope for you yet at **Daroma Restaurant Equipment**. Hamilton Beach's ice-crushing bar blender with a stainless-steel jug—Mesa Grill's bar staff likes it for margaritas—is $100, and a mouthwateringly sleek and heavy citrus juicer is $90. (At Williams-Sonoma, a comparable blender goes for twice as much.) For a cheap trip down memory lane, snap up one of those red plastic lunch trays that make cool sleds ($2). *231 Bowery (260-2463).*

Picks of the Week

J.F. Lazartigue tames the midwinter frizzies with 20 percent off its high-end hair-treatment products. Usually selling from $16 (for Marine shampoo) to $52 (for deep-conditioning treatment), the line is now on sale for $13 to $42. *764 Madison Ave., near 65th St. (288-2250); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Tue., Fri. 10–7, Wed.–Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 6; 2/1–2/28.*

Michael Kors, Anne Klein, and Ralph Lauren are just a few names in a sale clearing several seasons' worth of leftovers from Saks Fifth Avenue's outlet stores. Everything's 75 to 95 percent off retail. Women's sizes 2 to 20. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 9–6:30, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–6, Sat. 10–3; 2/2–2/11.*



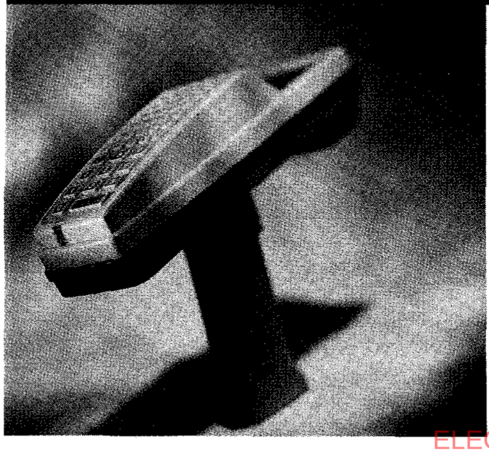
Baranzelli sells custom upholstered furniture to the public at trade rates or less, from $295 for a twill ottoman to $4,000 for a silk-damask sofa. Now all orders and floor samples are 20 to 25 percent off. Buy an armchair, and an ottoman's half-price. *1127 Second Ave., near 59th St. (753-6511); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; 2/4–2/20.*

Liz Lange Maternity has outfitted the likes of Elle Macpherson and Paulina Porizkova in sleek, figure-flattering twin sets, slim coats, and sexy shantung cocktail dresses, with ample tummy space. At her sale, all fall/winter stock is more than half off: Pants and skirts are $85; dresses are $75–$125. *29 E. 61st St., Suite 240 (308-5777); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; 2/1–2/14.* ▬

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Magdalena Caris; courtesy of Baranzelli Home; Nicholas Brumm.

Forever and E



The Club Wedd bridal registry at Target promises everyday comforts and treasured keepsakes, everything from whimsical potholders to fine linens. To register, stop by the Club Wedd kiosk and follow the easy instructions. Then pick up a fun-to-use bar code scanner and scan each item for your list. It's a beautiful place to start. To preregister, visit our web site at www.target.com.

CLUB WEDD®
BRIDAL GIFT REGISTRY
TARGET®

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Blame It on the Kids

In '24 Hour Woman,' pregnancy derails Rosie Perez; mob moll Sharon Stone, in 'Gloria,' fatally ignores W.C. Fields's famous dictum regarding children and dogs.

IT'S A GOOD THING ROSIE PEREZ IS SUCH A ONE-woman show, because she doesn't get much support in her new film, **The 24 Hour Woman**. As Grace, a workaholic producer for the frenetic morning TV chat show that gives the film its title, she always seems to be boogying to an inner beat. The actors surrounding her—including Marianne Jean-Baptiste and Diego Serrano, playing the co-host of the show and Grace's blow-dried actor hubby—seem blah by comparison. Co-written and directed by Nancy Savoca, the film is about what happens when Grace unhappily discovers she's pregnant. The show's executive producer (Patti LuPone), sensing a ratings bonanza, wastes no time hauling Grace on camera at every opportunity—she's even due during sweeps week. But Grace isn't cut out to be superwoman, and that's glum news on the feminist front: After all, if somebody as full-throttle as Perez can't manage career and kids, what hope is there for all us iron-depleted types?

Ooh, baby: Rosie Perez with career obstacle, in *24 Hour Woman*.

Photograph by Roger W. Cowans/TSG Pictures.

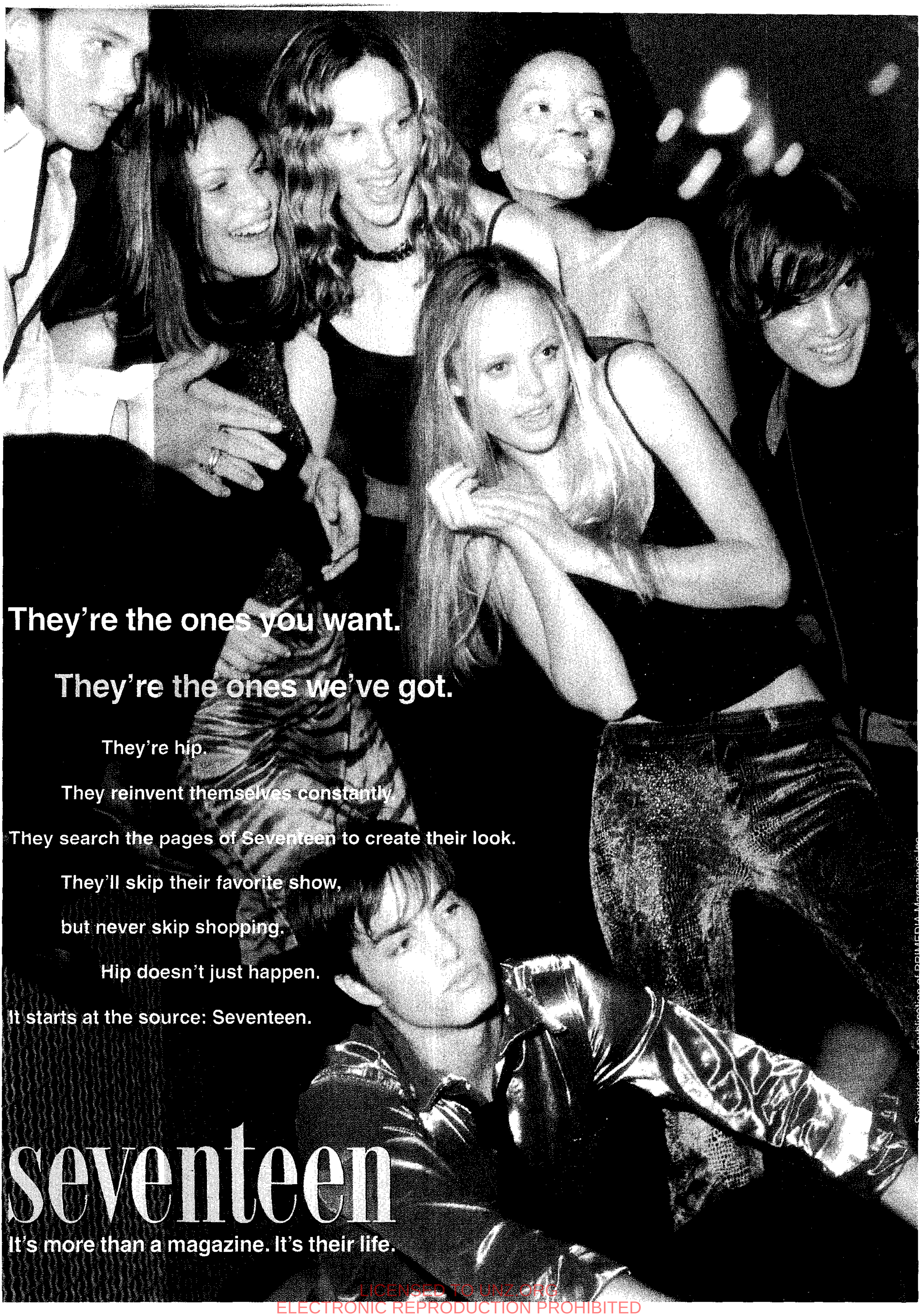
Perez is a pint-size dynamo, but she can wear you out. She always seems to be having a tantrum, or working up to one. Listening to her rhythmic rinky-dink squeal for an entire movie can be harmful to your nerve endings. And yet there's nobody else like her in the movies. She has a gift for effrontery that turns all her encounters into mini-dramas; her scenes with other actors never quite play out the way you expect because she's always lobbing grenades into the patter. She comes across best when her directors just sit back and accept her as a force of nature—notably in Ron Shelton's *White Men Can't Jump,* where her scene as a quiz-show contestant was like Preston Sturges on salsa.

The problem with *The 24 Hour Woman* is that Savoca is trying to turn this Latin jabberqueen into a conventional heroine. Grace must choose between being with her baby or remaining on the job, but the film doesn't play fair. Her TV show is depicted as a barrage of nudnick segments aimed at dopey housewives and presided over by a ratings-crazed shrew. Suppose, for instance, Grace were doing something she really cared about? Movies about the career/family dilemma usually come down on the side of family by implying that the career is valueless anyway. The old fiction that we owe everything to our jobs has been replaced by the new fiction that we owe them nothing. Savoca makes fun of the gobbets of self-actualization unloaded on women by the morning TV shows, but her film is part of the same syndrome. It juices us with real-life problems only to dispel them in a fairy-tale finale. It's fitting that Jerry Springer puts in an appearance. The movie has all the weight of one of Jerry's Final Thoughts.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH WHEN FILMMAKERS REMAKE good movies—case in point: the new *Psycho*—but do we really need remakes of mediocre ones too? The redo makes sense only if the original botched a marvelous opportunity. I've never detected any marvels in the 1980 John Cassavetes crime thriller **Gloria**, so its reworking by Sidney Lumet and screenwriter Steve Antin left me doubly cold. The Cassavetes version was a gun-toting star vehicle for Gena Rowlands. Her replacement is Sharon Stone, brandishing an ultra-hokey Hell's Kitchen accent. Stone is best when she's a victimizer (*Basic Instinct*) and not a victim (*Sliver*). This moll's heart of gold is pure tinsel.

Gloria discovers her maternal instincts while on the lam from the mob. In tow is 7-year-old Nicky (Jean-Luke Figueroa), a cuddlypoo charmer whose family was gunned down by henchmen of her ex-boyfriend (Jeremy Northam). No law mandates that an actress can't be sweet in one film and lethal in the next: Barbara Stanwyck, for example, had the range to play the blackest-hearted of vamps (*Double Indemnity*) and the most weepily sacrificial of mothers (*Stella Dallas*) and be equally amazing. But Stone dulls her intelligence, and her sass, when she gets all drizzly and heartfelt. Schmaltz doesn't become her.

Her allure has always been rather retro. Her hourglass curves and hyperprettiness fit *(continued on page 61)*

They're the ones you want.
They're the ones we've got.
They're hip.
They reinvent themselves constantly.
They search the pages of Seventeen to create their look.
They'll skip their favorite show,
but never skip shopping.
Hip doesn't just happen.
It starts at the source: Seventeen.
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It's more than a magazine. It's their life.
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NEW YORK RESERVATIONS

valentine's day

BACK PORCH
Corner of 33rd St.
and Third Ave.
(212) 685-3828

Prix-fixe dinner for two, $29.95, with Champagne toast. Full menu available. Complimentary roses for your sweetheart and a memorable photo with dinner. Join us for lunch, and before or after the theater. Brunch Saturday and Sunday. All major credit cards accepted.

BARBETTA
321 West 46th St.
(212) 246-9171

The Last Valentine of the Millennium, a two-night celebration at Barbetta. Saturday, Feb. 13, music, dancing, and a gala "Hearts and Roses" dinner, $75. Sunday, Feb. 14th, the romantic piano playing of Albert Apriglìano sets the mood for dining "Heart to Heart," $60. Ten-percent of proceeds will go to the American Heart Association.

BARCLAY BAR & GRILL
at the Hotel
Inter-Continental
New York
111 East 48th St.
(between Park and
Lexington aves.)
(212) 906-3130

Celebrate with your Valentine. A 4-course menu featuring Executive Chef Jason Avery's signature selections, including Chateaubriand, San Francisco Cioppino, or Grilled Colorado Rack of Lamb. Pre-fixe, $75 pp., includes tax and gratuity and one glass of Laurent Perrier Champagne. Seating from 5:30-11:30 p.m.

CHELSEA BISTRO & BAR
358 West 23rd St.
(between 8th and
9th aves.)
(212) 727-2026

Fireplace...candlelight...elegant, romantic Parisian ambience. Our award-winning (**New York Times) Chef celebrates love with an exquisite "Romance in Three Courses" Valentine's Day dinner. An unforgettable evening complete with all our loving care, $55 pp. Winner: "The Best Bistro in NY," "Best of Excellence" award, "The Most Romantic Restaurant."

HALCYON
151 West 54th St.
(212) 468-8888

Five romantic options for Valentine's Day: Saturday, Feb. 13th: Halcyon restaurant, 3-course pre-theater menu, $45.99 pp. 4-course dinner menu, $65 pp. Sunday, Feb. 14th: 54th floor Majestic Penthouse, Marketplace in the Sky Buffet, $55 pp. Valentine's Day dinner: Halcyon restaurant, 3-course menu, $45.99 pp. 4-course menu, $65 pp. Taxes and gratuities are additional.

JULIAN'S
802 Ninth Ave.
212-262-4800

Celebrate Valentine's Day in a candle-lit, romantic mediterranean ambiance Feast on our delectable Northern Italian/Sicilian menu, $32 pp prix-fixe Complimentary long-stemmed roses for your sweetheart. Join us for lunch or dinner, before or after the theater All major credit cards.

METRONOME
915 Broadway
(212) 505-7400

"Sexy candles everywhere, lovely for a date." *Zagat* 1999. Taste the ambience of romance with our 4-course sumptuous dinner, Moet dancing to swing, jazz, tango show $75; or Moet and oysters in our Aphrodisiac Lounge, $40.

NO. 18 RESTAURANT
18 West 56th St.
(between 5th and
6th aves.)
(212) 489-1888

Savor this Valentine's Day in a room that oozes sex appeal. Our flickering oil lamps, celebrated table service and divine cuisine will put even the newest Valentine in the right mood. Enjoy a sumptuous 4-course dinner with free flowing Champagne, a bottle of wine, and complimentary roses, offered Saturday and Sunday evenings, $70 pp. Let us lovingly spoil you and your Valentine. Reservations required.

PALIO
151 West 51st St.
(212) 245-4850

A quiet romantic 3-course dinner offered at 5:30 and 6:00 p.m., $75 pp. Or a romantic 4-course candlelight dinner with live entertainment at 8:00 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 9:00 p.m., and 9:30 p.m., $130 pp. Open Valentine's Day for brunch. Call for details. Amex, Diner's Club, MC, Visa.

PICCOLINO
8 East 36th St.
(212) 683-6444

Celebrate Valentine's Day all weekend! Enjoy a romantic dinner in our cozy, rustic Italian setting. Complimentary glass of Champagne. 3-course prix-fixe menus, from $19.95 to $39.95, available Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Reservations required. All major credit cards.

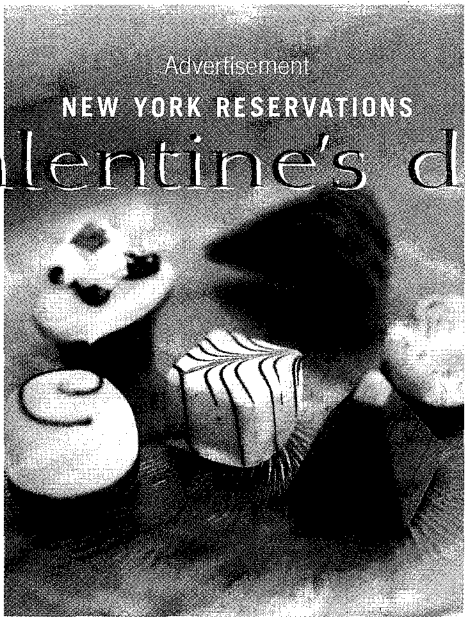
Rainer *continued from page 58*

into the glam era of Hollywood's Golden Age; even her emotionalism, when it pours out in *Casino* or *Last Dance* or *Gloria*, is the kind of bold Hollywood emotionalism we associate with iron butterflies like Susan Hayward. It's probably no accident that Stone broke through with *Basic Instinct* at a time when Hollywood wasn't providing much in the way of compellingly contemporary roles expressing what women were actually going through in their lives. Her black-widow presence in that film at least filled a void. Her portrayal was a kicky, pre-feminist joke, although it wasn't played for laughs: When she uncrossed her legs for the cops during her interrogation scene, the gleam in her eye could have lasered through solid steel. Stone wasn't a camp vamp in *Basic Instinct;* she was more like a Joan Crawford bad girl for the scratch-and-sniff era.

Stone's stardom also coincided with the stepped-up globalization of Hollywood movies in the eighties. The stars who worked best overseas were the action-hero types—Stallone and Willis and Schwarzenegger (with whom Stone made her first impact with audiences in *Total Recall*)—who could carry a movie with a minimum of dialogue. They represented a red-blooded archetype that fit a foreigner's movie-fantasy image of American maleness. The American woman had no such counterpart in the movies, but Stone's big-blondeness and cut-glass features came close. Her old-style glamour, her sheer celebrity-ness, gave her the sizzle of a dry-ice diva. She may have played characters who parted their legs, but she always seemed on-call for a Hurrell photo shoot. She *looked* like a movie star, and her image rivaled Monroe's in the shop windows of Paris and Tokyo.

Stone doesn't have quite the same cachet she had in her *Basic Instinct* period—perhaps because her retro quality is seeming a little retro itself these days. (Her remake of *Diabolique,* where she spent much of the movie in a cocktail dress, was de trop.) Her new film represents an attempt to once and for all cut through the femme fatale glam and get real, but it's just another species of movie hokum. Near the end, Nicky says to Gloria, "You're tough," and she shoots back, "It's all an act." That's the problem—it *is* all an act. Stone reads her lines as if every one were a zinger: not just the wisecracky stuff but the heartfelt stuff too. She tells a mob boss, "I'm not a mother; I've always been a broad," and it sounds like the lead-in to a number from *Guys and Dolls. Gloria* is such a sapfest that it accomplishes what Stone's slinkier movies never did: It turns her into a bimbo. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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NEW YORK RESERVATIONS

valentine's day

Photos: Kenneth Chen

SCARABEE
230 East 51st St.
(between 2nd and 3rd aves.)
(212) 7582-6633

Celebrate Valentine's Day in one of the most romantic restaurants in NYC. What Ruth Reichl describes as food that is surprisingly robust and beautifully balanced (***NY Times,* Jan '99). $58 prix-fixe French/Mediterranean menu. Reservations required 5:30-11:30 p.m.

TALIESIN
55 Church St.
(212) 312-2000

Celebrate the Valentine's weekend with inspiring views of New York harbor from the Millenium Hilton. Enjoy romantic cuisine at the hotel's Taliesin restaurant, $75 pp., after 5:30 p.m. Saturday, February 13 only. Reservations required. Amex, CarteBlanche, Diner's Club, Discover, Visa, MC.

TORRE DI PISA
19 West 44th St.
(212) 398-4400

The country of love, Torre di Pisa will re-create the same atmosphere with two unforgettable menus: "Romeo & Giulietta's Choice," $90, and "Italian Valentine's Choice," $70 (pp.). Complimentary glass of Champagne and live music.

WATER'S EDGE RESTAURANT
The East River
at 44th Drive, L.I.C.
(718) 482-0033

Celebrate love at Water's Edge. Join us for Champagne brunch on Saturday and Sunday. Then, on Valentine's Day, dance the night away to a DJ or orchestra while overlooking the most romantic panoramic view of the Manhattan skyline. Please call for details. Complimentary water shuttle available from East 34th Street.

WORLD YACHT DINING CRUISES
Pier 81,
West 41st St.
(212) 630-8100
www.worldyacht.com

"This romantic dinner cruise affords the best views of New York at night...it's a spectacular way to see New York or celebrate an occasion," *Zagat* 1999. Enjoy fine cuisine, impeccable service, and live entertainment. It's the best place to celebrate love. Reservations are necessary.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

No Exit

The drug-addicted losers at the center of Lee MacDougall's remarkably perceptive 'High Life' are tragicomic figures who turn out to be not all that different from us.

High Life, BY THE CANADIAN LEE MACDOUGALL, begins with two drug addicts and hardened criminals shooting up and planning a foolproof bank robbery. Both Dick, the mastermind, and Bug, just out of jail (nine years for murder), have abundant prison terms in their background, and both their roughhousing and their nasty humor seem at first fairly conventional genre stuff.

But don't be fooled. In dialogue, action, and character development, MacDougall manages hilarious turns of phrase, surprising plot twists, and startling yet consistent behavior, and keeps us in suspense, amused, amazed, and entertained. Sample of the first: Four hoods in a parked car waiting to start the heist, when one of them thinks he's spotted an old pal. He is corrected: "That can't have been Bingo because, for one thing, he's dead. For another, he never looked that good." Or Bug, justifying himself: "I meant to cut him. But not in the balls. That was an accident."

The characters are nicely assorted. Dick (John Bedford Lloyd) is as rational, controlled, and sardonic as befits a ringleader who can think and talk rings around his gang. Bug (Isiah Whitlock Jr.) is a powerfully built man who usually ends up needlessly killing someone but, for all his violence, is no fool and no slouch at verbal zingers while he dreams of breeding horses on his own ranch. Billy (Matthew Mabe), a new gang member, is useful because of his clean-cut looks and way with women. He proves equally good with the sweet talk and the switchblade, as unpredictable in his outbursts as in his bisexuality.

Most remarkable is the "pure criminal," Donnie, a squawking, squealing queen, infantile but resourceful, funny, and exquisitely creepy. He has only one maltreated kidney left, appallingly cough-producing lungs that, however, promptly improve when he lights a cigarette, and a scrupulous way of restoring the wallets he steals. He keeps waiting for a kidney transplant, but the hospitals are run by "people who don't know dick about shit. These medical types—they're like Baptists." He will spend his share of the loot on, among other things, buying himself a new set of insides. The actor-playwright David Greenspan makes Donnie the showpiece of a lifetime, but the other three performers are, each in his differently unsavory way, almost equally interesting.

Matters of ambiguous morality, sexuality, and loyalty are explored with acute but unostentatious perspicacity, and the author's insights into the drug-gie mentality offer, after all we have been hearing about it, still some fresh details. One feels compelled to believe him, even as one wonders how MacDougall came by his deadly expertise. Walt Spangler's scenery, with the most modest means, achieves telling results, and Debra Stein's costumes and Deborah Constantine's lighting consolidate the atmosphere. Casey Childs, Primary Stages' artistic director, has staged with directness and artistry. You may not like what you learn from *High Life,* but you learn a lot, much of it with more relevance to ordinary, orderly lives than you may wish to think.

STAGING GREEK DRAMA IN TODAY'S THEATER IS VIRTUALLY impossible, except for JoAnne Akalaitis, for whom it is totally so. But then, she's not much better at anything else. You have to hand it to her, though: Few have parlayed a greater lack of talent into such unlimited opportunities to evenhandedly ruin whatever they touch. This has nothing to do with Miss A.'s supposedly advanced, innovative approach, and everything to do with today's lack of standards, whereby whatever is different is automatically saluted. You'd think it easy to distinguish between the good and the merely new ("Enter the Tour de France on a unicycle? How ingenious!"), but, alas, it no longer is.

Miss A. brings us **The Iphigenia Cycle**—i.e., *Iphigenia at Aulis* and *Iphigenia in Tauris,* in that order. Euripides wrote *Aulis* some years later, independently from the earlier drama, but okay, why not advert to the order in which the story unfolds and combine the two works? Not if you have a tin ear and glass eyes. You begin by picking actors who have either no ability or no proper

High Lifers: Left to right, Isiah Whitlock Jr., John Bedford Lloyd, Matthew Mabe, and David Greenspan.

Photograph by James Leynse.

training, and pay no attention to their unsightliness. You make sure that a white daughter has a black mother, and that the Chorus is given stylized and synchronized movements, while the principals act naturalistically with no unifying principle. Then you choose a pedestrian translation (by Nicholas Rudall), and let everyone speak with whatever accents the multiethnic backgrounds provide.

You add a nonsensical set of dainty white bleachers (by Paul Steinberg) and the most asinine costumes (by Doey Luthi—some moniker!) one has seen in donkey's years. Why, for example, would the Chorus wield candy-colored umbrellas opened for no visible or audible reason, and as arbitrarily laid aside? Why would Agamemnon sport the flimsiest of bathrobes over a Gap shirt and military pants and boots? Why would Clytemnestra, in a ghastly orange coatdress, drag a baby around the battlefield, especially if that baby is Orestes, who, in a few years' time, will kill her to avenge his murdered father? Why would she stand by like a lump when outrage requires some kind of action?

Again, why would the zombified Achilles sport a Patrick Stewart unhairdo, a black rubber outfit with a football player's pads and tight-fitting sheer black sleeves, and, as sole weapon, a nickel-plated croquet mallet? Why would Iphigenia be a dippy debutante, complete with slouch and singsong, a white sheath stressing her beanpolishness, and huge white bath shoes to give Manolo Blahnik nightmares? Why would Menelaos affect punk hair dyed platinum? Why would the bottom of those bleachers be outlined with fluorescent lights (by the usually fine Jennifer Tipton)? Why would the nondescript music of Bruce Odland turn to demented banging all through the intermission?

But this is only half of it; I left after *Aulis.* Minoan bulls couldn't have dragged me back to *Tauris,* where, I'm told, things really went hog-wild. But even if Miss Akalaitis (whom her detractors unjustly call Alka Seltzer, a drug meant to settle, not turn, stomachs), had set things in a hall of mirrors, each with a lipstick-scrawled STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!, nothing would deter the demented from rehiring her.

Little by Little IS A THROUGH-COMPOSED MUsical by folks who should be through composing—also writing and directing. As produced by the York Theatre Company, it looks like an understudy rehearsal for a show that never opened, and does not even afford us the benison of an intermission during which to escape. It is about a love triangle and manages, if not to square the circle, at least to render the triangle perfectly square. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com***.*

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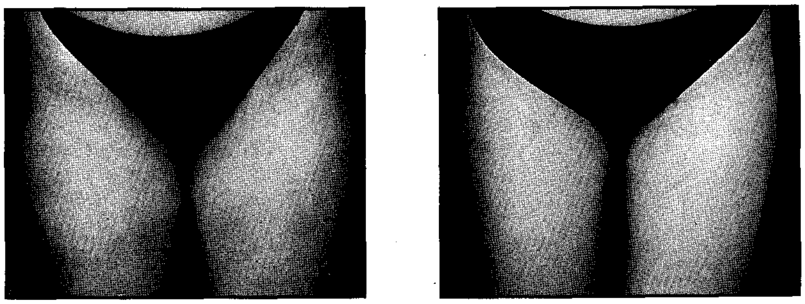

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ART MARK STEVENS

Victorian Secrets

In Julia Margaret Cameron's nineteenth-century photographs of women, glimpses of life as it is dreamed, not lived.

ALTHOUGH JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815–1879) is a beloved photographer of the Victorian era, her pictures are foreign to serious modern taste. Her reverential portrayals of soulful women and great male spirits of the age—the tossed-about hair of a genius, in a Cameron portrait, almost always looks like the Garden of Eden after the Expulsion—represent exactly what later photographers would forcefully reject. The use of a high-flown poetic style and carefully staged tableaux does not meet the modern taste for kaleidoscopic change, the hard unsentimental fact, and the eruption of the street into the aristocratic precincts of art. No less foreign is her presentation of the place of women, whom she often depicted in the elevated roles of holy mother, pure-hearted lover, and flower-bedecked maiden. In Cameron, there is nothing of the sharp-eyed Balzac—no acknowledgment of the crabby old maid or the calculating mistress, let alone any intimation of the proud suffragette waving a placard. Her moist melancholy is invariably High Church.

Cameron lucida: The artist's *Pomona* (1872).

That is why she is today an artist worth confronting, not just enjoying in the nostalgic way that people approach *Masterpiece Theatre.* The 58 photographs in **"Julia Margaret Cameron's Women"** at the Museum of Modern Art, an exhibit organized by Sylvia Wolf of the Art Institute of Chicago and coordinated for MOMA by M. Darsie Alexander, offer a challenge to the modern prejudice in art against an idealized view of humanity. At heart an unembarrassed Platonist, Cameron took no interest in life as it is actually lived, only as it is dreamed. ("Living?" said the French wit. "We'll leave that to the servants.") And she did not tolerate the lower sort of dream, either. Only the lofty reveries of Art. Whereas most very early photographers fell in love with the facts of the world, even when they followed the stylized conventions of painting, Cameron saw in the new medium an opportunity to transfigure reality, revealing the divine light in the facts of the flesh. She was literal—about the spirit.

The MOMA show includes a fine collection of Cameron's portraits of her niece Julia Jackson (Virginia Woolf's mother). While such pictures are often admired for their psychological penetration, Cameron is a B.F. artist (Before Freud) whose best portraits are less concerned with depicting a particular psychological state than with creating a powerful sensation of a deep inner life. Cameron's subjects had to sit very still—the exposures were several minutes long—but they also had to breathe and blink, which created a shimmer around the eyes and body. A technical limitation that Cameron turned into a blessing: Her women seem to blur, slightly, from an internal tremor of the soul. (An upthrust of chin or a turn of head may also reveal the pressure of the life within.) Her illustrations of biblical, classical, and literary themes are more difficult for today's taste to take seriously; many are as stilted as a Wagnerian stage set. But even here, Cameron's art has a power well beyond camp or kitsch; the failure of the flesh to achieve perfected form, to satisfy the mind's eye, is strangely poignant. And sometimes she does succeed in entirely enchanting a living being—the woman in *Mary Mother* appears equally human and divine.

There is one unexpected way in which these photographs cast an interesting reflection on our own culture. Cameron accepted as a matter of course that women must perform certain roles. The world, and Cameron's art, were a stage. Through a door in this exhibition you can see, by chance, an image by another melancholy artist with stagy instincts—Cindy Sherman, a postmodern photographer known for portraying herself as a kind of mannequin who assumes the different roles that society assigns women. In Sherman's art, such roles are an imprisoning form of cultural dress-up; the clothes become the woman. In Cameron's art, however, the traditional female roles are a way for an individual to reach her best or highest self—the stage allows her to transcend the limits of ordinary existence. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available on the Web at **newyorkmag.com**.

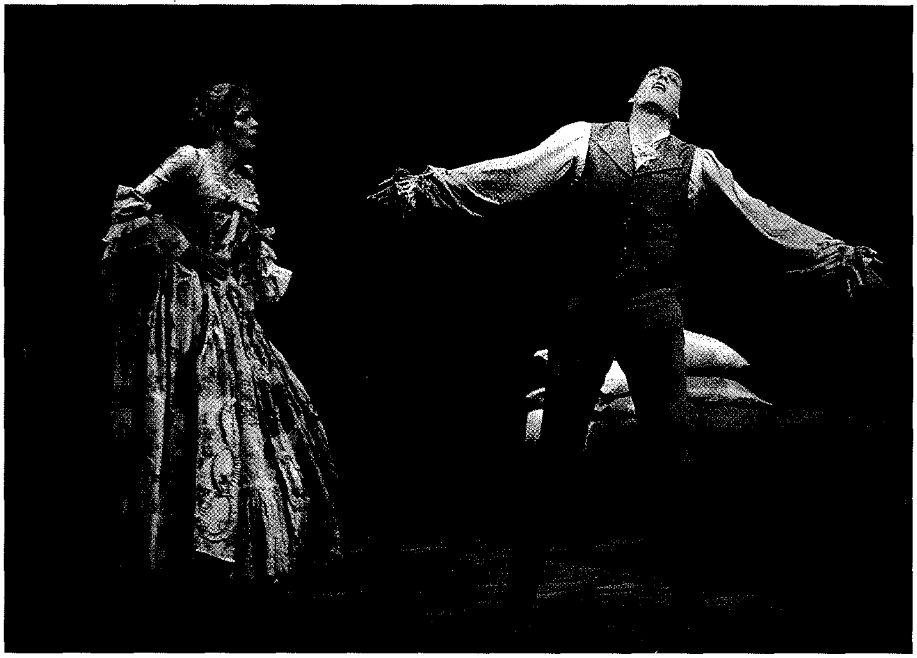
Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

PETER G. DAVIS

Tenor, Anyone?

When Massanet rescored 'Werther' for a famed baritone, a tortured hero became a vagueness, as the Met demonstrates; historic recordings are reviving classical labels.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HAS REVIVED Massenet's **Werther** in the virtually unknown version that the composer prepared in 1902 for the celebrated Italian baritone Mattia Battistini. The original, of course, was written for a tenor, and anyone familiar with the opera is bound to be disconcerted by the alteration of the long-suffering hero's vocal line, readjusted to accommodate a baritone's lower range. The change succeeded only in ironing out the expressive contours of the original and emasculating what was a highly effective musical study of an unstable personality. Some profess to hear a more subtly introspective reimagining of the role, but to my ears the opera is fatally neutered, and Werther himself—surely the Romantic embodiment of irrational, self-destructive passion—loses all credibility.



Unbelievable: Susan Graham and Thomas Hampson in Massanet's *Werther* at the Met.

Perhaps a singer of Battistini's fabled vocal gifts and personal charisma could make something of the part. For all his intelligence and vocal skill, Thomas Hampson is simply not in Battistini's league, either as a technician or as a box-office draw, and he is mostly caught in a no-win situation. His baritone has its customary burnished allure, and he takes great care over the words (crucial in singing Massenet). But whenever the temperature rises, his voice simply vanishes into the rich orchestral textures, despite conductor Donald Runnicles's sensitive attempts to maintain a proper balance. No wonder Susan Graham's Charlotte and Christopher Robertson's Albert never amount to much, since the object of their concern scarcely seems to be present. It was enterprising of the Met to try out this experimental alternate Werther. Now that we know it doesn't work, the score can be shelved and we can return to the wonderful opera Massenet really wrote.

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, THE CLASSICAL-RECORD business has been perceived as floundering in a state of perpetual crisis, but the picture right now does indeed look grim for top-of-the-line labels. High overhead, expensive, ego-driven artists, a glutted global market, consumer indifference to new recordings of warhorse favorites, confusing pricing practices, a dearth of charismatic personalities—all the majors are coping with these and other woes as they cut back on new releases and cancel costly projects, all the while looking for new ways to stir up a bit of excitement in the marketplace.

Complete opera sets, which now cost a fortune to record, are the principal casualties. Only performances with the few bankable superstars that are left get made nowadays, and perhaps that's just as well—who needs another mediocre *Bohème* or *Aida* when there are already dozens of fine versions to choose from? What we have been seeing lately, and I suspect that the trickle will soon become a flood, are live recordings from opera-house and radio archives, standard works and rarities featuring musical legends from the recent past. Attracted by important singers and conductors in works they never recorded commercially, collectors are snapping them up, while the companies are more than delighted to peddle desirable, ready-made recordings requiring a minimum of expense to produce. EMI Classics sparked the trend a year ago by releasing several live performances by Maria Callas, and since then much tantalizing authorized material has turned up from various sources, including the Salzburg Festival, the Bavarian National Opera in Munich, the Vienna State Opera, and even our own Metropolitan Opera.

The irony is that most of these treasures have long been available on pirate labels. In an attempt to beat the pirates at their own game, the Met some time ago came up with its "Historic Broadcast Recordings" series. These handsomely produced boxed sets—available only to those making a $150 contribution to the Metropolitan Opera Fund—boast state-of-the-art sound restoration. The latest album contains the performance of Puccini's **Manon Lescaut** broadcast on December 10, 1949, starring Dorothy Kirsten and Jussi Bjoerling, an important release. Kirsten never had the opportunity to sing her best roles in complete recordings, and *Manon* was among her

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

most impressive creations, while Bjoerling's Des Grieux on a 1954 commercial RCA recording is nowhere near as gloriously sung as it is here.

Thorny legal issues with music unions and artists' estates prevent the Met from making more extensive use of its recorded past, a problem that does not seem to exist for European opera companies. Some time ago, Koch International released a fabulous, 48-disc series excerpting the prewar performances of dozens of great singers at the Vienna State Opera. Now complete operas are arriving from Vienna, all of them recorded in the house between 1955 and 1984. Four recent sets from Deutsche Grammophon are conducted by Herbert von Karajan, whose turbulent reign at the Staatsoper (1957–64) coincided with the most artistically satisfying years of his career. The works are Strauss's **Die Frau ohne Schatten** (457 678-2), Wagner's **Tannhäuser** (457 682-2), Monteverdi's **L'Incoronazione di Poppea** (457 674-2), and Pizzetti's **Murder in the Cathedral** (457 671-2)—operas Karajan otherwise never recorded.

All four performances have obvious drawbacks. The Strauss is not only heavily cut, but Act Two is also barbarously rearranged; the Wagner is seriously hobbled by a leathery Tannhäuser (Hans Beirer); the Monteverdi is an outrageously souped-up edition that sounds like a cross between Respighi and Rimsky-Korsakov; and Pizzetti's parlando setting of the T. S. Eliot play will not be to all tastes. Yet each set offers much to savor: the seductive beauty of Sena Jurinac's Poppea, the declamatory grandeur of Hans Hotter as Thomas Beckett; gorgeous orchestral sound in the Strauss as well as Leonie Rysanek's stunning Empress, perhaps the soprano's definitive statement of her signature role.

BMG/RCA has also gained access to the Vienna State Opera archives, and the first installment from this quarter includes at least one essential item: Berg's **Lulu** (74321 57734-2), the full three-act version conducted by Lorin Maazel on October 24, 1983. The performance may get a bit disheveled at times, but the temperature is white-hot, with Julia Migenes's mesmerizing Lulu fearlessly mowing down every male obstacle in her way. The 1955 **Don Giovanni** (74321 57737-2), conducted by Karl Böhm, should not be missed, even by those who object to hearing the opera sung in German. This all-star cast—George London, Lisa della Casa, Sena Jurinac, Irmgard Seefried, Anton Dermota, Erich Kunz, Ludwig Weber, and Walter Berry—proves that the famous postwar Vienna ensemble was no myth. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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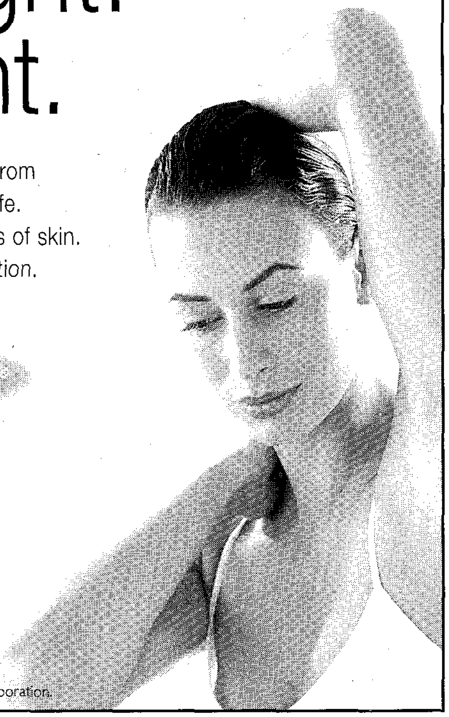


DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Northern Light

From Toronto, Christopher House brings an aura of agreeability; from St. Petersburg, Boris Eifman brings crowd-pleasing tackiness.

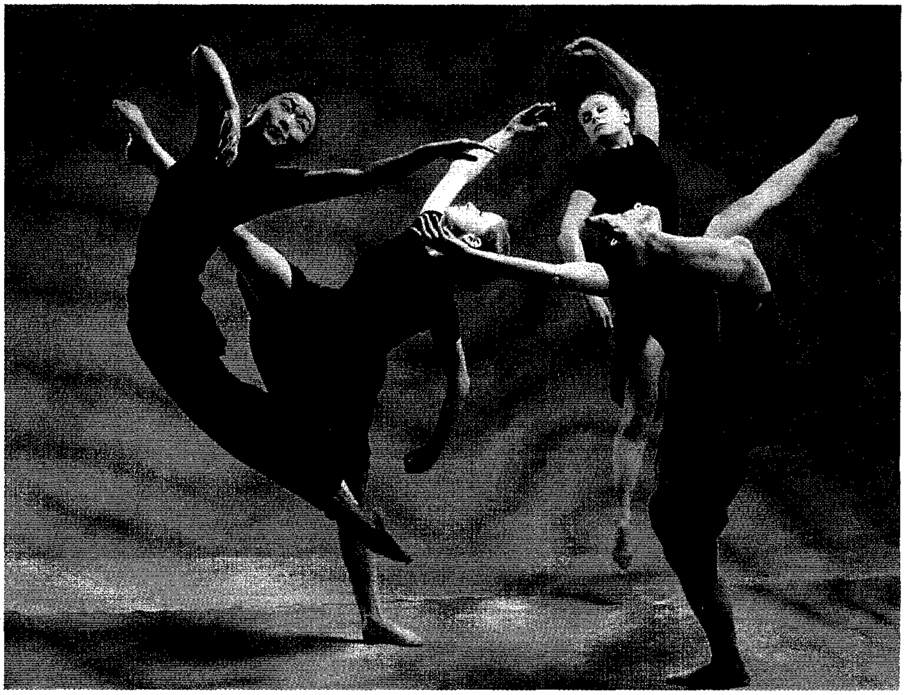
Toronto Dance Theatre, RECENTLY AT THE JOYCE for a week, was founded 30 years ago as a scions-of-Martha Graham company. Subsequently, under the direction of Christopher House, who began choreographing for the group in 1981, its repertory has shifted from heated passions to cooler ones, from the fraught, subjective worldview that prevailed in the era of the troupe's emergence to a more distanced, impassive attitude. This ability to evolve with the times and changing taste has no doubt contributed to TDT's survival. Never having harbored a choreographer of genius, it pleases by being professional and timely. The program offered in New York was agreeable, even admirable for its general competence, disappointing if you were after a radical aesthetic experience—the kind that jolts you, stirs you, enlarges the scope of your imagination.

The most "important" dance on the program was House's *Fjeld* (the Norwegian title means *barren plateau*). The Arvo Pärt score does much to support the atmosphere of the bleakness and stubborn endurance that can follow catastrophic tragedy. House is on record as saying the work was inspired by the Old Testament. To me, it was brother to the many, many dances that have been made about the Holocaust, Hiroshima, and, more recently, AIDS. It would be a better work, I think, with more action and less emphasis on self-consciously stark, handsome images.

Schubert Dances, a solo created by House, which I had the luck to see *him* perform, offered the most engaging and idiosyncratic movement. At 43, House is still a splendid dancer: alert, quick, and light, with a frank, offhand demeanor. Coupled with deceptively man-in-the-street-ish choreography, this aura of ordinariness enchants and, of course, eventually calls attention to the beauty present in life's endless stream of casual events.

The single work on the program that I found original and riveting was James Kudelka's *Provincial Suite* (set to Darius Milhaud's *Suite provençale*). A quintet of men and women are costumed in Jane Townsend's delicious take on regional female-peasant garb, with wildly daubed makeup and fantastically dressed hair. Their movements are raucous and bizarre, yet they (raggedly) follow a formal pattern and respond viscerally to the music. The cavorters are clearly a community—with idiosyncratic and complex individual personalities—and they are clearly performing ancient festival rituals. But Kudelka makes us see them as Mme. de Sévigné might have on a visit to her daughter in Provence—as a highly cultivated person from an aristocratic Parisian milieu encountering the enigma of the primal. Apparently Kudelka, a respected, prolific choreographer and head of the National Ballet of Canada, meant the piece as a takeoff on the folkloric-style dances that were inevitably injected into nineteenth-century ballets. But it is far less funny than a simple spoof would be, far stranger, and far more profound.

TDT's current performers—a dozen, not counting House—are unquestionably proficient (high technical skill is almost a given these days); a few are interesting as well. Naoko Murakoshi, stockily built and sudden in her movement impulses, caught my eye, as did the former gymnast Sasha Ivanochko, with her potential for drama. The most gorgeous person onstage was Graham McKelvie, who combines the look of a wild animal in repose before a critical lunge with that of a lush exotic flower.



Toronto Dance Theatre dancers in *Vena Cava.*

RUSSIAN WAS CLEARLY THE DOMINANT LANGUAGE IN THE City Center lobby on opening night of the **Eifman Ballet of St. Petersburg**. Encouraged, no doubt, by the splash the company made here last spring, New York's substantial Russian-American community turned out once again to revel in Boris Eifman's eclectic, brazenly theatrical choreography—created against all odds in a culture dominated by the Kirov Ballet's traditional classicism—and, indeed, awarded it a prolonged standing ovation. I

Photograph by Cylla Von Tiedemann.

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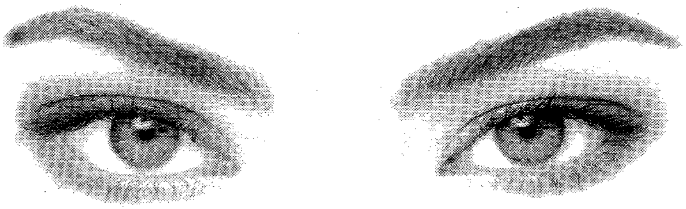

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respect the fact that the work speaks eloquently to its audience. I wish I could join in the enthusiasm, but my aesthetic has been irrevocably shaped by that other guy from St. Petersburg, the one who left, George Balanchine.

The ballet of the evening was *The Karamazovs*, inspired by the similarly titled Dostoyevsky novel, its score culled from Rachmaninoff, Wagner, and Mussorgsky. According to interviews Eifman's been giving and the house program's account of his aims, the Dostoyevsky connection is not absurd or overweening but inevitable. It would seem that this choreographer sincerely believes dance to be an apt vehicle for representing not merely complex psychological relationships but philosophical profundities as well. Well, more power to the art if it can manage this unlikely feat. I have never seen it accomplished. In my experience, the more dependent on detailed narrative a dance is, the more it attempts to embody abstract ideas, the more insistent it is on specific emotional epiphanies—the more it is doomed. Dance operates by means of visual and musical suggestion, by metaphor, by eliciting a kinetic response. It can convey only poorly the very matters that are best expressed in words.

Given his intentions, Eifman relies on dubious resources to carry them out. Most of his choreographic ammunition comes from classical ballet, but—as is often the case with ballet's would-be progressives smitten with modern dance—he jettisons the smaller and subtler steps in the traditional vocabulary. This diminished language is then fortified with devices, now common property, originated by artists who once defied ballet, Martha Graham first among them (watch those whiplash spines!). The mixture is next heavily spiced with circus stunts that shamelessly include flying. It's further supported by cunning ploys with props—the table trick from Balanchine's *Prodigal Son*, amplified to the point of absurdity, and bodies struggling against metal grids, a staple of mid-century angst-ridden dance. The results tend to be cheap and garish, hardly fit for a theater of ideas or even for the revelation of souls in conflict.

Most of the audience appeared to find *The Karamazovs* meaningful, thrilling, or both. I found it, for the most part, tacky and boring, rather like the work of Maurice Béjart, who of course has his own avid audience. This state of affairs resurrects the fascinating question of how much purportedly objective aesthetic judgment and idiosyncratic personal taste overlap. I suppose I can thank Eifman for reminding me of it. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

We Were Overcome

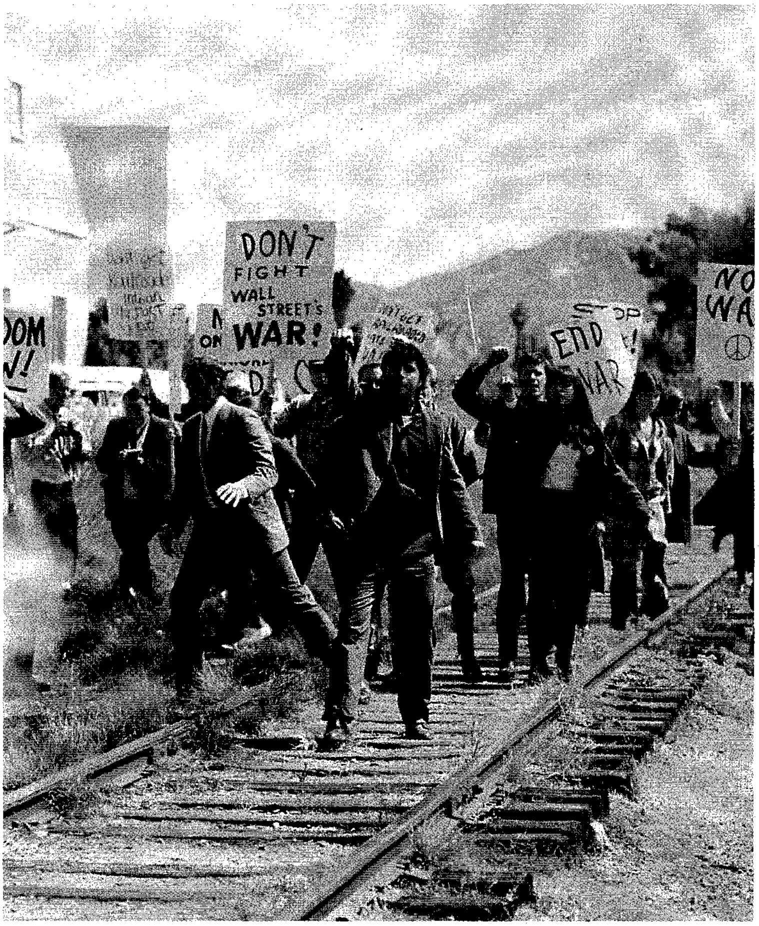
NBC looks back at the sixties, and maybe the most surprising thing about the mini-series is how much the producers got right—starting, of course, with the music.

IF ONLY FOR CLIFF GORMAN AS FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN before he was arrested, and David Alan Grier as Fred Hampton before he was shot, **The '60s** (Sunday and Monday, February 7 and 8; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is worth a dumbfounded look. To the radical priest and the Black Panther, add a nosegay of flower children—Carnie Wilson, daughter of Beach Boy Brian, as Mama Earth on the Hog Farm commune; Jordana Brewster, granddaughter of Yale president Kingman, as a Barnard stormbird during Mark Rudd's tantrum of the cadres; and Donovan Leitch, son of Dylan wannabe Donovan, as a pot-addled Haight-Ashbury rock musician—plus some post-traumatic-stress disorder after war crimes in Vietnam, and all you need to complete this Jackson Pollock splatter flick is a blur of politics and art, anarchy and co-optation, parody and self-righteousness, fab music, Tinkertoy sex, red-dwarf drugs, ad hoc class analysis, and gee-whiz Götterdämmerung.

And any docudramatic mini-series seeking to celebrate the idealism of the era, even as it wallows in the excess, could have been much worse. Maybe this one even wanted to be. Proposing to show us, from the parallel points of view of a white middle-class Chicago family and black folks besieged in the Mississippi Delta, everything that went down from the Freedom Rides to the Days of Rage, with pit stops at Watts and Woodstock, *The '60s* starts off as if it aspired to be "Party of Five Goes to China Beach" or "Buffy the Weatherperson."

Katie Herlihy (Julia Stiles) is suspended from high school for dirty dancing and ends up begging for food for her fatherless child in the Summer of Love. Her jock brother Brian (Jerry O'Connell), when he doesn't get a football scholarship to Notre Dame, joins the Marines and ends up shell-shocked in Vietnam. Her other brother, straight-A's Michael (Josh Hamilton), graduates from the Catholic Left at Berrigan's Loyola to the "Clean for Gene" McCarthy campaign, always carrying a torch for Sarah Weinstock (Brewster), the nice Jewish girl from the Upper East Side who'd really rather sleep with SDS firebrand Kenny Klein (Jeremy Sisto), who in his ugly turn will end up batching bombs in a Greenwich Village brownstone. Meanwhile, Emmet Taylor (Leonard Roberts) sees his preacher father (Charles S. Dutton) hosed down in Birmingham, burned down in Greenwood, and gunned down in Watts before reading *Soul on Ice* and starting a Panther breakfast program.

Michael and Sarah are, if not John Reed and Louise Bryant, at least Ryan O'Neal and Ali McGraw. They talk cute by quoting Bob Dylan lyrics at each other. They even show up at the Newport Folk Festival where Dylan went electric. But then Michael and Sarah show up everywhere—stopping a troop train, levitating a Pentagon, getting wet with Grace Slick at Woodstock and thumped on with Allen Ginsberg and Abbie Hoffman at the 1968 Democratic Convention. As the two best-looking Blue Lagoonies in the mini-series, they're obviously destined to mate. The only hitch is Sarah's infatuation with the macho rubbish of Kenny Klein. And if for a minute you imagine that they won't be able to resolve this problem, by both becoming what Grace Paley once called "a kind of medium-level worker in one tendency in the nonviolent direct-action left wing of the antiwar movement," you have never watched television. Equally inevitable are Brian's transformation into Ron Kovic in the Oliver Stone film version of *Born on the Fourth of July* and Katie's naming her child "Rainbow."


DON'T FIGHT WALL STREET'S WAR!
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On the right track: Antiwar protesters in *The '60s*.

But it isn't the fault of executive producer Lynda Obst, director Mark Piznarski, screenwriters Bill Couturie, Robert Greenfield, and Jeffrey Fiskin, or even such odd-couple consultants as Stanley Crouch and Wavy Gravy that those of us of a certain age have our own sixties tapes in our own loopy heads. Nor that sometimes those tapes aren't even our own: Not so long ago, at the "No Regrets" memorial for Abbie Hoffman at the Palladium,

Photograph by Paul Drinkwater/NBC Photos.

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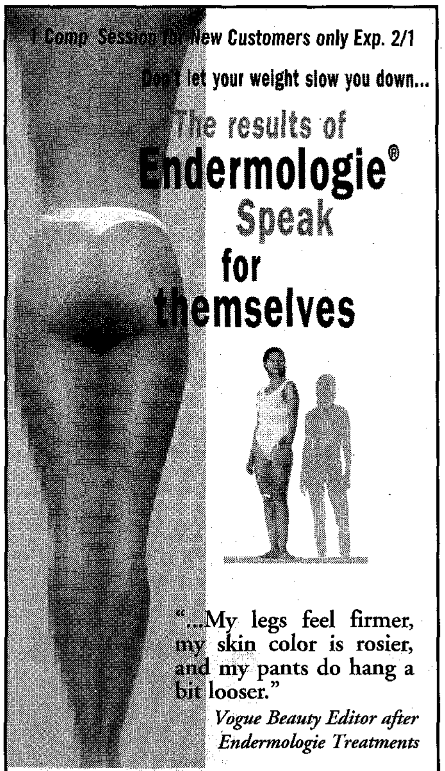

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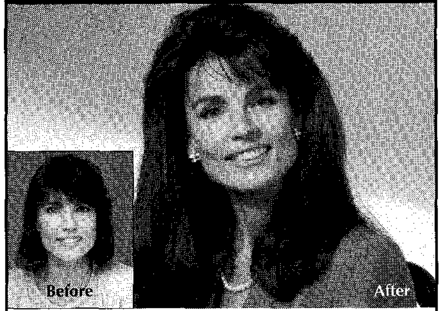

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watching home movies (of Brandeis, Mississippi, the Lower East Side, the Stock Exchange caper, the Grand Central Yip-In, and crossing state lines in an illegal frame of mind), I concluded that Abbie's memory tapes had displaced my own. I remember Abbie, or Mailer, or Ginsberg, better than I remember me. This, too, is television: a kind of flushing.

Anyway, these memories, vintage newsreel snippets, and, above all, the astonishing music comb metaphors over bald spots in the mini-series. Not much of historical or symbolic importance has been omitted, except for maybe the Manson gang. As if on cue, Dutton integrates a lunch counter; Jeremy Sisto reads Frantz Fanon; Mario Savio and Cassius Clay hyperventilate; Lenny Bruce appears at Cafe Figaro or the Bitter End; Columbia is seized again, and so, bound and gagged, is Bobby Seale; LBJ calls it quits and Nixon is elected. And if, reeling from the ferocious right-wing counterassault in the current Culture Wars, we are inclined to blame ourselves for the fact that one portion of the New Left subscribing to a Castroite delusional system went Baader-Meinof and bananas, *The '60s* at least reminds us that they kept killing our best people; that after Jack, they murdered Malcolm, and after Malcolm, Martin, and after Martin, Bobby. That in Chicago it was guitars and bubble gum against guys in baby-blue riot helmets with flamethrowers and bazookas.

Even if we talked a lot of trash—and there's no denying that it hurts to hear the recapitulations here—we have only to consult the Pentagon Papers to find out what the other side was saying so euphemistically about "sustained reprisal" and "mutually assured destruction." You might recall the secret bombing of Cambodia. You might even compare the health-care policy of the Diggers with that of your HMO. For every Jerry Rubin ("Sirhan Sirhan was a Yippie!") who went from shucking on the barricades to hustling on Wall Street, there were dozens of others like Michael and Sarah who would end up in tenants' associations, ecology groups, and feminist co-ops; as disenthralled journalists, public-interest lawyers, and teachers in independent schools—even, perhaps, as executive producers of television series.

So what if *The '60s* is slick nostalgia? At least it's Grace Slick nostalgia. And I can think of worse things to be nostalgic about than a generation of young people who refused to measure everybody by his or her ability to produce wealth, who were disinclined to punish or morally condemn anyone who neglected to prosper. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Tonic Relief

There are two kinds of food magnates today: repeat offenders who recycle one idea ad nauseam, and risk-hungry imagineers who never travel the same road twice.

SUCCESSFUL RESTAURATEURS COULDN'T HAVE been impressed when that Scottish doc cloned himself some woolly new livestock. After all, these guys were replicating their cash cows long before Dr. Wilmut made sure Dolly could never go away again. There are two Republics, three Zen Palates, two Briccos, three Sarabeth's, three Time Cafes, four Mary Ann's, and, though you're better off gnawing gorditas on a park bench, eight Empire Szechuans.

Over the past few years, however, there have been more and more owners and chefs who are not content to mimeograph past triumphs, and who repeatedly challenge themselves and their clientele with new and blessedly unrelated food endeavors. Bobby Flay traced the source of the heat generated by his inspired southwestern cuisine at Mesa Grill back to its fountainhead in Spain and conjured up Bolo. With the aid of a U.N. Assembly–ful of chefs, Drew Nieporent takes us to France (Montrachet), to New York (Tribeca Grill), to the Mideast (Layla), to Japan (Nobu), and, most recently, on his own version of *Fantastic Voyage* (Heartbeat). Jean-Georges Vongerichten's Sybilline diversity is the most startling of all. His four Manhattan outposts (Jean Georges, JoJo, Vong, and Mercer Kitchen) have little in common except a love of root vegetables and unwavering excellence. Even Danny Meyer, who could probably reproduce Union Square Cafe with Planet Hollywood abandon, has found new inspiration at Indian spice markets and has come up with the most seductive restaurant of his growing empire, Tabla.

The Tonic features both a classic wood-paneled tavern and an elegant dining room, pictured above.

Now Steve Tzolis and Nicola Kotsoni are taking another turn at the wheel. Previously, they helped initiate our ceaseless craving for Tuscan food with Il Cantinori. Then they opened Periyali and proved that not all Greek food is found turning vertically on a spit. Next, Chez es Saada gave us Morocco without dust and flies. This time, with **The Tonic**, they've finally turned their attention to America, and the result provides further compelling evidence that restlessness and risk-taking may be the coolest trend to hit eating since chefs gave up their fascination with the kiwi.

The Tonic, one incredibly ambitious enterprise, has four connected parts. The first is a restrained but engaging two-tiered dining room marked by Kotsoni's signature floral explosions and embraced by amber light from three old Masonic Lodge chandeliers that make you regret ever having heard the word *halogen.* Next door, in the old Harvey's Chelsea space (the brass-railed restaurant that for some reason no one liked but everyone remembers), is the Tavern. It has a separate menu, Harvey's magnificent old mahogany bar, and a set of banquettes that demand the kind of posture that would make a West Pointer wince. (But who's sitting? At night, the place is as raucous as a meeting of Ralph Kramden's International Order of Loyal Raccoons.) A quieter, upstairs lounge begs for a jukebox playing "The Days of Wine and Roses." And on the third floor, there's an expansive and handsome private dining room.

Though the main room's menu is more intricate and imposing, the Tavern's offerings aren't exactly tossed onto plastic plates and served with a side of Ruffles. You won't find a better fish and chips, Yankee pot roast, or endive salad, the latter with slices of duck prosciutto and Granny Smith apples. Two separate menus, one high, one low, may seem like daunting double duty for one chef, but the task seems to have energized Chris Gesualdi. At Montrachet, his food always had sheen and elegance, but too often there was a tentativeness that seemed at odds with his preference for Mediterranean flavors—as if he were making dinner to please my parents. But at Tonic's main room, he's finally playing on the open strings. A flash of saffron and a spray of bacon make a lacquer-bright pumpkin bisque sparkle. A dash of citrus and a

Photographs by Robert Wright.

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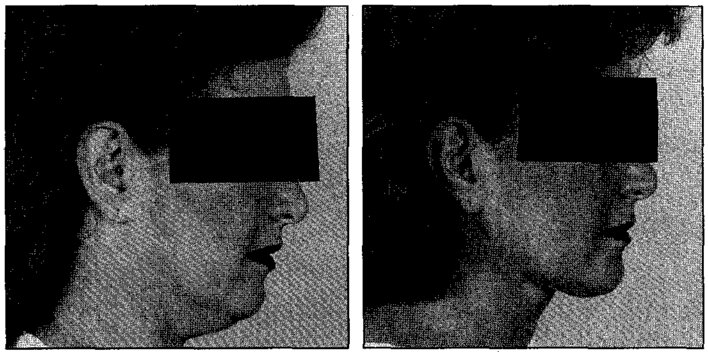

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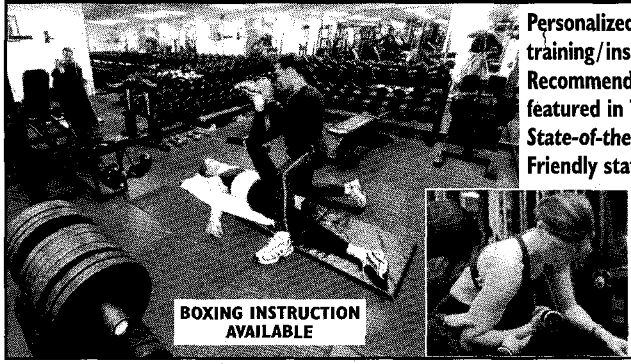

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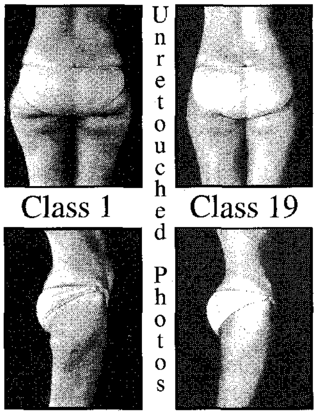


counterpoint of brash seaweed turn raw tuna into something far more pleasing than just another numbing tuna carpaccio.

In fact, all of Gesualdi's appetizers are as unforced and appealing as the staff that recommends them. Velouté of weightlessly diced bay scallops has a perfume of leeks to thank for its allure. An alliance with salsify emboldens sweetbread ravioli in a truffle broth. Smoked salmon is brusquely tempered with bluepoint oysters, capers, and caviar. Crabmeat profits from being teamed with poached shrimp and green beans. A wonderfully smooth goat cheese virtually melts around sweet beets and pine nuts. And best of all, foie gras atop a chestnut purée, braced with butternut squash and roasted apples, is almost too much of a good thing. Almost.

With his entrées, Gesualdi still hedges a few bets, but not enough to cause second-act slump. Foie gras–stuffed guinea hen (oh, do it again!) in sage and Marsala is a soothing winter dish. Truffle-crusted salmon in coral-and-red wine sauce is superbly realized. Garnet-rare venison in black-currant sauce is as savvy a pairing as Stoppard with Gwyneth. Sweet roast chicken is hardly an also-ran, surrounded as it is by a purée of potato and porcini and a sauce of honey and shallots. And the mushroom risotto is a great choice for the center of the table. But why isn't the cocotte of braised meats more robust? Rack of lamb and five-spiced Muscovy duck are both beautifully prepared, just as the John Dory with tomato and the sea bass with fennel are both tender as a child's first yawning, but the results are too placid. Now that I know Gesualdi can knock my socks off, I want nothing less than fork-driven lust.

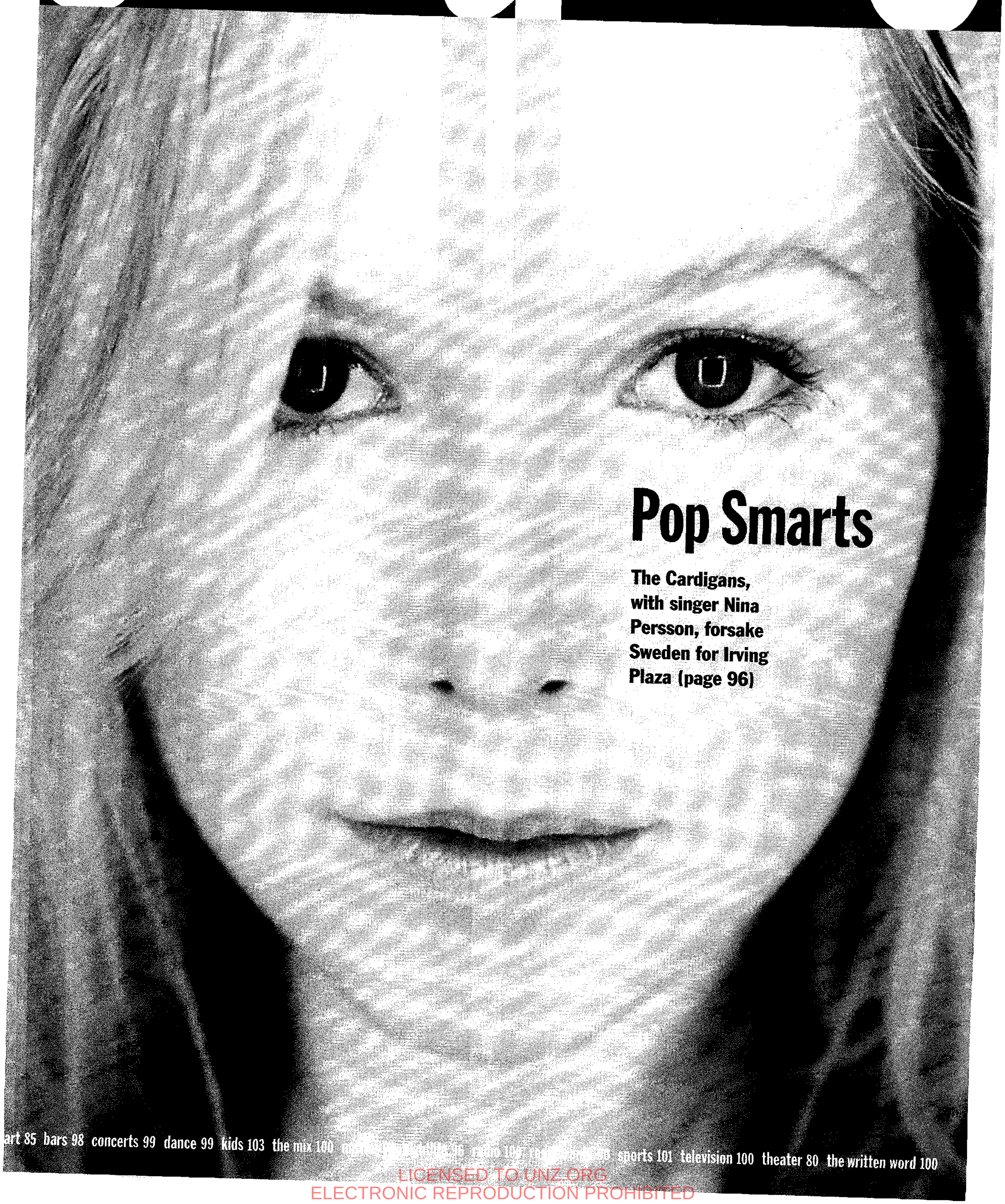
Have faith. A roasted-pear napoleon, lemon-raspberry gratin, and chocolate-brioche pudding will restore ardor. For additional seduction, import the innovative raspberry-tart crème brûlée or the unexpectedly appealing tirami su from the Tavern menu. Or as a treat, indulge in one of the delightful dessert wines from the house's diverse list and toast the fact that unlike the fields of Broadway, television, or Seventh Avenue—where most of the top players are currently behaving like cloned sheep—many movers behind the food we eat have decided it's more fun to be shakers. And the Tonic is an invigorating way to get all shook up.

The Tonic, 108–110 West 18th Street (929-9755). The Tavern, Mondays through Thursdays noon to 11 P.M.*, Fridays and Saturdays till midnight. The Dining Room, Mondays through Thursdays 5:30 to 10:30* P.M.*, Fridays and Saturdays till 11* P.M. *A.E., M.C., V.* ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Enter[illegible]m[illegible] and the Arts in New Y



Pop Smarts

The Cardigans, with singer Nina Persson, forsake Sweden for Irving Plaza (page 96)

art 85 bars 98 concerts 99 dance 99 kids 103 the mix 100 [illegible] nightlife 96 radio [illegible] [illegible] sports 101 television 100 theater 80 the written word 100

movies

Jazz on Film...Payback...Hands on a Hard Body

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. It's a cast meatlocker of a locale, except the dead meat is walking around instead of hung up on hooks. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate but it's bigger than he is. He's a good man gnarled by primal circumstance. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American History X—Edward Norton is a neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: His firefighter father taught him to be racist. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. He emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Another Day in Paradise—James Woods plays a journeyman criminal in the Midwest looking for one last big score. He acts like he's barefoot on a griddle. This is appropriate up to a point—it makes sense that this fast-patter junkie sociopath would be a jumping bean of neuroses. But Woods is on the kind of actor's holiday that's more of a vacation for him than for us. He doesn't just chew the scenery; he stripmines it. As his moll mate, Melanie Griffith is a cooled-out contrast with her snuggly ambiguousness and babykins voice. It's one of her best performances. As the young troubled couple who join up with these two, Vincent Kartheiser and Natasha Gregson Wagner introduce some dewiness into the acrid air. The director, Larry Clark, mixes higher realism with plush pop-psych clichés about the need for these people to connect. The final effect is oddly disjointed: We appear to be watching an avant-garde antique. (Rainer; 2/1/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

At First Sight—Mira Sorvino is an architect who falls in love with her blind masseur (Val Kilmer) and persuades him to undergo experimental surgery to gain sight. Directed by Irwin Winkler. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**A Bug's Life**—Disney's new computer-animated film is an iridescent marvel. It's also buggy with tie-ins, but that should not get in the way of our enjoyment of this wiseacre Aesop's fable. The ants on Ant Island have been terrorized by grasshoppers into harvesting food each fall as ritual offerings. When one of the ants, the perky Flik, accidentally spills the grasshoppers' bounty, the colony is endangered. Exiled, he seeks help from the bugs in a traveling flea circus. Co-directors John Lasseter and Andrew Stanton position these bugs in ways that make witty use of the wide-screen frame and they bring out the kid in everybody. (Rainer; 12/7/98) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Village East; State; Sutton; 84th Street; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Children of Heaven—A young boy loses his sister's only pair of shoes and tries to get them back without letting his parents know they are missing. Written and directed by Majid Majidi. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Civil Action—Jonathan Harr's nonfiction best-seller is being used as a textbook in law schools, but the movie that has been made from it is unlikely to be a model in film schools. Written and directed by Steve Zaillian, it has more negative virtues than positive. John Travolta, not at his best, plays the personal-injury attorney who starts out as a high-gloss ambulance chaser and ends up obsessed with the moral rightness of his wrongful-death suit even as it drags down the resources of his firm; Robert Duvall, in an expertly malicious performance, plays his legal adversary. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex;*

Documentary

As If God Had Turned Away

It's hard to determine which part of 'The Last Days' is more incredible: the Nazis' unwavering determination to rid Hungary of its Jews despite Germany's imminent defeat—or the emotional responses of five Hungarian survivors when they return to their hometowns for the first time since they were teenagers, reunite with former neighbors, and, in a surreal moment caught on film, confront an Auschwitz doctor about the experiments that killed one survivor's sister. Starts February 5 at 62nd and Broadway.

'Cue' cover photograph by Dennis Kleinman/Retna.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.

Down in the Delta—A Chicago grandmother moves her daughter and grandchildren back to Mississippi in hopes of pulling them away from the problems of the city. With Alfre Woodard, Al Freeman Jr., Esther Rolle, Mary Alice, Loretta Devine, Wesley Snipes, Mpho Koaho, and Kulani Hassen. Directed by Maya Angelou. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Bay Plaza; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Dry Cleaning—A middle-class couple attend a gay nightclub and meet a pair of siblings who change their lives. With Charles Berling and Miou-Miou. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Opens 2/5 at Quad Cinemas.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

The Emperor's Shadow—The epic story of the formation of China's first ruling dynasty and the first emperor's star-crossed love affair. With Jiang Wen, Ge You, and Xu Qing. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator (an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Sutton; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Faculty—High-school students realize their teachers are from another planet. With Elijah Wood, Bebe Neuwirth, Salma Hayek, and Jon Stewart. Written by Kevin Williamson. Directed by Robert Rodriguez. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**The General**—Few movie characters are as rollick-

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ingly, disturbingly complex as Martin Cahill, the real-life Irish gangster in John Boorman's mesmerizing new movie. As Cahill, Brendan Gleeson doesn't try to soften him for us or explain him away. He keeps us perplexed right up until the end about this fanatically anti-authoritarian crook, who despised equally the Church, the state, the IRA, the police. It's a great performance. The film has the structure of an American gangster classic and yet it doesn't remind you of anything else—even other Boorman films. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.*

Gloria—See Rainer, page 58. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; 59th Street East.*

Hands on a Hard Body—A documentary about a Texas contest to win a truck. By S. R. Bindler. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Opens 2/5 at Village East.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Village East; Crown Gotham.*

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family*. Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Cinemart.*

Hurly Burly—There's a whole lot of overacting going on in this David Rabe–adapted movie of his 1984 play, directed by Anthony Drazan. The cast, playing a mixed-nuts assortment of Hollywood trash, is impressive: Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Robin Wright Penn, Anna Paquin, Garry Shandling, Chazz Palminteri, Meg Ryan. But Rabe wants to turn the sex-swapping, coke-snorting L.A. eighties scene into a template for how spiritually bereft we all are, and it doesn't wash. The sleazoids in this movie don't stand for anything—not even themselves. They should call the film *A Bug's Life.* (Rainer; 1/18/99) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre.*

In Dreams—What in the blazes happens to Neil Jordan when he makes movies in this country? You can just about bet the farm on the likelihood that his British and Irish-made films will be wonderful and his American films will be bad. He's followed *The Butcher Boy,* one of the finest films of 1998, with this dollop of supernatural claptrap starring Annette Bening as a children's book illustrator whose dreams are being commandeered Vulcan-mind-meld-style by a creepo killer (Robert Downey, Jr). By making it clear from the beginning that Bening is dreaming the killer's actual upcoming murders, rather than just going bonkers, Jordan discounts any psychological explanation for her unravelling—which under the circumstances would have been more interesting. The pulp awfulness of this movie works upon your sensibilities like battery acid. (Rainer; 1/25/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Last Days—A documentary in which five Hungarian survivors of the Holocaust return to their hometowns and remember the last days of the war. Directed by James Moll. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Opens 2/5 at 62nd and Broadway.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Beekman.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Mighty Joe Young—When an African gorilla is moved to a Los Angeles animal conservancy for safety, his life is endangered. With Charlize Theron and Bill Paxton. Directed by Ron Underwood. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Opening
Mad Mel

*Wronged by his best buddy, Mel Gibson sets out to get revenge in 'Payback,' a pumped-up neo-*noir *with lots of one-liners, gunplay, buxom blondes, and one very dominating Asian beauty (Lucy Liu of 'Ally McBeal,' below, with Gibson and Gregg Henry). Opens February 5.*

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Icon Distribution, Inc.

My Name Is Joe—Joe (Peter Mullan) is a recovering alcoholic who lives on the dole when he isn't doing odd jobs or coaching a hopeless soccer team of wayward boys from the poorest section of Glasgow. His affair with a health counselor (Louise Goodall) who recognizes his decency is remarkably touching. The director Ken Loach balls up Joe's story into a running-from-the-local-mob conclusion, but Mullan's performance is near-great. He prepares us for everything—Joe's princeliness and lyricism and bullish loyalties. (Rainer; 2/1/99) (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Olympic Glory—The athletic triumphs of the 1996 Nagano Olympics. Narrated by Stacy Keach. (40 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Patch Adams—Robin Williams plays a smiling-through-tears doctor who pushes the medicinal value of laughter in this goopy weepie that inexplicably is the holiday season's biggest hit. What's next for him—a remake of *Stella Dallas,* perhaps? He's playing out an old, sad showbiz story—the dulling out, at premium prices, of a once firebrand talent. (Rainer; 1/18/99) (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Payback—Mel Gibson is left for dead by his wife and best friend and upon recovery, attempts to get revenge. With Gregg Henry, Maria Bello, and Lucy Liu. Directed by Brian Helgeland. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens 2/5.*

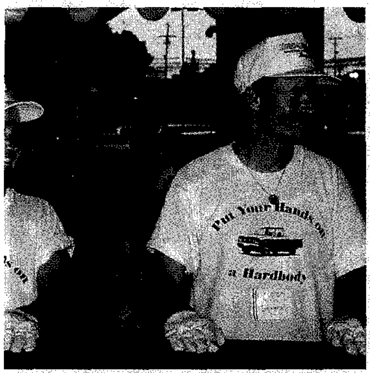
Peeping Tom—Michael Powell's controversial 1960 thriller about a murderer who captures his victim's last minutes on film. Starring Carl Boehm. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Pizzicata—An American pilot lands in an Italian vineyard in 1943 and befriends a family filled with beautiful women. Written and directed by Edoardo Winspeare. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Playing by Heart—This is one of those tedious multi-character split-story jobs in which all the seemingly unconnected strands are tied up at the end. It's about looking for love in all the wrong/right places, and it features a large and impressive cast doing, for the most part, small and unimpressive things. Among the actors—including Sean Connery, Madeleine Stowe, Dennis Quaid, Gena Rowlands, and Ellen Burstyn—the flippiest is Angelina Jolie, whose smoochy, bee-stung kisser is amusingly florid. So is her performance. (Rainer; 2/1/99) (2 hrs. ; R) *Village East; Chelsea; State; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Alpine; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas;. Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Prince of Egypt—There's a lot of smiting and plaguing going in this epic DreamWorks animated feature about Moses, but what really hurts is all the kitsch. The movie resembles one of those DeMille Biblical epics minus the hoochie-koochie he used to work in to show us what a terrible thing sin is. The mixture of 2- and 3-D effects is technically amazing, and at least one sequence, the parting of the Red Sea, is a knockout. But conceptually the film is cheeseball. Why should we applaud an animated movie for doing the same emptily monumental things as live-action directors? (Rainer; 12/14/98) (About 2 hrs.; G) *Chelsea; 59th Street East; 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The RugRats Movie—A new baby joins



Put Your Hands on a Hardbody

Talent

Twangs for the Memory

“East Texas is a very peculiar place,” says filmmaker and Longview, Texas, native S. R. “Rob” Bindler (below). “It has a beautiful strangeness to it. And people are willing to open their doors and share their stories—especially if you're from there.” Bindler was the lucky beneficiary of his hometown's candor when he filmed a devastatingly funny documentary about a contest to win a Nissan truck, *Hands on a Hard Body*. The N.Y.U.-film-school graduate literally stumbled upon his subject during the summer of 1992, when, one night around 2 A.M., he came out of a Longview bar and noticed the car lot across the street aglow in artificial light. “I wandered over and watched,” he says, “and I was just struck by this ridiculous human endeavor. A lot of elements were there to make for good cinema: drama, humor, conflict.” Bindler returned with a camera in 1995, when there were 24 contestants vying to be the last one standing with a hand on the truck—among them a young girl who enters because she has no car, a Pentecostal Christian who believes she'll win because God wants her to, and a guy who sold his last truck to pay his bills. In the film, Bindler stands back and lets these extraordinary citizens emerge as fonts of wisdom, offering rules that everyone—not just truck-crazy Texans—could live by. Mechanical engineer Benny Perkins (above right, with the oldest contestant, J. D. Drew) is particularly engaging: He doesn't say a thing that's not pithy, in a home-spun kind of way. “I call him the Cowboy Buddha,” says Bindler. Perkins patiently explains how one wins the contest (which he did in 1994, in 83 hours): “Look, this is when the big dogs hunt,” he says at one point, sounding remarkably like fellow Texan Dan Rather. “You can't hunt with the big dogs? Get up on the porch with the puppies.” To keep going, the losers mistakenly rely on things like Snickers bars, Marine discipline, and prayer groups. Despite five-minute breaks every hour and pep talks from anxious friends, things unravel as sleep deprivation sets in. Some start to believe the judges are cheating; others fixate on beating Perkins. By the end, it's impossible not to empathize. “It's not just about winning a truck,” one contestant neatly sums up. “It's a human-drama thing.” PATRICIA FALVO

the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows.*

She's All That—The senior class president bets his best friend he can create a prom queen from the frumpiest girl in the school. Starring Freddie Prinze, Jr., Jodi Lyn O'Keefe, Matthew Lillard, Usher Raymond, Paul Walker, Rachael Leigh Cook, Kieran Culkin, and Kevin Pollak. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with four million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Steam: The Turkish Bath—A man inherits a Turkish bath from his aunt and discovers who she was and falls for the custodian's handsome son. Starring Alessandro Gassman. Directed by Ferzan Opetek. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Stepmom—Susan Sarandon is a divorced mother who develops a friendship of sorts with her ex-husband's new girlfriend (Julia Roberts). With Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Still Crazy—A British seventies rock band attempts to reunite in 1998. Starring Stephen Rea and Billy Connolly. Directed by Brian Gibson. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's froufrou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Kings Plaza; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The 24 Hour Woman—See Rainer, page 58. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Union Square.*

Varsity Blues—A coming-of-age comedy about a high-school football player. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Virus—While aboard a Soviet research boat during a hurricane, Jamie Lee Curtis and William Baldwin deal with an alien life form that regards humans as a virus. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Astor Plaza; 86th Street; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Ridgewood; Cinema City; Crossbay; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Waking Ned Devine—Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. They have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on Aer-Lingus. (Rainer; 12/4/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Hylan Plaza.*

The Winners—Dutch documentarian Paul Cohen chronicles the eventual fate of a handful of violinists and pianists who, at various times, copped first

Photographs courtesy of Legacy Releasing.

Festival

Blue Notes on the Silver Screen

Thelonious Monk onstage in the sixties, a jam session led by Lester Young, and the life and times of Duke Ellington are all part of the footage appearing in 'Jazz on Film,' the American Museum of the Moving Image's tribute to the connection between these two art forms. Also showing: "race movies" made for segregated theaters until the late forties (check out 'Look Out Sister,' a parody of white Westerns) and 'Round Midnight' (the 1986 drama starring Dexter Gordon, above). The festival runs February 6–28. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

prize at Belgium's prestigious Queen Elisabeth Competition. The artists he chooses all went on to middling careers—or less. Cohen's approach is vague and wrongheaded—he's in love with the heartbreak of artistry denied and implicitly equates the artistic sensibility with self-destruction. And yet, so few movies convey the almost transcendental exhilaration of classical concert performing that, here, where we see that exhilaration dampened and thwarted, it seems more heartbreakingly beautiful than ever. (Rainer; 1/25/99) (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

You've Got Mail—This Tom Hanks–Meg Ryan confab, co-written and directed by Nora Ephron, is being touted as an updated Upper West Side remake of *The Shop Around the Corner.* It's more like a variation on Ephron's last Hanks–Ryan lovefest, *Sleepless in Seattle*—and just about as coy and comfy. Hanks plays a superstore book-chain magnate whose move into the neighborhood a block away from the venerable children's bookstore operated by Ryan threatens to put her out of business. Unbeknownst to each other, these two combatants are also e-mail lovemates. Ephron plays up the world of cyber-romance for heartfelt winsomeness. Hanks and Ryan know how to play out the superficial charms of their superficial characters. In this superficial movie age, it's a useful gift. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Affliction; Another Day in Paradise; Hurly Burly; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Elizabeth; The Hi-Lo Country.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3364) *The Emperor's Shadow; Port Djema.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Peeping Tom; Pizzicata; Touch of Evil; The Winners.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Gods and Monsters; Steam: The Turkish Bath.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Celebration; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *The 24 Hour Woman; Enemy of the State; Hilary & Jackie; Little Voice; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Saving Private Ryan; She's All That; Still Crazy; The Thin Red Line; Virus; Waking Ned Devine.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *American History X; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; The General; Happiness; Playing By Heart.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *At First Sight; Gloria; In Dreams; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Civil Action; In Dreams; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Elizabeth; Shakespeare in Love; Varsity Blues.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Faculty; Hurly Burly; Little Voice; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; She's All That; Virus; Waking Ned Devine.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *At First Sight; Elizabeth.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Hilary & Jackie; Stepmom.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Gods and Monsters; The Prince of Egypt.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Virus.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *A Civil Action; Shakespeare in Love.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *At First Sight; Hilary & Jackie.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *At First Sight; Enemy of the State; Gloria; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Happiness.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Living Out Loud; Pleasantville.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Civil Action.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *A Bug's Life; In Dreams; Playing By Heart; She's All That; Varsity Blues.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; Psycho; Rush Hour; Star Trek: Insurrection; There's Something About Mary.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Thin Red Line.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Playing By Heart.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Patch Adams; Virus.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Little Voice.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Elizabeth; In Dreams; Patch Adams; She's All That; A Simple Plan; Varsity Blues; Waking Ned Devine.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *A Cool Dry Place; Gloria; Stepmom.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Affliction; You've Got Mail.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Gloria; Shakespeare in Love; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Varsity Blues.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Celebration.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Bug's Life; Gloria; The Prince of Egypt; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; Children of Heaven; The General; Hilary & Jackie; My Name Is Joe.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Hurly Burly; In Dreams; Playing By Heart; Shakespeare in Love; She's All That; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Still Crazy; You've Got Mail.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Playing By Heart; Varsity Blues.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Gloria; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; Virus.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hurly Burly; Waking Ned Devine.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Elizabeth.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (864-7700) *Lonely In America.*

Photograph courtesy of Warner Bros./American Museum of the Moving Image.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Gloria; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Gloria; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus; The Waterboy.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Gloria; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; Varsity Blues; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Central Station; Down in the Delta; Hilary & Jackie; My Name Is Joe.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theatre for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *In Dreams; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theatre for showtimes.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Gloria; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; The Prince of Egypt; Virus.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *She's All That; Stepmom; Virus.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *The Faculty; Gloria; In Dreams; The Prince of Egypt; The Thin Red Line; Virus.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Patch Adams; Stepmom; Varsity Blues.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Gloria; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; She's All That; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *A Civil Action; In Dreams; Playing By Heart; She's All That; A Simple Plan; Still Crazy; The Thin Red Line.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *At First Sight; She's All That; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Gloria; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Opening

French Twist

In *Dry Cleaning*, a staid French couple visit their local gay bar for some out-of-character excitement—and get involved with sibling cross-dressers who initiate them into a wilder, and ultimately very messy, lifestyle (explored by Miou-Miou and Stanislas Merhar, below). Opens February 5 at Quad Cinemas.

Photograph courtesy of Strand Releasing.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Faculty; Gloria; Patch Adams; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *At First Sight; The Faculty; Gloria; She's All That; The Thin Red Line; Waking Ned Devine.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *At First Sight; Gloria; In Dreams; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The General; Hilary & Jackie; In Dreams; Varsity Blues; Waking Ned Devine.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Civil Action; In Dreams; Virus.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Bug's Life; The Faculty; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Civil Action; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Gloria; In Dreams; She's All That.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; The Faculty; Playing By Heart; She's All That; Stepmom; Varsity Blues.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *At First Sight; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *At First Sight; Gloria; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Elizabeth; Patch Adams.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *At First Sight; Virus.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Civil Action; Elizabeth; Gloria; In Dreams; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The RugRats Movie; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Civil Action; She's All That; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; Waking Ned Devine.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Gloria; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Playing By Heart; The Prince of Egypt; She's All That; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Jazz on Film." 2/6–2/28: Films about jazz. AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers." 2/3: Shorts and *Low* (1995). 2/4–2/10: *The Night of the Hunter* (1955). 2/4: *Countdown* (1991). 2/4–2/10: *Chinatown* (1974). 2/5: *The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press* (1984). 2/6: *Our Hitler, a Film From Germany* (1977). 2/7: Stan Brakhage shorts. Extended through 2/7: *My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransport* (1996). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Black Beyond Borders." 2/5 and 2/7: *Whose Gonna Take the Weight?* (1997). 2/7: *Taxi to Timbuktu* (1994) and *Clando* (1996). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6, $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"Paranoia" film series. Single or double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Congregation Emanu-El—"The Troubled Soul: Jewish Mysticism in Film." 2/2: *The Dybbuk* (1937). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 East 66th St. (744-1400).

A Different Light—2/7: *Red-Headed Woman* (1932). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Documentaries of Alan and Susan Raymond." 2/4: *The Third Coast* (1979) and *To Die for Ireland* (1980). "Special." 2/6: *Titanic* (1997). "New African Cinema." 2/3: *Tableau Ferraille* (1997). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

The Feminine Eye—Twenty-five feature films by woman filmmakers from around the world. At BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. Tickets $8.50–$50. For more info., call 718-623-2770.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"A Survey of Cuban Cinema." Through 2/25: Thirty films made in Cuba during the past 40 years. "Movies for Kids." 2/6 and 2/13: *Wind in the Willows* (1997). "Great Performers." 2/7: Arthur Rubinstein and Claudio Arrau. Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—2/2: *The Eagle With Two Heads* (1947). 2/9: *The Little Prince Said* (1992). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Japan Society—"Anime: The History of Japanese Animated Films." Through 2/26: A comprehensive look of the genre, from the forties to the present. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"BritDoc: A History of British Documentary Film." A 27-part survey of classic and unknown British documentaries from 1906 to 1986. "Film Follies by Stuart Klawans." 2/8: *Greed* (1924) and *Intolerance* (1916). 2/9: *Duel in the Sun* (1947) and *Metropolis* (1926). 2/11: *Fitzcarraldo* (1982) and *Apocalypse Now* (1979). "Big As Life: 8-mm films." 2/4: Films by Morgan, White, Stark. "New Documentaries." 2/4–2/5: *I, Doll* (1996), and *Glimpses and Flashes* (1998). "Robert Bresson." Through 2/7: A complete retrospective of the acclaimed French director. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theatre for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 2/8: *The World's Greatest Sinner* (1964) and *The Wild Wild World of Hasil Adkins* (1993). Tickets $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info., call 358-7503.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 2/6–2/7: *Harakiri* (1962). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Pinter's Ashes...James Naughton

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/2 for a 3/4 opening. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Death of a Salesman—This fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's finest had the critics raving in Chicago. Brian Dennehy, Elizabeth Franz, and Kevin Anderson star. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly woman who employs him; John Tillinger directs. $25–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/2 for a 2/21 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
Big Mac Attack

Downtown theaters are suddenly crackling with the comedies of Mac Wellman, one of this city's ablest wordsmiths. At the Kitchen, Big Dance Theater presents 'Girl Gone,' the story of an attempt to escape harsh realities through even harsher contortions of grammar; at the Flea, the Bat Theater Company presents 'Cleveland,' Wellman's 1986 meditation on communism, intergalactic warfare, and the prom. Call 255-5793 for tickets to 'Girl,' which runs February 2 through 6, and 226-0051 for tickets to 'Cleveland,' opening February 12.

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—Happiness is, potentially, the revival of this musical, directed by Michael Mayer and starring Anthony Rapp. Book, lyrics, and music by Clark Gesner; based on Charles M. Schulz's *Peanuts* comic strip. $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5:30. In previews for a 2/4 opening. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Blue Room—Nicole Kidman—!!!—and Iain Glen each play five roles in David Hare's modern adaptation of *La Ronde*, Arthur Schnitzler's classic story of interconnected couples and sexual anxieties. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking. The fussy oiliness of Tom McGowan, the new Amos, simply flops. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker plays Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter in this new production of Sophocles' play, ably adapted by Frank McGuinness, who updated last season's Tony-winning *A Doll's House*. Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat.

Photograph by Toby Wales.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/7. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince and writer Alfred Uhry. The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful conviction of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic neatly braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/7 opening. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 2/4 for a 2/14 opening. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

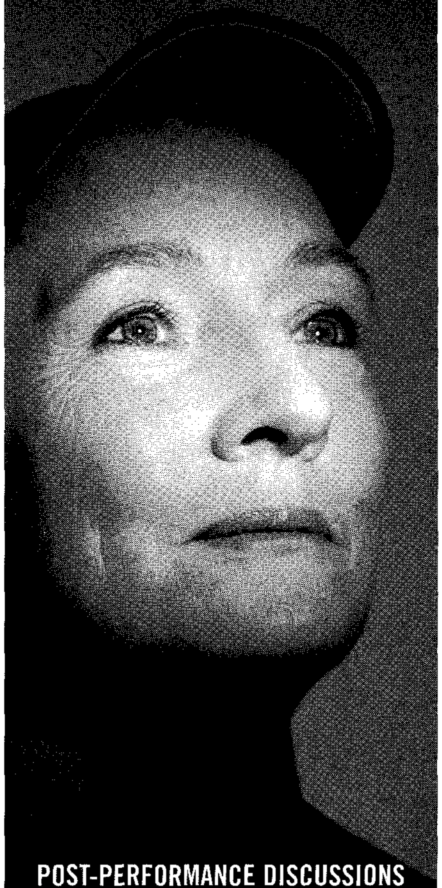
Bright Lights Big City—A new musical by Paul Scott Goodman, based on Jay McInerney's 1984 novel about a callow young New Yorker's descent into cocaine hell. Directed by Michael Greif (*Rent*). $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 2/24 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 29 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Captains Courageous, The Musical—As the title says, the musical version of the Rudyard Kipling novel (and later, movie), about the spoiled son of a wealthy industrialist who falls off the decks of his father's luxury liner and into the hands of a kindly commercial fisherman. Treat Williams and Brandon Espinoza star; Frederick Freyer did the music, Patrick Cook did the book and lyrics. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 4. In previews for a 2/16 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Kathleen Chalfant

W;t

Wit – a new play by Margaret Edson
Directed by Derek Anson Jones



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Assistant Professor & Psychologist
Derald H. Ruttenberg Cancer Center
Mt. Sinai Medical Center

TUE 2/16 – STEPHANIE SEREMETIS, M.D.
Director of the Women's Health Program
The Kravis Women's Center
Mt. Sinai Medical Center

TUE 2/23 – PATRICIA GOLDMAN, PRESIDENT
Ovarian Cancer National Alliance
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PHOTO: DAVID BARRY

The Eros Trilogy—A three-paneled work by Nicky Silver connecting mothers and sons. Starring Zak Orth, T. Scott Cunningham, and the always-formidable Betty Buckley. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 2/4 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Hothouse—The Atlantic Theater Company revives Harold Pinter's 1958 comedy about a group of muddling bureaucrats in an unspecified government institution. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 2/3 for a 2/25 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

James Naughton: Street of Dreams—It's two hours of crooning from the two-time Tony marvy James Naughton. $50. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/4 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Making Tracks—A brief rock-and-roll history of the Asian-American experience, as told through the story of a young woman who's trying to make sense of both her own and her parents' worlds. $20. Mon.–Wed. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/4 opening. Through 2/14. *Taipei Theater, 1221 Sixth Avenue, bet. 48th and 49th Sts. (340-1095).*

The Mineola Twins—Swoosie Kurtz stars in this new play by Paula Vogel, author of the Pulitzer-winning *How I Learned to Drive,* about womanhood in suburbia. Directed by Joe Mantello. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/18 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

The Misanthrope—Uma Thurman plays a pretty American starlet in this Molière comedy, which translator Martin Crimp has wisely re-set in contemporary London. Roger Rees also stars; directed by Barry Edelstein. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/14 opening. Through 2/28. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Blue Heart—A pair of one-acts from the scathing Caryl Churchill, who this time examines the breakdown of family life. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 2/21. *Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Captain's Tiger—Athol Fugard's memoir for the stage, which examines his youthful travels, misadventures, struggles with self-expression, and relationship with mum. $36. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed. at 5 and 8, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 1. Through 2/7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Correct Me If I'm Right—Kate Clinton, who actually manages to make her feminist principles funny, returns to New York with her first one-woman show since *Out Is In.* $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by actors Mickey Kelly and Shay Duffin. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney (*The Cocktail Hour, Sylvia, Love Letters*) about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Directed by Daniel Sullivan; starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15; Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15; Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Michael Cerveris stars in John Cameron Mitchell's stunning rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 8 and 11; Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

High Life—A play by first-time playwright Lee MacDougall, Canada's answer to Quentin Tarantino. Watch for drugs, paranoid humor, filthy dialogue, an aborted heist. Should be fun. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/14. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided t buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8 Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239 6200).*

Iphigenia Cycle—The renaissance in Greek dram continues apace with these two stories o Agamemnon's daughter (her sacrifice, her rescue rolled into one. JoAnne Akalaitis directs. Theatr for a New Audience presents. $10–$40. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/14. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and som mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. a 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke' Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

A Majority of One—The Jewish Repertory Theatr presents this 1959 comedy about a Jewish widow and a retired Japanese businessman who meet an fall in love on an ocean liner. $35. Tues.–Thurs and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhous 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The newest pla by Paul Rudnick, author of *Addams Family Values In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In his words: "It's a comedy about God, if that' not redundant." Heavens, no. $35–$47.50 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7 *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (420-8000)*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam' penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loop sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repea engagement with actor Stephen DeRosa. $45 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7 *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You'r Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts o four Italian-American grandparents to change th life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. a 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman this time about a group of paranoid sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvan and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8 Through 4/19. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark' Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thrille about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murderin her husband, and the small-town detective wh tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7 Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.—A songful tribute to the las days of black vaudeville, when African-American toured the 80-house circuit with their whit brethren but were frequently denied pay an lodging. Conceived and written by Ronal "Smokey" Stevens and Jaye Stewart; featuring th music of Duke Ellington, Eubie Blake, and a hos of musicians unsung. $38.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. a 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *47th Street Theatre 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

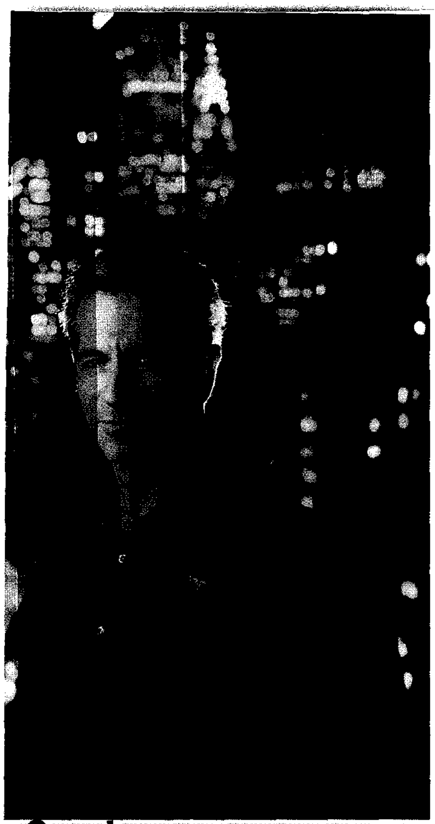
Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is decent amount of merriment to be had from thi revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymou travel guide, this show by a number of hands poke fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeles phone calls for airline reservations to the joys o sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, thoug some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner on hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200)..*

Some Voices—A gentler, more heartbreaking impor from the New Group about a restaurant owne who takes on the responsibility of caring for hi schizophrenic brother. By Joe Penhall. $15–$30.

Opening
Good Grief!

It was only a matter of time before some enterprising director (in this case, Michael Mayer) revived *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown,* a musical tailored to suit the emotional needs of New Yorkers if ever there was one. (Where else would we find happy misfits, plentiful Beethoven, and psychoanalysis for only a nickel?) Opens February 4 at the Ambassador; Anthony Rapp stars.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg



Opening
Razzle-Dazzle 'Em

That voice! It's like a hot knife on butter. In 'James Naughton: Street of Dreams,' the Broadway star ('Chicago,' 'City of Angels') croons an evening of recognizables, with an assist from moonlighting producer Mike Nichols. Opens February 4 and runs five weeks only at the Promenade Theatre.

Mon. at 7, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 4. *Theater at St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary. And when the comedy eventually turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Photograph by Nick Cardillicchio.

Berkman *continued from page 50*

Pestova, and their son, Yanick, for lunch at Nobu. They have recently returned from skiing in Switzerland with Stephanie Seymour. Pestova talks to me and tends to Yanick; Yanick happily plays with his chopsticks. Tense and uncharacteristically tight-lipped, Buti frequently leaves the table to take calls on his cell phone, while Pestova talks warmly of her husband. "I trust Tommaso," she tells me earnestly, over green-tea ice cream. "He's one of the smartest people I know." While she acknowledges that the problems with Fashion Cafe made 1998 a bit difficult, she places none of the blame for that on her husband, whom she portrays as a martyr. "It's hard to see someone you love so much suffering or going through injustice," she says in lilting English.

Pestova reports she simply laughed when she found out she was a defendant in one of the lawsuits filed by the Fashion Cafe partners. "They had nothing against me, obviously," she says. "There were so many false accusations and so many lies." As we put on our coats to leave, I ask her about the loans she was involved with. "*What* loans?" she asks, seeming genuinely surprised. "I didn't know about that," she says. "It's interesting you say that."

Just a week later, the couple announce they are separating. Some insist that Pestova had finally had enough of Buti's rumored affair with another supermodel. Though Buti won't confirm or deny reports of the affair, a close friend of his insists that they are true. In the wake of their separation, it is still uncertain whether Pestova will join her husband's new agency, though some say Buti's pressure on her to leave the relative security of Elite may have hastened the split.

Though he declines to name names, Trump insists the venture is already a success. "We got all these big girls lining up to join," he says, promising major defections from top agencies in coming weeks.

THE FASHION CAFE HASN'T FARED QUITE AS well. Last week, the restaurant's gaudy banquettes were carted on to the sidewalk outside Rockefeller Center and hauled into a moving van. The restaurant is now under new management. Giuseppe Cipriani and Buti's old jet-set friend Stefano Chitis have taken over, with plans to upgrade the food, inject cash into the business, and reopen in Grand Central Terminal this spring.

Buti tells me he will be happy if his fellow Italians succeed. "*I* still created it," says the head of Trump Management Group. "I'm not a jealous person. I hope *everyone's* going to make a fortune with Fashion Cafe." ■

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Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Babes in the Woods—"7 Urban Sightings"—Seven amusing and often surreal vignettes about life in the city—including an episode in a deli where customers are forced to folk-dance for their supper. $15 plus one drink minimum. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *West Bank Cafe, 407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Birth Rite—Elizabeth Hess's new play about a young Mennonite woman's struggle to break free of religious oppression. Directed by Richard Caliban. $12. Thurs.– Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Bloodletting (A Doctor's Play)—*ER*, the demented version. One surgeon drills too far into an elderly woman's brain, another kills her son and raids his body for organs. Written by (shudder) a real doctor, Michael DiAntonio. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 2/7. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Bravo, NY!—A comedy about a catering outfit of the same name, which for one night must supply food and friendly service for a bogus ceremony cooked up by a loveless financier to boost his public image. By Dominic Orlando. $20. Tues.– Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (673-3852).*

Caesar and Cleopatra—George Bernard Shaw's depiction of Caesar as a devious and egocentric man. Performed by the Jean Cocteau Rep. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery. (677-0060).*

Desperelics—Alexander Lyras tears through the roles of eight overaccomplished or despairing urban types, all slouching at various rates toward the new millennium. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Gene Frankel Theater, 24 Bond St. (505-0099).*

Gretty Good Time—A dark comedy set in 1955 about a paralyzed young woman who entertains both a victim of Hiroshima and Ralph Edwards, host of *This Is Your Life*, in her dreams. Presented by the venerable Ensemble Studio Theatre. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/7. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 539 W. 52nd St. (247-4982).*

Human Resources—The newest solo show from Richard Hoehler, the inspired guy behind the Obie-winning *Working Class*. Here, he plays five men struggling for survival in New York City. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

The Nature of a Fool—Carl Palmer's autobiographical new play about his quest for his birth parents and his discovery of their love letters. $12. Sun. at 3, Mon. and Tues. at 8. Through 2/15. *Theatre at Holy Cross, 329 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Pastorale—A dark comedy about post-college malaise by short-story writer Deborah Eisenberg. $12 Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/7. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Prater Violet—A stage adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's coming-of-age story. Presented by Difference Engine and the Culture Project. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. (388-8188).*

Rebel Women—A reprisal of Thomas Babe's acclaimed play about General Sherman's 1864 raid of an Atlanta home. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (539-8840).*

Richard II—Presented by Expanded Arts, the inspired company that did *R & J*. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. *Fairbanks Studio Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (501-2066).*

Shanghai Moon—Grande dame Charles Busch strikes again—this time as Lady Sylvia Allington, the glamorous wife of a British diplomat who creates mayhem in China by involving herself with a powerful warlord. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/14. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (254-1109).*

Spray/Oedipussy—Two one-man shows performed in rotating repertory by Mike Albo and Jonathan Ames, respectively, who share in common demented spirits and stiletto-pointed storytelling. Consumerism is the subject of the first; Mum, quite obviously, dominates the second. $12. Call for specific dates and showtimes. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Stuck—A lonely single mother tries to escape her job (at a video store), her life, her one-horse town. Rattlestick Productions presents. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 2/14. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (627-2556).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tilt—The latest music-theater creation from the Talking Band, wherein the fates of two musicians, two business people, and two tiny household Gods are reflected in one another's lives. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5 and 8. Through 2/7. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Waiting for the Parade—John Murrell's World War II story of five Canadian women struggling on the home front. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3, Mon. at 8. *Dominion Theatre, 428 Lafayette St. (473-1698).*

Wang Dang—An intimate and real-time evening with Tom Noonan & Co., as they recreate the story of a washed-up filmmaker's advances on a couple of undergraduates in a seedy motel. $15. Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Paradise Theater, 64 E. 4th St. (253-8107).*

Whoa-Jack!—Buchner's *Woyzeck*, transposed onto the American South. Presented by the Worth Street Theater Company; starring Queen Esther. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/8. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

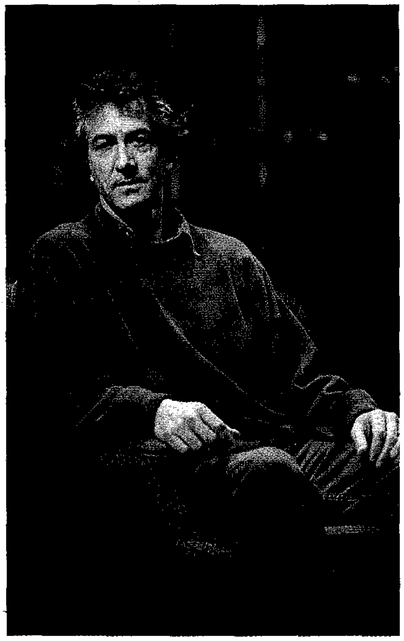
You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about what happens to an African-American family when the daughters reveal that they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Opening

No Man's Land

No one does variations on an enigma better than David Strathairn. Even when his characters are unambiguously venal (Dolores Claiborne's husband—the thought of him *still* splits my nerves), there's something essentially unreadable about them; what makes them the most the menacing, one senses, is the things they *don't* reveal, not the things they do. With his gift for restraint, Strathairn is a natural for the plays of Harold Pinter. They are steeped in the past and contain few guideposts to the present. In *Ashes to Ashes*, for example, opening February 7 at the Gramercy Theatre, we know that Strathairn's character is an academic who may have once lived in Dorset, but that's about all we know. We're not even sure if the woman sharing the stage with him is his wife, though it's strongly implied. And so, it is with some irony that Strathairn reports how he must, for once, make his character as "specific and familiar as possible—for the sake of the audience." He still loves the play, of course ("It stuck with me for days"), and Pinter remains one of Strathairn's favorites. *The Dumb Waiter*, in fact, was the first contemporary play Strathairn ever read (at Williams College, on the enlightened recommendation of a friend). Williams is also where he began acting, though he botched the first line of his stage debut ("My sweet, you're too good for Brownies"—i.e., Indians—in Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* came out, "You're too good for sweets, my brownie"). Since then, he has cobbled a stunning career out of equal parts stage and screen, surfacing only periodically for interviews. He half jokingly describes himself as a "distinguishable cipher"—lovely phrase—and speaks elliptically, though not coyly, about his background; it probably runs counter to his instincts to do otherwise. He says he's frequently mistaken for other people—an occupational hazard, one supposes, of playing so many unmappable types. "Apparently, I've been to many conventions in the Midwest," he deadpans. Does Strathairn at least have a theory about why he's always cast as a human spectre? He pauses a while and thinks. "I don't know," he finally says. "I. Don't. Know."

Jennifer Senior



Photograph by D. Appleby/Stills/Retna.

art

Elaine Reichek...Ronald Bladen

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

eff Joyce—Paintings of Nantucket moors and coastlines that share an affinity with Nordic pastoral painting; through 2/27. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

hris Macdonald—Recent works on paper; through 2/20. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

lark Mahosky—New abstract paintings that draw on classical European Modernism and American folk art; through 2/20. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (924-0858).

teven McCallum—Recent geometric abstract paintings; through 2/20. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

ichards Ruben/Seymour Boardman—An exhibition pairing the paintings of the two second-generation Abstract Expressionists; through 3/6. Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. (452-1094)).

d Ruscha—New paintings from the "Metro Plots" series that continue the artist's interest in urban landscapes and take simplified street maps of Los Angeles as their point of departure; through 2/27. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

on Van Vliet—Recent works on paper; through 3/26. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

avid Wojnarowicz—Stencil works, map collages, paintings, sculpture, and objects made between 1982 and 1984 by the late artist, whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; through 3/6. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

57th Street Area

incent Amato—New welded-steel sculptures; 2/4–3/6. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

enny Andrews—Paintings that depict art critics in galleries; through 2/27. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

ilton Avery—A selection of paintings and watercolors with an emphasis on works produced in the forties; through 2/27. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (759-2345).

lexander Calder—A selection of prints, drawings, and gouaches dating from the thirties to the seventies; through 3/6. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (489-3331).

Lois Dodd/Paul Rickert—Paintings that depict close-up views of the artist's garden in Maine/Watercolor landscapes of the New England coastline; 2/4–27. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Louis Lozowick—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the twenties, thirties, and forties, many of them depicting views of New York; through 2/20. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Elizabeth Newman—New sculpture; through 2/27. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Charles Simonds—Imaginary civilizations constructed from natural clay; through 2/20. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Richard Stankiewicz—Gestural ink drawings and three large sculptures made between 1959 and 1962; through 3/6. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Tom Uttech—Paintings of imaginary archetypal landscapes; 2/3–27. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Not Vital—"Snowballs," an edition of fourteen unique glass sculptures; through 2/20. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Lawrence Weiner—New work; through 2/19. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Asymptote Architecture—A collaborative installation of 24 flat-screen LCDs and glass armatures by the architects Lise Ann Couture and Hani Rashid of Asymptote Architecture; through 2/20. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Peggy Bates—Paintings that evoke the body's experience of water in lakes, ponds, rivers, and streams; through 2/20. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Anselme Boix-Vives—Paintings that depict a visionary world of harmony by a Spanish artist (1899–1969) who worked as a greengrocer in France before taking up painting at the age of 62; through 2/27. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Mark Calderon/Mark Depman—Freestanding and wall-mounted sculptures in bronze, glass, and cement/Cibachrome photographs of objects in the artist's home. Through 2/24. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Beatrice Findlay—Paintings of abstracted urban landscapes; through 2/27. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Peter Flaccus—New paintings; through 2/20. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Alberto Giacometti—A collection of drawings by the sculptor that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/27. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Michael Goldberg—Large-scale abstract paintings and related drawings; through 2/20. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Lisa Hoke—An installation of five hanging screens made with thousands of Day-Glo-colored drinking straws encased in resin; through 2/27. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Michael Lucero—Recent ceramic works from the artist's "Excavation" series; through 2/27. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

David Row—Recent monoprints that demonstrate the artist's manipulations of space, form, and color; through 2/27. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

David Salle—New paintings from the artist's "Glass and Mirror" series that explore reflection, disjunction, and fragmentation through the juxtaposition of narrative elements, through 3/6, at Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753), and new paintings depicting angel statuary, performing bears, acrobats, interiors, and still lifes, through 2/27, at Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Jordan Tinker—Works that explore the American fascination with unspoiled wilderness, including copies of nineteenth-century American paintings drawn directly on the gallery's walls and photographic transparencies of American landscapes mounted on light boxes; through 2/27. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Chelsea

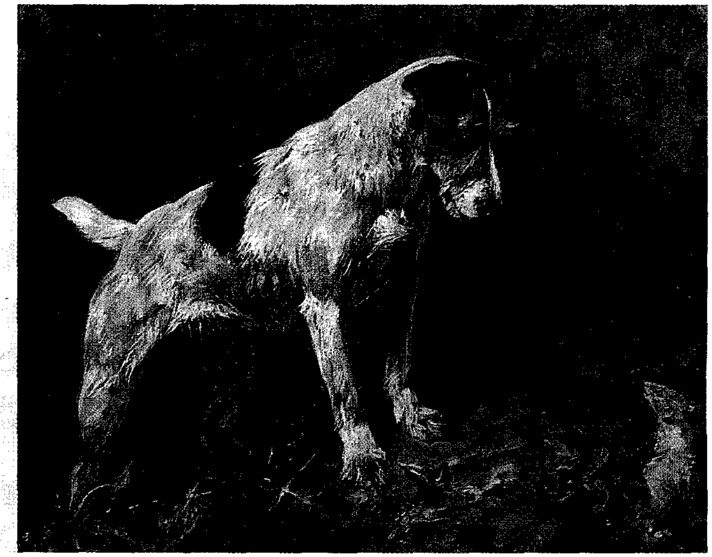
Michael Ricardo Andreev—Paintings of heraldic images in black and white enamel; through 3/1. Rodriguez Degranier, 361 W. 17th St. (243-3177).

Jean-Marc Bustamante—Large-scale gestural abstract drawings silk-screened on Plexiglas; 2/6–3/20.

Happening

Beast Masters

Timed to coincide with the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show (February 8 and 9), the first-ever New York auction devoted exclusively to dog and cat portraits gathers paintings, sculptures, and ephemera by such masters of the genre as Richard Ansdell, John Emms (right, 'Wire-Haired Fox Terrier and Vole'), and George Earl. At William Doyle Galleries, 175 East 87th Street, on February 9 at 1 P.M. Works can be previewed February 6 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., February 7 from noon to 5 P.M., and February 8 from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.



Photograph courtesy of William Doyle Galleries.

Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (242-0200).

Andy Collins—New paintings; through 3/6. Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (675-9082).

Peter Fischli/David Weiss—Three slide shows made up of hundreds of the artist's recent photographs of flowers; 2/6–3/20. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Amy Hill—Painted portraits of heavy-metal musicians rendered in the style of Italian and Dutch Renaissance masters; through 2/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

John Kirchner—Frottage and sculpture constructed from tissue and balsa; through 2/15. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

David Lowe—Paintings in which fragments of Italian landscapes are enclosed in abstract fields of muted color; through 2/20. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (741-1149).

Albert Oehlen—New paintings; through 2/27. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Manuel Pardo—Paintings of idealized landscapes in Cuba that draw on the artist's earliest childhood memories of the island; through 3/4. Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (352-2858).

Peggy Preheim—Pencil drawings, black-and-white photographs, and a cast-silver sculpture; through 2/20. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Scott Reeder—Paintings that use deadpan humor to expose the arbitrary nature of naming things; through 2/27. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Paul Thek—Drawings made between 1966 and 1988, most of which are being shown in New York for the first time, and works on newspaper, self-portraits, landscape drawings; 2/4–3/13. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Lawrence Weiner—A survey of the artist's posters, drawings, and small printed works; through 2/27. At Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348) and Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Other

Walter Stuempfig—Paintings from the Forbes Magazine Collection by a Philadelphia artist (1914–1970) known for his realist landscapes and portraits; through 3/27. Forbes, 60 Fifth Ave. (206-5549), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–4.

David Wojnarowicz—Early paintings and silkscreened posters made between 1981 and 1983 by the late artist, whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; through 2/27. Mansion, 54 St. Marks Place (505-7055), Wed.–Sat. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "Figure and Fantasy in French Painting, 1650–1800," with fantasy landscapes by Robert and works by Boucher, Fragonard, Mignard, Nattier, others; through 3/6.

Feigen—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). "Strange Beauty: A Century of Mannerism, 1520–1620." Mannerist paintings and drawings from Italy and the Netherlands by Caravaggio, Pino, Puligo, Vasari, others; through 4/2.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Works by six Texas-born artists, Alvorado, Kennaugh, Lewis, Manes, Miller, Young; through 2/27.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "French Master Drawings From the 16th Through the 18th Centuries," with works by Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, others; through 5/1.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Artworks that refer to artists and their art, by Azaceta, Bedia, Brown, Chin, McGarrell, Wiley, others; 2/4–27.

Ameringer/Howard—41 E. 57th St. (935-1110). Color field and abstract paintings from the sixties by Albers, Caro, Hockney, Hofmann, Louis, McLaughlin, Noland, others; through 3/13.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "African-American Art: 20th Century Masterworks, VI," an exhibition of crucial works by artists including Romare Bearden, James VanDerZee, Jacob Lawrence, Bob Thompson, Palmer Hayden, and Hale Woodruff; through 3/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Spaceship Earth," humorous, absurd, and ironic works by twenty artists, including Blanchon, Keating, Lucas, Magnotta, Probst, Tugar, others; through 4/3.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Paradise 8," a curatorial experiment in which eight curators will merge initially discrete exhibition zones of works by various artists within the gallery space over a period of three months; through 4/3.

Gold—474 Broadway (625-1723). "Vanishing Points," an exhibition that interrogates the relationships between technology and biology through works by Goldfarb, Hammond, Linder, Rogenes, others; through 3/6.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). Fantastic landscape paintings and photographs by Atfest, Davies, Hopeful, Knopke, and Viliger; through 2/20.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). "Oldnewtown," an exhibition of works exploring various environments by Althoff, Farquar, Foerster, Kudo, Mackie, Saville, Webb, Weiner, others; through 2/20.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). "Domestica," an installation by Michael McMillen; 2/3–3/3; works by Sean Mellyn and Joyce Pensato; through 2/7; paintings and photographs by Emma Amos and Builder Levy, through 2/21; glass sculpture and paintings by Judith Linhares and Lindsay Walt; through 3/14.

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (206-0297). "Cruise Control" an exhibition of works inspired by automobiles by Blair, Dwyer, Fleury, Ladda, Mosher, Mumford, Opie, Rayne, and Woods; through 2/20.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460). Paintings, works on paper, and sculpture from 1960 by Andre, Johns, Kusama, Manzoni, Stella; through 2/27.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). Drawings and works on paper by more than 40 artists, including Borgese, Hug, Klimnik, Meckseper, Myoda, Peyton, others; through 3/13.

Metro Pictures—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Drawings by Alÿs, Dunham, Kelley, Kippenberger, Oursler, Pardo, Ritchie, Shaw, Simmons; through 2/20.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752). Works by Crumb, Guston, McGee; through 3/6.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Paintings and photographs by four young British artists; through 2/19.

Rare—435 W. 14th St. (645-5591). "Hocus Focus," an exhibition of new video by Henrik Freiberg, Al Hamm, Paul Johnson, Paul Pfeiffer, Sven Påhlsson; through 2/23.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). Folk, self-taught, and outsider art from the collection of Robert M. Greenberg, chairman and CEO of R/GA Digital Studios; through 3/6.

Other

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). "Raw Seeing," the school's tenth annual alumni exhibition, including works by more than 100 artists; through 2/20.

Schomburg Center—515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2200). "Black New York Artists of the Twentieth Century," a retrospective including works of 123 artists, including Bearden, Conwill, Douglas, Feelings, Lawrence, Olugebefola, Ringgold, Woodruff, others; through 3/28.

Photography

Keith Carter—New black-and-white photographs b the Texas-born photographer known for squar silver-tone prints that highlight crisply focuse everyday subjects against an atmospheric background blur; through 3/13. Greenberg, 12 Wooster St. (334-0010).

James Casebere—Staged photographs made betwee 1975 and 1990; through 3/6. Kelly, 43 Mercer St (343-2405).

Bruce Cratsley—A complete retrospective of a recently deceased New York artist famous for transforming urban areas into magical spaces; throug 2/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Patrick Demarchelier—New photographs; throug 2/27. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

William Eggleston—Never-before-seen early colo images by a groundbreaking artist whose 1976 exhibition of color photographs at MOMA broke th black-and-white barrier; through 2/27. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Gerrit Engel/Jan Staller—Photographs of grain elevators in Buffalo, New York/Recent color landscap photographs. Through 2/27. Saul, 560 Broadwa (431-0747).

Elger Esser—The first American exhibition of colo photographs by the German artist; through 2/13 Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Neil Folberg—Black-and-white landscape photographs of the Middle East from the artist's recen "Starry Night" series; through 2/20. Klotz, 22 E 72nd St. (327-2211).

Erika Hubatschek/Franz Hubmann—Pastoral image and vintage prints by two prominent Austria photographers; through 2/20. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682) Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 student and seniors. A photo essay of a Brooklyn teenag gang by Bruce Davidson; through 3/7. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma. Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting variou aspects of New York City life and drawn fro five projects that became books, among the *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*; through 3/7.

Sy Kattelson—Documentary photographs of New York by a former student of Sid Grossman an Paul Strand; through 3/13. 292, 120 Wooster St (431-0292).

Laura Larson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of period rooms in museums and historic houses; through

2/27. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

elong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). "Alter/Body," with works by Coplans, Tuggar, Woodman; through 2/27.

aura London—Documentary-style photographs of punk-rock chicks and teenage girls that concentrate on their everyday activities; through 2/20. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

lo Lunn and Cal Rhodes—Collaborative photographs that narrate a travel diary; through 2/28. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

enny Mailander—Painted black-and-white photographs of often androgynous human figures; through 2/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

ouglas Mellor/Josef Sudek—Black-and-white still lifes and photomontages that arrange antique engravings against various textured backgrounds/ Still lifes from the fifties and sixties by Czech photographer Josef Sudek. Through 2/20. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Miller—20 W. 57th St. (397-3930). Recent color photographs by Stéphanie Couturier; "Visage," an exhibition of sixteen portraits by renowned photographers Evans, Abbott, Steichen, others; 2/3–3/27.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Black-and-white images from the fifties by the French fashion photographer Guy Bourdin, and "Cropping and Picture Making," a comparative exhibition of photographs by Kertesz, Man Ray, Weston, and Winogrand; through 3/6.

Barbara Pollack—A conceptual photo-installation responding to Steichen's famous "Family of Man" exhibit; through 3/6. Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway (966-9520).

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th (627-4819). Nude photographs of the human figure by Bidaut, Carucci, Slota, Von Bruenchenheim, others; through 3/6.

Victor Schrager—Recent aviary photographs and still lifes; through 3/6. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Beverly Semmes—Recent photographs by an artist who manipulates costumes and strange landscapes to interrogate images of female bodies; through 2/13. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

On View The wildly talented Ronald Bladen (1918–1988) is remembered in a survey of his minimalist sculptures, models (below, a model for the sculpture *Light Years*), drawings, and paintings. At P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22–25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; February 7 through April 3.

Photograph courtesy of P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center.

Erik Steffensen—The first solo exhibition of photographs by the Danish artist; through 3/6. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Rolf Tietgens—Surrealist photographs executed in the late thirties; through 3/20. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The Photogram: 1918–1948," a survey of the photographic process featuring works by Lissitzky, Man Ray, Moholy-Nagy, Schad, others; through 3/6.

Frank Yamrus—Black-and-white photographs capturing the motion of nude figures in water; through 3/6. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; through 5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through more than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; through 2/14. . . . "Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn." Wallpaper, carpets, furniture, and ceramic tiles by Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Jean Blackburn, Ron Baron, and Andy Yoder; through 3/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera; 2/9–5/23. . . . "Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"A Victorian Salon: Paintings From the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, England." Thirty-five nineteenth-century paintings collected by the British hotelier Merton Russell-Cotes (1835–1921), among them works by Edwin Landseer, Edwin Long, Albert Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; through 4/17. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work that made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scene-wright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Selections Winter '99." Drawings by Paul Morrison, Perry Roberts, and Richard Wright; through 2/6. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"French and English Drawings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries From the National Gallery of Canada." Sixty-seven works by French and English artists, among them Bonnard, Burne-Jones, Constable, Courbet, Hogarth, and Ingres; 2/9–4/25. . . . "Drouais' Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 4/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"First Steps II: Emerging Artists From Japan." Recent works in diverse media by seven Japanese artists; through 2/20. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937–1945." An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints that explores the Picasso's artistic response to the events leading from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France and the eventual liberation of France by Allied troops; 2/5–5/9. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; 2/7–5/16. . . . "Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, comprising works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7. . . . 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

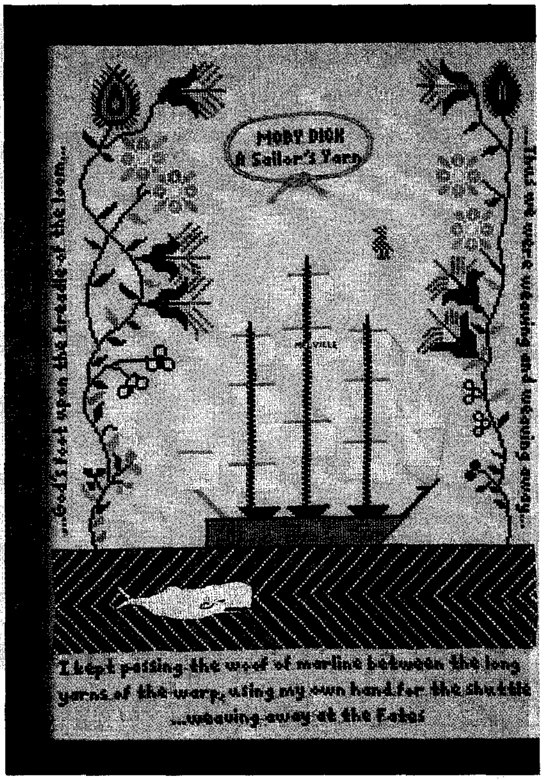
Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Dosso Dossi, Court Painter in Renaissance Ferrara." Paintings by the

Talent

Stitch in Time

Few contemporary artists' works seem more naturally suited to MOMA's "Projects" series than the history-deconstructing installations of Elaine Reichek, whose "When This You See . . . (1996–1999)" opens at the museum this week (11 West 53rd Street; February 4–March 30). Since the late eighties, Reichek's pairings of knitted figures and embroidered works with related large-scale photographs have investigated the representation of Native Americans in American society, the colonial history of Ireland, and her own childhood as seen through her bedroom in the Brooklyn Dutch colonial house she grew up in. This project, which examines the artistic and literary history of embroidery, is the first of Reichek's exhibitions to focus solely on her samplers—works that at first glance seem antique but, in place of the usual homespun sentiments, offer quotations from art history, literature, science, and popular culture. "No one in my family did this kind of thing—my mother played golf," says the artist, referring to the fastidious handiwork she learned on her own and has always performed herself. "One of the things that is subversive about my work is that I do it well," says Reichek. "I wouldn't have bothered to get so good at it if I didn't require it for my content." Besides, why apologize for a medium that weaves its way back to the Fates? "My life has been embroidering and reading," she says. "What could be nicer? And I get to tell the story my way."

EDITH NEWHALL


MOBY DICK
A Sailor's Yarn
MELVILLE
...God's foot upon the treadle of the loom...
Thus we were weaving and weaving away...
I kept passing the woof of marline between the long yarns of the warp, using my own hand for the shuttle ...weaving away at the Fates

Photograph by Thomas Powel, courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

sixteenth-century Italian artist, who worked in Ferrara; through 3/28. . . . "Anselm Kiefer: Works on Paper, 1969–1993." A selection of works on paper that offer an overview of the ideas and themes of the first two decades of the German painter's career; through 3/21. . . . "Cubism and Fashion." Cubism-influenced clothing by Madeleine Vionnet, Callot Soeurs, and Gabrielle Chanel, as well as examples of contemporary fashion; through 3/14. . . . "Eighteenth-Century French Drawings in New York Collections." Works on loan from private collections and public institutions in New York City; through 4/25. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine-and-a-Half Won't Do." The first major retrospective of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist; through 5/2. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"ORTworks: Modernizing Jewish Labor in the Early 20th Century." Rare photographs of Jewish beekeepers, seamstresses, blacksmiths, and other workers who received vocational and agricultural training from ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) programs from the twenties through the forties; through 2/11. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2. . . . "Projects 67— Elaine Reichek: When This You See." Embroidered works that take the format of traditional samplers, but whose aphorisms are culled from art history, literature, science, mythology, and popular culture; through 3/30. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2. . . . "Julia Margaret Cameron's Women." Portraits of women by the nineteenth-century British photographer; through 5/4. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2..."Site Gags: Humor, Satire, and Grotesque in Modern and Contemporary Drawings." Works on paper from the museum's collection, including satirical sketches, grotesques, straight comic illustrations, and visual puns; through 5/4. . . . 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27... 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Shoes: A Lexicon of Style." More than 100 pairs of women's shoes, among them twenties pumps by André Perugia, fifties stilettos by Roger Vivier, and seventies platform sandals by Charles Jourdan; through 4/17. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Treasures Revealed: Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century American Works on Paper From the Collection of the National Academy." Drawings, prints, watercolors, and pastels by Kenyon Cox, Thomas Moran, Paul Landacre, William Trost Richards, and others; through 3/7. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Anaida Hernandez: Juegos Ilegales/Illegal Games." Large-scale casino-like games created with interactive installations, paintings, and objects; through 4/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely sail*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20. . . . Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War, and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; through 2/22. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's landmark buildings and early skyscrapers by an architect (1837–1913) who was instrumental in the birth of the skyscraper; through 2/14. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Ronald Bladen: Selected Works." A survey of the minimalist's large-scale sculpture, models, and drawings; 2/7–4/3. . . . "1999: P.S. 1 Studio Program Exhibition"; 2/7–4/3. . . . "Primarily Structural: A Selection of

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

of Minimalist and Post-Minimalist Works on Paper." Works by Carl Andre, Jene Highstein, Patrick Ireland, Jackie Winsor, and others; 2/7–4/3. . . . "Criss Cross: Some Young New Yorkers III"; 2/7–4/3. . . . "The Game Room: A Tribute to Gino De Dominicis." A painting and several conceptual works together with a gambling table for the use of museum visitors; 2/7–4/3. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Wormsley Library: A Personal Selection by Sir Paul Getty, K. B. E." Illuminated manuscripts, fine printed books, historic bookbindings, and other works from the Wormsley Library in England; through 5/2. . . . "Master Drawings Recently Acquired"; through 5/6. . . . "Poe: The Ardent Imagination." A selection of letters, manuscripts, and rare printed editions; through 5/9. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Life Cycles: The Charles E. Burchfield Collection." A selection of of the artist's watercolors, works on paper, lithographs, and paintings from the Burchfield-Penney Center in Buffalo; through 3/21. . . . "Before the Lens: Images of the Imagemakers From the Charles Schwartz Collection." Photographs of Louis-Jacques Mandé Daguerre, Nadar, William Henry Fox Talbot, and other well-known photographers taken by famous and anonymous photographers; through 3/21. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Ray Johnson: Correspondences." Selections from five decades of work by the collagist and mail artist (1927–95); through 3/21. . . . "Duane Hanson: A Survey of His Work From the 30s to the 90s." A retrospective of works by the sculptor (1925–1996) known for his life-size, realistic renderings of ordinary people; through 2/28. . . . "Hindsight: Recent Work From the Permanent Collection"; through 2/21. . . . "Gary Hill: Circular Breathing." Five large-scale black-and-white video projections; through 3/21. . . . "Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"The Long Twilight: An Installation by Lynne Yamamoto." An installation that evokes aspects of the life of a young Japanese women who disappeared mysteriously in the thirties by presenting a collection of her personal belongings; through 4/23. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 2/5 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 2/9 at 10: "Important Watches."

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 2/9 at 1: "Dogs and Cats in Art." On view from 2/6.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 2/4. 2/9 at 10:15 and 2: "19th Century Paintings." On view from 2/4.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/4 at 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 2/1.

Horowitz *continued from page 33*

also direct. She told Angela that based on her family pedigree, her BRCA status, and film of her breasts, she believed she had an extremely high risk of getting cancer.

After their meeting, Angela sat down next to her husband, who'd gone with her, on the commuter train to go home. They hadn't said much to one another since they'd left the doctor's office, and now when she looked at him, he knew what she was about to say. "It's a go," she told him. "I've found my surgeon."

Angela then chose a plastic surgeon based on recommendations and one interview, and by the time she met with him, she already knew which of the available reconstruction options she wanted. She decided on saline implants. At the end of the surgery, a temporary device called an expander would be put in her chest and filled with saline in order to gradually stretch the skin to accommodate new breasts.

Angela knew when she left the hospital she'd have small breast mounds without nipples. Each week a little more saline would be added to the expander until she had breasts the size she wanted. Then, in a second surgery, the expander would be removed and the permanent implants put in. In a third procedure, some skin would be taken from her groin to construct a nipple and an areola. Finally, micro-pigmentation would add color to the areola that would hide some of the scarring. The entire four-step process would take about a year.

But before the surgery was scheduled, Angela had to meet with a psychologist and answer some questions. How would her life be different if her breasts were removed? How did her husband feel about this? What interests did the two of them pursue? How would this affect their sex life? What did her sons think?

"My husband was actually more concerned with how this would affect me. And with my family history, these breasts were not thought of as sex objects. I didn't have the same affinity for my breasts that another woman might have. They were the things that could end my life."

Nine days after the surgery, when Angela was in the very early stages of physical and emotional recovery, a biopsy report came back. It revealed she had an intraductal carcinoma—the very beginnings of breast cancer.

"I don't know if my recovery would have been any different if the pathology had come back negative," Angela says now, thirteen months after the ordeal. "But I feel I made all the right decisions for all the right reasons, and as a result I sleep very well at night. I believe genetic testing saved my life." ▬

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restaurants

Salad Days...Have a Heart...Choucroute

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three

Object of Desire

Cliffhanger

True Dover sole, imported from European waters and generally presented with all of the saucy pomp and circumstance that go so well with a hefty price tag (typically passed along to the customer in the annoying form of a supplementary charge), gets a somewhat more unaffected treatment at Patroon. "I like to think of it as something that just washed up on shore," says chef Geoffrey Zakarian, who achieves that effect by serving the delicate fish, seasoned with a mixture of orange and lime zest, ginger, and sea salt, over a tangle of fennel sticks approximating seaweed. And the copper pot of seasonal baby vegetables served alongside? "A message in a bottle," he says. (160 East 46th Street; 883-7373.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping **Sure, you could say "I love you" in a song, or in a crowded, exaggeratedly romantic restaurant, but our favorite way to get the message across is on a scrumptious square of François Payard's creamily bittersweet chocolate. For Valentine's Day—you've got two weeks, no excuses—he has reinforced his standard assortment with a row of "Je t'aime" caramel ganaches, and heart-smattered pieces filled with tart passion-fruit ganache. The collection comes in three sizes, available at Payard Patisserie & Bistro in discreetly elegant yellow boxes or more kitschily thematic red-velvet hearts (1032 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street; 717-5252). Those who live on love alone can call Dean & DeLuca for a gift-wrapped ¾-pound box of "Je t'aime" ($45; 800-221-7714).**

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

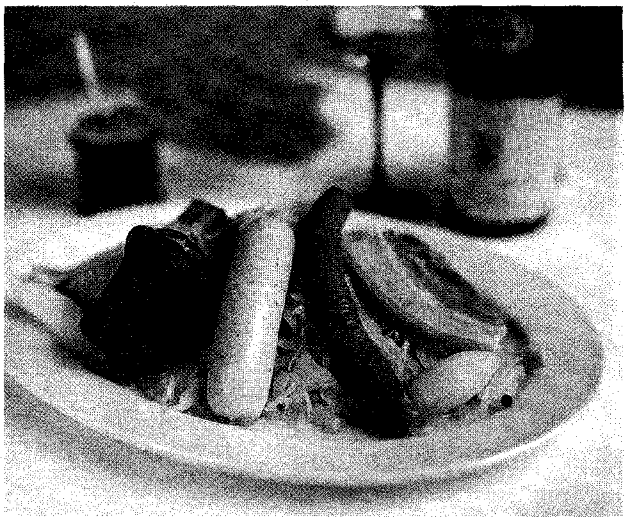
Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar

Happening

Toujours, Alsace

Even at their most supremely, justifiably chauvinistic—that is, when the subject is food—the French seem uncharacteristically apologetic about Alsatian cooking. Closer in spirit and ingredients to German cuisine, the food of Alsace—that landlocked eastern region separated from Deutschland by the merest breadth of the Rhine—remains gastronomically apart, without benefit of a Peter Maylesian figure to glamorize and package it for popular consumption. *Unlike that of, say, Provence, its food is perceived as too heavy (pork sausages), too strong* (stinky, runny muenster cheese), and too sweet (Gewürztraminer, Riesling, and the rest of the indigenous grape varietals), characteristics that tend not to go over too well in this era of the light, *the mild, and the dry. But besides producing two of our most renowned French chefs (André Soltner* and Jean-Georges Vongerichten, who ten years ago, pre-Vong, pre-JoJo, tinkered with an Alsatian menu), Alsace is the unheralded birthplace of the brasserie and its menu staple, *choucroute garni, a daunting assemblage of sausages, pork, ham, goose, and potatoes with wine-and-*juniper-soaked sauerkraut. Choucroute has its fans, and they all converge every February at Les Halles, which launches its annual festival this week with *four versions of choucroute, rustic recipes from visiting Colmar chef Gilbert* Brenner, and more than two dozen Alsatian wines by the glass or bottle (411 Park Avenue South, near 28th Street; 679-4111). But lately there have been *other signs of an Alsatian infiltration around town. Savory specialties like* tarte flambée (a thin-crusted, pizzalike pastry with onions, bacon, and crème fraîche), backeofe (a lamb-and-potato casserole), and kugelhopf (a molded *cake that can be either sweet or savory, studded with walnuts and bacon) are* appearing not only at Les Halles but at Vongerichten's Mercer Kitchen and at Seppi's, opened by Alsatian brothers Guy and Serge Raoul of the namesake SoHo bistro. *And Chardonnay-obsessed New Yorkers are becoming more ad*venturous about (frequently maligned, not necessarily sweet) Alsatian whites, two of which are being featured on Aquavit's winter menu. But not every Alsatian stereotype is undeserved. It's not exactly diet food. "I like it," admits Guy Raoul, "and it shows."

ROBIN RAISFELD



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Opening Act Two

Most people consider restaurant work erely the compulsory preparation for a uccessful acting career. Lisa Lucas, conersely, attended the Professional Chilren's School while working in films like An Unmarried Woman' with Jill layburgh. Then *she ran off to the Coron Bleu in Paris and cooked her way hrough Europe, spending four months in enice laboring for nothing more than er boss's exquisite tirami su recipe. hat dessert, plus an eclectic grazing enu of "everything I like to eat," is vailable at Lucas's new Dorsay, which he built, coincidentally, at the same estaurant Row address where her muician father once recorded jingles. Decoated to evoke the grand old European rain stations like the Gare d'Orsay in aris (now a museum), the restaurant etains one link to Lucas's former perorming past: an upstairs piano lounge. 320 West 46th Street; 586-5900.)*

and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

r. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sutton Place—This sports bar–restaurant on a stretch of Second Avenue saturated with them aims to distinguish itself with a dozen television monitors (and four projection screens), a fireplace, and a skylight upstairs in the tucked-away back room. The food is the familiar blend of Franco-Italian-American, ranging from burgers and pizza to chicken francese, or shrimp and arugula in vodka sauce. *1015 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (207-3777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

hotograph by Robert Wright.

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Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tino's.com—This duplex Italian restaurant, done up in an unusual blend of Victorian and modern styles, provides a welcome respite from Fifth Avenue's crazed shopping scene. The Northern Italian menu offers an array of risotti, and the wine list is extensive. *40 W. 56th St. (262-9300). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bea and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls by some very high-profile, and surprising, nor professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *15 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, D MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in a elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58t St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, th spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastie gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, wh may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other singl restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and th food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265 5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

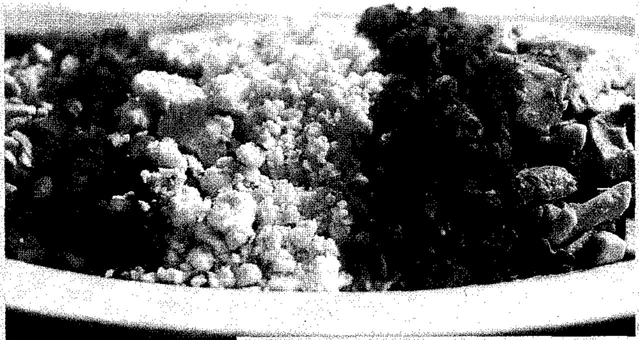
Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck wit its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of thi otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes com four ways, but you can't miss with the incredibl curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810, (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hote has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna sprin roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duc and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "powe breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *54 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichte doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel like dining room situated on two floors of an Eas Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlookin the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223 5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Soirée d'Asie—The family behind this graciously elegant Vietnamese restaurant on one of th Upper East Side's most charming blocks has already established a stronghold in Connecticut The Manhattan branch is more upscale, bu serves a similar mix of classic and contemporar dishes like spring rolls, curries, and special soups



ASK GAEL

Where do I go for a great Cobb salad?

I was just a critic-in-chrysalis during my family's short, torturous sojourn in Los Angeles, but I was still old enough to taste my first Cobb salad at the Brown Derby. Perhaps that's why I go into a hissy fit when some irrepressible fusionist chef puts together two sticks of bacon, chicken breast, fanned avocado slices, and some lettuce and has the audacity to call it a Cobb salad. The lush toss I crave is what the Redeye Grill calls the Hollywood Cobb. Everything is diced and lined up in rows: chicken, avocado, blue cheese, egg yolks and whites, tomato, romaine, and bacon still hot from the pan. "May I toss?" the server asks. The result is too much: too much cheese, too much avocado, and too much of that obscene three-letter F-word (*fat, fat, fat*). In short, sheer bliss. (890 Seventh Avenue, at 56th Street; 541-9000.)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen

156 E. 64th St. (421-7899). (E) AE, MC, V.

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

enang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rimavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

egional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

rtepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like cioppino, veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) AE.*

afe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

abriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

a Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

a Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ondel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

I&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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nightlife

Judy's...UCB Theater...David Bromberg

Concerts

Black Sabbath—Compared with today's crop of nihilistic, chugging metallists (for instance, the openers on this bill), Sabbath principals Ozzy Osbourne and Tony Iommi were a pair of regular Burt Bacharachs—writing catchy melodies, employing the occasional bit of irony, and generally recognizing Satanic sludge-rock for the campfest that it really is. The middle-aged perpetrators of "Iron Man" and "War Pigs" toyed with reuniting during last summer's "Ozfest" tour. Now they're together in earnest, even re-enlisting the charming Geezer Butler for bass-playing duty. With Pantera and Deftones. 2/5 at 7:30. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, New Jersey. (212-307-7171). $25–$65.* 2/6 at 7:30. *Nassau Coliseum, Marshall Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). $25–$65.*

"Brazilian Carnival Ball"—Two big bands (and two Miss Brazils) promise to make this six-hour sambathon as red-hot a slice of Rio as you're likely to find in winter-bound N.Y.C. 2/6 at 10. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $30–$40.*

"The Guitar: Bach to Bossa Nova"—Sticking to the spirit, if not the letter, of this concert's title, six-stringer Sharon Isbin and singer Susanne Mentzer skip Johann Sebastian and João Gilberto—and dive instead into eighteenth-century French folk songs, Schubert, and rural-American music. 2/9 at 8. *92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $25.*

Marian McPartland—The classy and wonderfully versatile host of NPR's *Piano Jazz* headlines this "Women in Jazz" show, along with singer Teri Thornton and Cynthia Sayer & Her Hot Jazz Gents. 2/4 at 8. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St., bet. Park Row and Gold St. (346-1715). $20.*

"The Music of Duke Ellington"—Informal lecture-interviews and demonstrations, with host Arnold Jay Smith. 2/2: Loren Shoenberg, "Rearranging Ellington." 2/9: Luther Henderson, "My Friend Billy Strayhorn." Lectures at 7:45. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5690). $25 per lecture; $100 for series of six.*

"Poetic Battles at the Apollo"—Jessica Care Moore tops a bill that also features a lyrical battle-royal, for which the Apollo's stage will be set up like a boxing ring, ropes and all. The pen may be mightier than the sword—but where do the gloves figure into the equation? 2/8 at 7:30. *Apollo Theater, 253 W. 125 St. (513-5300). $10.*

"The Sacred Side of Jazz"—Jazz's spiritual roots run as deep as they do wide. The gospel-shout-along qualities of soul jazz and hard bop, for instance, served as a refreshingly visceral antidote to the cerebralism of bebop—and of free jazz, whose very "freedom" could resemble an academic conceit. At this gig, Ron Carter (a veteran of John Coltrane's most intensely spiritual period), David "Fathead" Newman, and Buddy Montgomery explore the ways church music has affected the genre. 2/8 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

Pharoah Sanders—The eclectic saxophonist gets an international boost from thrilling Moroccan multi-instrumentalist Hassan Hakmoun, India's Badal Roy, and fellow jazz-vets William Henderson, Alex Blake, and Adam Rudolph. 2/7 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $25–$35.*

"The Way We Were: The Songs of Alan and Marilyn Bergman"—Bea Arthur, Mary Chapin Carpenter, Freddy Cole, Michael Legrand, Maureen McGovern, Kenny Rankin, and Lillias White. 2/4 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $17–$65.*

Talent
Song for My Sweater

With their recent, meaty 'Gran Turismo,' the Cardigans proved once and for all that they're not simply an Abba for the nineties. The Swedish quintet bring their new, dark-hued sound to Irving Plaza, February 4. (See "Clubland.")

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 2/4: Josh Max Outfit. 2/5: Virgin 2.0; the Bogmen. 2/6: Fontaine. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—2/5–2/7: Currently, the most familiar David Bromberg riff is probably the hook from 1977's "Sharon"—recycled by the Beastie Boys in 1989 as the homeless-guy shoutout "Johnny Royale." In reality, of course, Bromberg has a lot more to offer than that goofy blues lick. His fearsome guitar playing—skillful, rootsy, and thoroughly unpretentious—along with his able knowledge of a host of other instruments have made him a sorely missed piece of American music history since he went into semi-retirement a decade ago. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 2/5 Strangefolk. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced 2/3: Automat. 2/6: Hometown trio Cakelike have just wrapped up their second album for Neil Young's Vapor records, and it's time to celebrate Expect some semi-naïve guitar-pop, some surreal attitude, and plenty of rump-shaking beats. (Well maybe one or two.) 2/9: Spunky bassist Joyce Raskin was always the best part of Providence's now-defunct Scarce. So now that she's on her own as a singer-guitarist, well, anything's possible. *16 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 2/2: Velvet Mafia; Meat Depressed; Frankenstein Dog. 2/3: Day Care Swindlers; Sebastian. 2/4: Armadilloes. 2/5: Shirley Temple of Doom; Thorazine. 2/6: Pfluid. *31 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital 2/3: Paul Whistler. 2/4: Christine Santelli. 2/5–2/6: Pianist Johnnie Johnson was Chuck Berry's first (musical) boss. His explosive technique puts keyboard poseurs from Elton John to Ben Folds to shame. Yeah! 2/8: Barbecue Bob. *73 Eighth Ave. bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 2/3: Solid Jackson, Shane. 2/7: 25 to Life; Kill Your Idols Inhuman; Tears of Frustration; Step 2 Far; Two Man Advantage; Five Minute Major. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—A former meat locker, this subterranean haunt offers spooky-cool atmosphere and cutting-edge sounds in equal measures. The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz wannabe Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 2/6: With the rock world flipping over last summer's Kraftwerk comeback, it seems only fair that the guy they copped all their best material from should get his due, too. Bronx rapper and posse-leader Afrika Bambaataa brings his bumping, electro-funky bad self in to get his. 2/5: Harvey Sid Fisher; the Du-Tels. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 2/5: I Boston's Combustible Edison weren't the first perpetrators of the now-overhyped lounge revival, they

Opening Chelsea Evening

Last summer, when Judy's lost its lease, no one could have foreseen the net gain that would ultimately result. The piano bar was, after all, a bastion of sincere, raucous friendliness in a Times Square being rapidly depleted of such old-time charms. "You can't imagine how we felt when we lost the space," says singer Judy Kreston (pictured, right), who with her husband and pianist David Lahm (left) played a weekly gig at the place for eight years. "We were homeless." Though she wasn't an owner, Judy also served as an impromptu hostess when things got hectic. Kreston, Lahm, and their partner Richard Hendrickson began a search for a new home that quickly began to feel hopeless. "Everything was either too expensive, or didn't have a cabaret license, or had some other obstacle," Kreston recalls. Then one fall day as she walked around her neighborhood, Kreston noticed that the space formerly occupied by the restaurant Man Ray (and immediately next door to the Joyce Theater) was for rent. A few phone calls later and the place was under major renovation—on its way to being a full-on cabaret, complete with two separate performance spaces, a kitchen, and a first-class sound system. "It's hard to believe," says Kreston, "but until now, there wasn't a single cabaret in Chelsea." When Judy's Chelsea (169 Eighth Avenue, between 18th and 19th Streets; 929-5410) opens February 6, Kreston will welcome the return of her weekly gig—as will the other torch singers filling the rest of the club's schedule. Best of all, though, is a development of a decidedly more material kind: "For the last twenty years, I've gotten dressed in bathrooms, coatrooms, kitchens—you name it," laughs the singer. "Finally, I have a dressing room!"

Ethan Smith

were definitely right in there. Formed out of the smoking debris of never-satisfying eighties sludge-punks Christmas, the group has been serving up shimmeringly hilarious homages to Juan Garcia Esquivel for eight years now. And never once have they grown as irritating as the smirking hordes they've since inspired. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

ving Plaza—2/4: When the Cardigans finally scored an American hit with "Lovefool" a couple of years ago, you had to feel a little bad for the Swedish quintet. After all, here was a serious group of musicians—who wrote really complicated chord changes and intriguing melodies, and produced it all beautifully—and they were suddenly filed under "Novelty Hits." Fortunately (and unfortunately) for the band, their new *Gran Turismo* takes their formula to the next level of complexity, offering fewer opportunities for comparisons to Abba. Of course, that also means they may never see a monster hit like "Lovefool" again. But their *real* fans will always love them. 2/5: Ricky Skaggs & Kentucky Thunder; John Herald; Elena Sky & the Demolition String Band. 2/6: Warren Zevon; Amy Rigby. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

nitting Factory—Unofficially, at least, it must be outsider-music week in TriBeCa. 2/4–2/5: Reclusive Austin singer-guitarist Daniel Johnston has been writing and recording his Beatles-influenced odes to Casper the Friendly Ghost, toys, and the various objects of his twisted affection for nearly two decades. A cult figure, Johnston hits the road incredibly rarely. And when he does, it's an entirely hit-or-miss proposition: Last summer, his first-ever New York show, at this same club, turned out to be a complete bust when the freaked-out singer fled the stage after just a couple of songs. Better luck this time. 2/6–2/7, in the Old Office Lounge: Georgia multi-instrumentalist Eugene Chadbourne (his arsenal has been known to include the "electric rake") blurs the line between free jazz and novelty rock—in a manner that's generally charming, though occasionally grating. 2/3: DJ Spooky presents "Afro-Futurism '99." 2/6: Athens, Georgia's Olivia Tremor Control play the most convincing psychedelic rock this side of 1970. Their popwise melodies, fuzzed-out guitars, and overboard sonic experimentalism are often far more satisfying than the more straightforward Beach Boys homages of Brit counterparts like the High Llamas. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Life—2/3: Aryan blues-boy Johnny Winter. Shouldn't somebody let this guy know that Bleecker Street is no longer the hub of the New York Delta sound? *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Maxwell's—2/6: The first of many musicians to be axed from indie-rock trio Sebadoh, Eric Gaffney is with a doubt also the freakiest of that company. In that band, he specialized in ruining Tom Petty covers, singing his own paranoid rants, and generally making bandmate Lou Barlow look positively sane. Now on his own, Gaffney's not really making anybody look good. With the Lothars. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 2/2: Fan Modine; Dog & Pony Show. 2/3: Papas Fritas; Hang Ups. 2/5: Realm, Liquid Phase. 2/6: David Poe; Mink; Kevin Salem. 2/7: Madder Rose; Those Bleedin' Tulips. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon, after which young, small swing bands essay *le jazz hot. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Swing 46—Another Theater District retro-house that draws zoot-suited big-band, jump-blues, and swing-revival fanatics. Is it jazz? Not really. Is it fun? You betcha. Most nights, sets at 10; free dance lessons at 7 and 9. $7–$12 cover; two-drink minimum. Tuesdays in February: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. Wednesdays: The Blue Saracens. Thursdays: George Gee & His Make-Believe Ballroom Orchestra. 2/5: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. 2/6: The Delegates. 2/7: Buster Brown's Crazy Tap Jam; the Blue Saracens. *349 W. 46th St. (262-9554).*

Tramps—2/4: What would the modern wiseass-gangster film be without Booker T & the MG's? Their "Green Onions," in particular, has set the mood for more *Get Shorty*–type flicks than probably any other song, ever. Which shouldn't diminish the soul-funk outfit's visceral wallop. Even without original guitarist Steve Cropper—who co-wrote a good number of organist Booker T. Jones's hits and a slew of other memorable Memphis-soul faves—the group is as funky and fresh as it gets. Just try not to look right at replacement-axman G. E. Smith, whose plasticky grimace has been the downfall of many an otherwise palatable *Saturday Night Live* episode. 2/5: Alpha Blondy. 2/6: Brand Nubian. 2/9–2/10: Willie Nelson. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/2: Zen Tricksters. 2/3: Laurel Aitken; NY Ska-Jazz Ensemble. 2/5: Deep Banana Blackout; Melvin Sparks. 2/6: High Times Cannabis Cup Band. 2/8–2/10: Jam-rock supergroup Frogwings features Allman Brothers (Butch Trucks, Oteil Burbridge, Marc Quinones), their relatives (Derek Trucks), a Blues Traveller (John Popper), and other assorted noodlers (Kofi Burbridge, Jimmy Herring). Wear your patchouli! *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Blue Note—2/2–2/3 and 2/5–2/8: Unforgettable as Nat "King" Cole was in his own right, his daughter Natalie and brother Freddy are making darn sure the singer-pianist won't be lost from our collective memory. First there was Natalie's somewhat odd, posthumous "duet" with her dad; then a flurry of (surprisingly decent) albums from Freddy; and now this intriguing uncle-niece double-bill. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Citron 47—Mondays: Chuck Wilson's Jazz Quartet. Tuesdays: Cafe. Sundays: Jon Sholle. Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Sets at 9:30. No cover; $10 minimum. *401 W. 47th St. (397-4747).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. 2/1: Marya Lawrence & Metamorphosis. 2/2: John Funkhauser Trio. 2/3: Todd Horton Group, with Aaron Konitz on drums. 2/4: Dave Lobenstein Quartet. 2/5: Roy Hargrove saxophonist Jacques Schwarz-Bart leads his own quartet. 2/6: Rob Garcia Quartet. 2/7: "The Sunday Jazz Spot" with Mike Magilligan. 2/8: Renaud Penant Trio. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Flea Theatre—Throughout November, the TriBeCa space presents the "Premiere Percussion" series, featuring some of the city's most adventurous rhythm-makers. 2/1: Danny Tunick. 2/2: Ikue Mori. 2/8: Easside Percussion. Sets at 8; $10 cover. *41 White St. (226-0051).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 2/3–2/6: Russ Kassoff and Linc Milliman. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

hotograph by Joshua Kessler.

Opening

Upright (Everything Is Alright)

Further cementing their status as New York's hardest-working sketch comics, the members of the *Upright Citizens Brigade (pictured) are heading into production on their TV show's second season*—and opening a new live performance space at the same time. The 74-seat Upright Citizens Brigade Theater opens February 7, with the saucily titled long-form improv show *A.S.S.S.S.C.A.T. 2000.* Thereafter, the theater will feature UCB members five nights a week, with other comics making frequent appearances, too. See "Comedy" listings for information.

Photograph by Frank Micelotta

disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 2/2–2/7: Ahmad Jamal Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 2/5: Ed Polcer. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 2/4–2/7: The Jonny King Quartet, with Steve Wilson, Joe Locke, Ed Howard, and Victor Lewis. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Alternate Thursdays in February, Blue Eyes aficionado Cary Hoffman and the Stan Rubin Orchestra present "Sinatra: The Best of the Fifties." $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Savoy Lounge—Nestled beneath the Port Authority Bus Terminal, this truly funky joint features sawdust on the floor, cheap beer in bottles, and a Hammond organ in the corner. $3–$7 cover; no minimum. *355 W. 41st. St. (947-5255). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. Ensemble. 2/3: Other Dimensions in Music. 2/4: Erik Friedlander's Topaz; Unity Gain. 2/5: Cuong Vu; Sum. 2/6: Kato Hideki's Turbulent Zone; Death Ambient; Michael Blake. 2/7: Milve; Alicia Svigals Fiddle Orchestra. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 2/2–2/7: Ray Drummond Quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Mondays: Sol Yaged Combo. Tuesdays: Kendra Shawk; Frank Kimbrough; Dean Johnson. 2/3–2/6: Russell Malone Trio. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Babes in the Woods—The three-member sketch-comedy outfit stages nine performances of its new "7 Urban Sightings." 2/4–2/6, 2/11–2/13, and 2/18–2/20 at 8. *West Bank Café, 407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909). $15.*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 2/1–2/7: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Joey Vega; Louie C.K. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 2/1–2/7: Willie Asbury; Jim McCue; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 2/4: "Breakup Girl Live." 2/5–2/6: Al Lubel; Sklar Brothers; Tina Giorgi. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15. 2/5–2/6: Andres Fernandez; Jeff Ross; Tom Papa; Jason & Randy Sklar. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater—In a rare triumph of good over evil, New York's favorite sketch-comedy troupe's show is headed into a second season on Comedy Central. But the real news is that the surreal slapstickers have opened their own live theater in a site formerly occupied by a strip-joint. Not a bad sideline—even if the new venue seats just 74. UCB members perform five nights a week, with other comics taking up the little bit of slack left. All shows $5 or less; call for times. Sun., UCB's *A.S.S.S.S.C.A.T. 2000.* Tues., "New Team Harold," featuring students of the club's eponymous troupe in long-form improv. Wed., "Spaghetti Jesus." Thurs., "Harold Night," "Bogus Sting." Fri., "No Lap Dancing," "Immortal Combat," "Robot TV." Sat., "Spaghetti Jesus," "The Real Real World," "Swing Baby." *161 W. 22nd St. (366-9176). $.*

Cabaret

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesday–Saturday at 9:30: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Tuesday–Saturday at 9:30: Eartha Kitt growls and purrs her way into history. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jaz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hote Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin i "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacke and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195)*

Clementine—Sundays at 8 and 10, Phoebe Legere "Swoon," with Swingalicious. *1 Fifth Ave. (253 0003).*

Duplex Cabaret— Thursdays and Saturdays, throug 2/27: "Daddy's Girl," featuring Lorinda Lisitz $15 cover. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St. Sheridan Square (255-5438).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theate within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Ever Thursday in February and March: Natalie Gamsu Every Friday and Saturday in February: Charle Cermele. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post show snuggery, right next door to an overwrough Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 an 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Through 2/6 Nancy Ford. Beginning 2/9: Steve Ross. *363 W 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's Chelsea—Newly relocated from midtown, thi cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig b Judy herself. (See box, page 97.) *169 Eighth Ave. bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jaz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thursdays Mark Nadler. $15, $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th S (221-8444).*

Westbeth Theater—Tues.–Sat., through 2/23: Kat Clinton in "Correct Me If I'm Right." $20–$3 cover. *151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

Bars

Junno's—Relocated from its old, quasi-legal spac above a Sixth Avenue restaurant, this new an swanky spot now features food. But, as at the ol place, the real action is the late-night hang-tim with proprietor Junno and his delightful selectio of country mix-tapes. *64 Downing St. (627-7995)*

in concert

Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* Premieres at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 2

ew York Philharmonic—Performs an all-Strauss program, with clarinetist Stanley Drucker, bassoonist Judith LeClair, and soprano Dame Felicity Lott. André Previn, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

ittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—Performs Rouse's *The Infernal Machine,* Dvorák's Violin Concerto in A minor, and Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique,* with violinist Midori. Mariss Jansons, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

hamber Music Society—Performs works by Handel and Bach, with soprano Heidi Grant Murphy, oboist Stephen Taylor, violinist Joseph Silverstein, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

osmopolitan Chamber Players—Perform Beethoven's Serenade in D for String Trio, Vivaldi's Trio Sonata in D minor, and Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time. Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

aoko Shimizu, Viola, and Özgur Aydin, Piano—Perform works by Milhaud, Hindemith, Enesco, and others. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

reat Performers/New Visions—Benjamin Bagby performs *Beowulf,* spoken and sung in Old English and accompanied by medieval harp. *Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center (875-5937), at 8; $30.*

Wednesday, February 3

rometheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs Debussy's *Prelude à l'aprés-midi d'un faune,* Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht,* and Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C major. Wilson Hermanto, conductor. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $25.*

reat Performers/New Visions—See 2/2.

Thursday, February 4

ew York Philharmonic—Performs Prokofiev's Suite from *Love for Three Oranges* and Piano Concerto No. 1, and Shostakovich's Concerto No. 1 for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings and Symphony No. 6. With pianist Yefim Bronfman and trumpeter Philip Smith. Valery Gergiev, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

unich Chamber Orchestra—Performs Dvorák's Serenade for Strings, Bartók's Divertimento for Strings, and Mendelssohn's String Quartet in F minor, arranged for orchestra. Christoph Poppen, conductor. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

ew York Philomusica—Performs Haydn's Quartet No. 6 for Strings; Harbison's Variations for Clarinet, Violin, and Piano; and the American premiere of Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 in G for Piano and String Quartet. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (580-9933), at 8; $20.*

ew York Festival of Song—Performs works by Fauré, Hahn, Debussy, and others, with mezzo Bernarda Fink, baritone Kurt Ollmann, and pianist Steven Blier. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

he Way We Were—Bea Arthur, Mary Chapin Carpenter, Freddy Cole, and others perform songs by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

argemusic—Performances of Haydn's Piano Trio in E-flat major, Bloch's Suite for Viola and Piano, and Schumann's Quartet for Piano and Strings in E-flat major. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Eric Barnhill, Piano—Performs works by Poulenc, Satie, Fauré, and Debussy. *Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. (642-0142); at 6:30; free.*

Friday, February 5

New York Philharmonic—See 2/4, at 11 A.M.

Previews
Formidable Fiddler

Child prodigy turned adult superstar Midori joins the Pittsburgh Symphony on Tuesday at Carnegie Hall, performing Dvořák's Violin Concerto in A minor.

hotograph by Susan Johann.

Margaret Lattimore, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs works by Bolcom, Brahms, Purcell, and others. With pianist Brian Zeger. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Saturday, February 6

New York Philharmonic—See 2/4.

Seoul Symphony Orchestra of New York—Performs works by Liszt, Yong Jin Kwon, and Manuel de Falla. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $25.*

Edward Aldwell, Piano and Ricardo Cobo, Guitar—Perform works by Sibelius, Bach, Brouwer, and Schubert. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 7; $25.*

Sunday, February 7

Bargemusic—See 2/4, at 4.

Border Crossings—The Mexico City String Quartet and pianist Max Lifchitz perform works by Carlos Chávez, Silvestre Revueltas, Miguel del Aguila, and Lifchitz. *Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (663-7566), at 3; free.*

Gerard Rosa, Violin, and Linda Laurent, Piano—Perform works by Stravinsky, Bartók, Ives, and Bresnick. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $15.*

Patricia Giannattasio-Puyó, Vocalist—Performs songs by Rodrigo, Obradors, Fauré, and others, with pianist Michael Fennelly. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $10.*

Monday, February 8

Making Music 1999—Ellen Taaffe Zwilich leads pianist Brian Connelly, cellist Roel Dieltiens, violinist Sergiu Luca, and vocalist Joan Morris in works by Bolcom, Milhaud, and Bach. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

William Wolfram, Piano—Performs works by Schumann, Janácek, Liszt, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$25.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Puccini's *La Bohème,* 2/2 and 2/5 at 8; Verdi's *Aida,* 2/3 and 2/6 at 8; Massenet's *Werther,* 2/4 at 8; Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra,* 2/6 at 1:30; and Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron,* 2/8 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—Performs *Ballo, Divertimento #15, River of Light,* and other works, 2/2–2/5 at 8, 2/6 at 2 and 8, and 2/7 at 3. Call for individual programs. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $10–$80.*

Dance Theater Workshop Carnival Series—Andrea E. Woods performs three new works with performance poet Hattie Gossett and composer Madeleine Yayodele Nelson, 2/6 at 8 and 2/7 at 3. Wally Cardona Quartet performs *Open House 01,* with soloists from Martha Graham Dance Company, New York City Ballet, and José Limón Dance Company, 2/4 and 2/5 at 8. Through 2/14. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*

the mix

Ray Bradbury...Lesley Stahl...*Wit* Talks

John Leonard's TV Notes

LaVyrle Spencer's Family Blessings (2/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is the second TV movie in a month to worry about the opprobrium attached to a love affair between an older woman, in this case Lynda Carter, and a younger man, in this case Steven Eckholdt. At least Carter doesn't have to die, as Nancy Travis had to a week ago in *My Last Love.* And at least Eckholdt, who was a cop-buddy and best friend to Lynda's dead son, takes his guilty time about declaring himself. But his undying affection for this Wonder Woman certainly annoys her college-student daughter, Ari Meyers, who rather had the hots for Steve herself.

Scandalize My Name: Stories From the Blacklist (2/6; 8 to 9 P.M.; BET Movies/STARZ!^{3}) is a documentary from Alexandra M. Isles, hosted by Morgan Freeman, that looks at what the fifties Hollywood witch-hunt and its associated blacklists, loyalty oaths, and discriminatory casting did to such African-American actors and filmmakers as Paul Robeson, Hazel Scott, Harry Belafonte, and Ossie Davis. Erik Barnouw and Adam Clayton Powell III are among those who talk on camera, and J. Edgar Hoover is deservedly abused.

The Planet of Junior Brown (2/7; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is a remarkable Canadian-made movie, based on the Virginia Hamilton novel, about an overweight teenage black boy, newcomer Martin Villafana, who wants nothing more in the urban world than to play Chopin on a grand piano; the hysterical mother (Lynn Whitfield) who won't let him; the crazy piano teacher (Margot Kidder) who insists that he tickle a dining-room table instead of her keys; his best friend, Buddy (an astonishing Rainbow Sun Francks), who sees to it that Junior gets his dream; Buddy's street-girl love (an equally astonishing Sarah Polley) who doesn't believe in any dreams at all; and the high-school janitor (Clark Johnson from *Homicide*) who builds in the basement a model of a brand-new solar system with an extra planet in it for Junior and his music. Described this way, the movie's merely feel-good. But it's actually magical-realist, imagining between nightmares of fire, if not another planet, a secret underground city, an "undiscovered country," and an "economic asylum" for the homeless and the runaways, immigrants, and refugees, the tribal dispossessed—eerie, affecting, joyous.

Night Ride Home (2/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), from the novel by Barbara Esstman, directed by Glenn Jordan, explores the almost hydraulic exchange of guilt, grief, and resentment in the troubled marriage of Rebecca De Mornay and Keith Carradine after the death of their son in a horseback-riding accident, while her mother (Ellen Burstyn) and their daughter (Thora Birch) look on helplessly. Lynne Thigpen also shines in a supporting role as Keith's assistant at an insurance agency. Even though we know exactly where this Hallmark Hall of Fame presentation is going to end up, getting there in the company of these accomplished actors, by way of an unflinching script, is an absorbing surprise.

Crown and Country II (2/7; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) brings back Edward Windsor to escort us agreeably to Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Houses of Parliament, and the River Thames. The youngest child of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh knows quite a lot about the history of these digs, and most of what he knows is interesting.

The UniverSoul Circus (2/8; 7 to 8 P.M.; HBO) takes us under the hip-hop big top where the only touring circus owned and operated by African-Americans features trapeze artists who catch each other with their feet, a basketball game on unicycles, the Kenya Black Wizards tumblers, and the netless tightrope-walking Willy Family of Colombia, plus, of course, funky music.

Love Is Strange (2/8; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) follows Kate Nelligan and Ron Silver into law school; through marriage, careering, and divorce; unto terminal illness and late-life reconciliation in spite of the disapproval of Julie Harris. We've been here before, exceedingly often, but it is quite impossible for Kate Nelligan to be uninteresting in anything she does.

Happening Tim Robbins (top) and Edward Albee (above) will ponder the question "Who's Afraid of the New Millennium?" during an evening of readings and gabbing on February 4 to help raise money for Theater for the New City. Apparently no one has told them about the fiendish powers of Y2K. See "Benefits."

The Black Press: Soldiers Without Swords (2/8; 1 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) recovers the lost histo of such newspapers as the Chicago Defender an the Pittsburgh Courier, as well as their role in t civil-rights struggle, by going all the way back t the founding of *Freedom's Journal* in 182 Especially compelling is an account of the Worl War II years, during which black publishers we nearly indicted for sedition because they linke the fight against fascism with the fight again segregation.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 2/6: Ia Krenshaw, professor and department head at th University of Sheffield, discusses his biograph *Hitler 1889–1936: Hubris;* Lorna Kelly, voluntee worker for Missionary of Charity and author *The Camel Knows the Way.* WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P. 2/7: Allen Frances, author of *Your Mental Healt* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

"Williamsburg Remembered"—2/2 at 6:30 P.M.: Th fourth of six Tuesday-evening literary discussio curated by Jill Krementz in conjunction with h new book of photographs, *The Jewish Writer*, wit Pearl Abraham, Joseph Wiseman, and Phili Lopate talking and giving readings from *Th Williamsburg Trilogy.* Moderated by Leonar Lopate. CUNY, 33 W. 42nd St. (642-2641); free.

Ray Bradbury—2/4 at 7:30 P.M.: As part of the nint annual Best-Selling Authors series, the author *The Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451* talk about the writing process. Marymount Manhatta College, 221 E. 71st St. (734-4419); $50.

Word Virus—2/6 at 1 P.M.: Ira Silverberg and Jam Grauerholz, who edited *Word Virus,* are joined b Steve Buscemi, Maggie Estep, Richard Hel Lenny Kaye, Ron Padgett, Edwin Torres, and others for readings from the work of William S. Bu roughs. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Anne Lamott—2/5 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *Ope ating Instructions* reads from her latest, *Traveling Me cies.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th S (253-0819); free.

Peter Sís—2/3 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Tibet: Throug the Red Box* reading and presenting a slide sho Czech Center of New York, 1109 Madison Ave., 83rd St. (288-0830); free.

Connie Porter—2/2 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Ima All Mine.* Black Books Plus, 702 Amsterdam Av (749-9632); free. 2/3 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading N'Kiru, 76 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn (718-783 6306); free.

Lectures and Panels

"A Tribute to William S. Burroughs"—2/5 at 7:30: critical symposium on the 85th anniversary Burroughs's birth with Ann Douglas, Barr Miles, Victor Bockris, Douglas Brinkley, Davi Gates, Heather Lewis, and others. Ira Silverber

Photographs: top, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; bottom, Gavin Smith/Gamma Liaiso

Publish, Then Perish

"John Donne was terrified of dying—he's not a poet you go to for comfort at the end," says Kathleen Chalfant, star of the play *Wit.* Chalfant plays Professor Vivian Bearing, a brilliant, isolated, and terminally ill Donne scholar who has little but the poet's "itchy outbreaks of far-fetched wit" (to use his words) to solace her during the final stages of ovarian cancer. "When you do this to people and take them on this particular journey, you have a responsibility to help them out of the theater," Chalfant says. To that end, Chalfant and the entire cast join a guest speaker (usually a member of the medical community) to discuss the play with its audience once a week in their "Talk Back Tuesday Night" sessions. After watching Professor Bearing die, it's strangely comforting when the lights come up and the actress emerges from backstage very much alive (and with all her hair). "People *need* to talk after this," says Chalfant, "it's almost palpable. The most interesting thing is the interaction among audience members because everyone responds so personally." Last week, the conversation ranged from stories of loss to debate about the less-than-glowing portrayal of health-care professionals in the play. "*Wit* is about respecting the expertise of the patient and challenging the stereotype that caring is anti-intellectual," said Dr. Stephen Holzemer, a visiting speaker and dean of the School of Nursing at Long Island College Hospital. "I've watched people struggle for care at the end of their lives, and it's haunting. Maybe that's why I'm here." See "Lectures and Panels" for details and upcoming participants.

ARIEL LEVY

will moderate. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $5.

alk Back Tuesday Night"—2/2 at 10 P.M.: Dr. Egilde Seravalli, director of Humanities in Medicine and chair of the ethics committee at NYU Hospital, will join the cast for a discussion of the issues raised in the play *Wit.* Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (957-1222); $35 and $49.50 for tickets to the play.

arfare City"—2/4 at 6:30 P.M.: Ben Katchor presents his Utopian scheme for urban redesign. The Bronfman Center, 7 E. 10th St. (998-4110); free.

sley Stahl—2/7 at 7:30 P.M.: Discussing her career and her memoir, *Reporting Live.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

aradise: The Southern Californian Idyll of Hitler's Cultural Refugees"—2/2 at 6:30 P.M.: A slide and audio presentation with Lawrence Weschler recalling the figures of the thirties and forties like Bertolt Brecht, Thomas Mann, Aldous Huxley, Theodor Adorno, and others who found improbable solace amid the palms of West Los Angeles. Lecture Hall of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway (998-2100); free.

hostcatching"—2/3 at 6:30 P.M.: Robert Rindler, RoseLee Goldberg, Bill T. Jones, and others discuss the exhibition at Cooper Union. Great Hall, 7 E. 7th St. (353-4200); free.

Events

e Photography Show 99—2/5–2/7: The Association of International Photography Art Dealers brings the world's largest fine-art-photography fair to the New York Hilton, 53rd St. and Sixth Ave. (986-0105); $15.

endy Antiques Show—2/3–2/7: More than 100 dealers with seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture, decorative arts, jewelry, and more. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (914-698-3442); $10.

Benefits

"Who's Afraid of the New Millennium?"—2/4 at 7:00 P.M.: Tim Robbins and Edward Albee will be on hand for an evening with dinner, readings, and discussion about their work to benefit Theater for the New City. 155 First Ave. (254-1109); $100.

Black History Makers—2/3 at 6:30 P.M.: Kofi Anna, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, and Gordon Parks will be honored at this black-tie dinner to benefit ABC's seventeenth anniversary as a federation of health and human services. Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Ave., bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (355-3000); $500–$25,000.

Museum of Television & Radio Annual Gala—2/4 at 6:30 P.M: Honoring Dan Rather and Garry Shandling with cocktails and dinner to benefit the museum. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $1,000.

"For the Love of Literacy"—2/8 at 5:30 P.M: Diane Sawyer, Liz Smith, and Bette Midler host this charity auction at Christie's for Literacy Partners. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (877-6398); $150.

Exhibitions

"Treasure-House of Books"—Through 2/6: An array of manuscripts and early printed books, many illuminated, from the collection of Duke August of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"America and the Civil Rights Movement, 1954–1968"—Through 3/19: Rarely seen and classic photographs by Ben Fernandez, Bruce Davidson, Declan Haun, Nat Herz, James Karales, Charles Moore, Eve Arnold, and others. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

"Woody Allen's Television Days"—Through 3/21: A screening of Allen's television work on variety and late-night talk shows. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Shaker Gifts, Shaker Genius"—Through 4/2: Celebrating the history and artistic and cultural legacy of the American Shakers, an exhibition of religious objects, documents, historical prints, photographs, and objects for everyday living. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885); free.

"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department"—Through 3/21: Enter this 3,000-square-foot exhibition of early-nineteenth-century police memorabilia through a "dark alley" echoing with screams and gunshots that evoke the dangers of policing New York in Colonial times. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West"—Through 2/14: More than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present day. The exhibition explores the influence of Japanese aesthetic principles, art, and design on Western fashion. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000); $1.50–$4.

"In Thy Map Securely Saile"—Through 3/20: One hundred nautical charts, manuals of instruction in the arts of oceanic navigation and compass use, and decorative maps used as cartographic illustration. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (221-7676); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

Sports

Skate With the Greats V—2/9 from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M.: Benefiting the Ronald McDonald House of New York City, this annual event takes place at Wollman Rink in Central Park. Tickets are $500 and $1,000, which, in addition to being a healthy donation, buys you the privilege of skating with the New York Rangers.

The ESPN Sports Awards—2/15 at 8 P.M.: Come revel with Dan Patrick, Stuart Scott, and host Samuel L. Jackson at Radio City Music Hall when ESPN's festival of self-love hits town. Proceeds of tickets ($750 and $1,200) go to the Jimmy V Foundation, a cancer-research benefactor.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each week-

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS	WAS TBA 7:30PM			VAN TBA 7:30PM			
ISLANDERS			DET TBA 7:30PM	BOS TBA 6:30PM			
DEVILS	DET TBA 7:30PM		CAR TBA 7PM	STL TBA 8PM		TOR TBA 7PM	
	2/1	2/2	2/3	2/4	2/5	2/6	2/7

otograph by Joan Marcus.

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January 15 - February 18
Includes stand-up performances from *The Tonight Show* and *The Jack Paar Program* and features *The Kraft Music Hall: Woody Allen Looks at 1967.*

Tell It Again, Woody
February 19 - March 21
Includes performances on *The Dean Martin Show* and *The Ed Sullivan Show*, an interview with Dick Cavett, and *The Woody Allen Special.*

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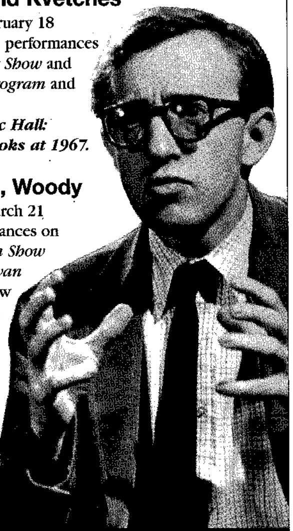

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Smart City

continued from page 55

on the temples during the "corpse" pose). Workout clothes, books, and jewelry can be bought and delivered from the studio's boutique as well—don't forget to order the incense. At-home lessons start at $100 an hour.

Tannen's Magic Shop can transform stir-crazy kids (and their parents) into masters of illusion. The store will send a professional magician to teach coin and card tricks and sleight of hand, as well as more complicated fare. And while you might not want to start with sawing your significant other in half—no matter how many times you've told him or her not to drink out of the orange-juice carton—the store owner, Tony Spina, insists, "Magicians are not born, they're made." Within the New York area, individual at-home teaching costs $150 to $250 for an hour-and-a-half lesson, not including props.

Transform yourself into a culinary genius in your own kitchen by having a professional chef demonstrate how to make a perfect omelette or osso bucco. Amanda Cushman, an instructor at Peter Kump's New York Cooking School, specializes in quick low-fat cuisine made with a minimum of ingredients—she never even uses butter, cream, or other dairy products. But as long as you're treating yourself, why not have Melanie Underwood, another instructor at the school, show you a killer dessert, from peanut-butter pie to profiteroles? Private lessons with both begin at $100 an hour. (Get a grocery store to deliver ingredients in selected Manhattan neighborhoods by shopping the Web at www.netgrocer.com, or stock up on essentials by using the shop-by-phone service (free in SoHo; above SoHo to 59th Street, $10; to 86th, $20) offered by Dean & DeLuca (Monday through Friday only; you must order by 3 P.M. for same-day delivery; 226-6800, extension 269).

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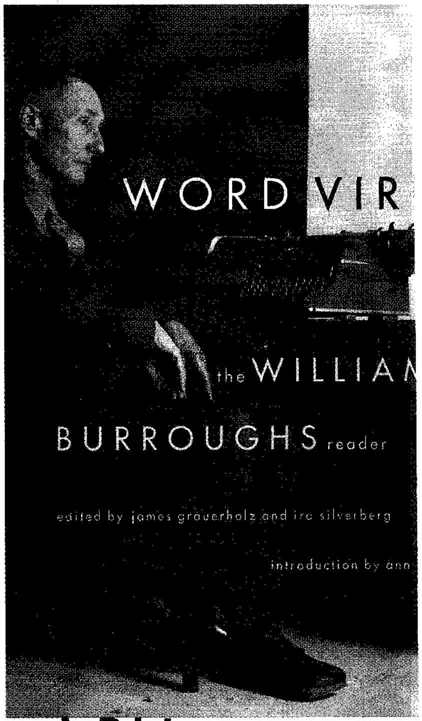

In Print

Let's Do Lunch

*William S. Burroughs would have bee
85 this Friday. And while he wa
(and still is) an outlaw hero to genera
tions of rebellious youth—from th
Beats to Gen X—his most endurin
contribution to the culture, judgin
from 'Word Virus: The William S
Burroughs Reader,' new from Grov
Press, may be as a literary stylist. In
vestigate Burroughs's work with au
thors Ann Douglas and Dougla
Brinkley at a critical symposium o
February 5 at the New School, or soa
in it with readings by Steve Buscem
Richard Hell, Jim Carroll, and other
at St. Mark's Church on February 6
See "Lectures and Panels" and "Th
Written Word" for details.*

day. This week: Skip the lines at the Co-op an
get your college textbooks through the Wel
reminisce about the Rubik's Cube at the Ba
Fads museum; vote for your favorite movie trai
er of 1998 (sorry, no *Star Wars*); have a fantast
time with the stock market; and buy into th
Valentine's Day hype at Hallmark.Com. An
while you're visiting us at www.nymag.con
stick around and check out all our other gre
features, like selected articles from the currer
issue and an expanded "Cue" section, plus We
exclusives, like daily event picks from Angi
Maximo, dining tips in "Ask Gael," "First Words
for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Servic
Center, and more.

kids

Foreign Film...High 5...Effects

Children's Events

pen Sesame—Presumably Big Bird, Elmo, Bert, Ernie, and other beloved characters go through a minor change or two in order to make the leap from your living room TV set to the vast stage at **THEATER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**. In "1-2-3 . . . Imagine!," billed as a "Broadway-style extravaganza," the characters will sing, dance, and urge the audience to join in. 2/4 through 2/21. Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-MSG1); $10–$32.50.

Together In the City"—A play-on-it exhibit opening this week at **THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** picks up on the texture of multicultural life in this city, with opportunities for children to play skelly, climb into a clubhouse, and decorate a parade float. In the midst of its centennial year, the oldest museum for children anywhere in the world presents a series of "Untold Stories" on weekend afternoons during February—Black History Month. This week, hear how blood-plasma researcher Dr. Charles Drew's work fits into the evolution of modern medicine (2/6 and 2/7 at 1:30 and 3); next week the focus is on Madam C. J. Walker, a wealthy businesswoman who helped establish Harlem as a cultural Mecca earlier in this century (2/13 and 2/14 at 1:30 and 3). 145 Brooklyn Ave., near the corner of Brooklyn and St. Mark's Aves. (718-735-4400). Admission is by suggested donation of $3.

otanic Redemption—**THEATREWORKS** stages a musical version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic *The Secret Garden*. Performances are about an hour in length and are recommended for ages 7 to 14 (babies will not be admitted); 2/6 at 12:30, 2/7 at 10:30 and 12:30, and 2/13 at 12:30. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50. (Next week, *Paul Robeson, All American,* a play that premiered last year, tells the dramatic story of the singer, attorney, and football hero who struggled to help working people all over the world. 2/14 at 12:30.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Imaginative Flight—A traditional African-American folktale, "The People Who Could Fly"—about a slave's escape to freedom—is performed by Sahyini Morningstar's cast of soft-sculpture puppets. Afterward, Ms. Morningstar will show children (who should be at least 4 years old) how to make their own puppets to take home. 2/6 from 2 to 3:30. **CHARLES A. DANA DISCOVERY CENTER**, 110th St. in Central Park, near Fifth Ave. (860-1370). The free program requires registration.●●

Cheap Dates—Tickets to many of the city's cultural riches—from the National Symphony at Carnegie Hall to the Shanghai Circus at the New Victory Theater—cost only $5 for students in junior and senior high school through **HIGH 5**. Tickets go on sale 1/29. Pick up a catalogue at public libraries, at Ticketmaster outlets, or by calling HI-5-TKTS; e-mail: info@high5tix.org.; or visit the Website at www.high5tix.org.

Storytime—In a for-kids version of **THE DRAWING CENTER**'s popular "Nightlight" series, John Cale—of Velvet Underground fame—reads an original story for children. Refreshments are provided. 2/7 at 3. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166). ●●

Inflationary—Allynn Gooen and Annie Hickman make balloon props and costumes to tell young audiences a tale called "The Love Bugs Hug." 2/6 and 2/7 at 2. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB**. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100); $12. Reservations required.●

Heartfelt—A Valentine's workshop at the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** encourages kids (ages 6 to 12) to make something that expresses their love for a *thing*—not for a person as per usual. Kids should bring an object dear to their hearts that they will place inside the finished "Magical Box." Artist Lora Friedman demonstrates how treasure chests can be transformed into shadowbox compositions with assorted "found" objects and some ingenuity. 2/13 from 2 to 4. Space is limited to 25 participants. Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 257). Suggested contributions are $5, $4 for seniors, students, and children, and $10 for families. Reservations are required.●

Rock, Paper, Scissors—Paper Bag Players' newest laugh-out-loud show, *Hot Feet,* a collection of twelve short sketches, is all about city life with honking cars and talking tenements. Hunter College's **SYLVIA AND DANNY KAYE PLAYHOUSE**, 68th St. and Park Ave. (772-4448). Saturdays and Sundays through 3/7, at 2. Tickets are $15 and $20.

How It's Done—Shrink down to the size of one of *The Borrowers,* visible on a screen, nestled in the red teacup from the movie, and next to a towering salt shaker. "Special Effects 2," a big new exhibit (opening 2/4) at **THE NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, shows—in as much or little detail as a person can take in—exactly how movies "pull the wool" over our eyes. Manipulate rotoscope cels from *Tron* and models from *Terminator 2*, watch industry experts demonstrate their craft on video, or simply marvel at the actual AT-AT Snowalker from *The Empire Strikes Back* and the foam-latex masks several *Star Trek* aliens wore. 47-01 111th St. (718-699-0005). Regular museum admission is $6, $4 for children and seniors, with an additional $2 admission fee to Special Effects 2.

Happening

Not Your Average G Flick

The deeper cinemaphiles Eric Beckman and Emily Shapiro got into the task of putting together a New York International Children's Film Festival, the more they realized what a no-brainer they'd stumbled onto. Here, says Beckman, you have a built-in "arts-crazed population of parents" hungry for family movies that "reflect a child's experience in a more truthful way" than they see at the cineplex. To test the premise, the pair—who are married and have two young children of their own—held a test-drive festival last year and had to turn away nearly half the people who showed up. Forty-two new films, culled from several hundred, will be shown at the Cantor Film Center on February 6 and 7. On February 13, a retrospective of ten films by under-sung early Walt Disney collaborator Ub Iwerks will be screened—along with a short documentary about his life. Seeing what defies our expectations is fascinating in itself: Plots may amble more slowly than *Sesame Street,* or be driven by musical, rather than visual, elements—as in *Mambo,* a Danish short starring a long-nosed animated opera singer. Teenaged audiences may find that casual references to menstruation (in *Girl With Brains in her Feet,* from the U.K.) or an un-airbrushed focus on death (in the Bay Area documentary *The Ballad of Cecilia Rios,* about reaction to the murder of a popular high-school student) are more provocative, in their own way, for being unexpected than the exploding buildings and car chases we're all so used to. (For details, call 677-6478.) BARBARA ENSOR

hotograph courtesy of the New York International Children's Film Festival.

cue

Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Patricia Falvo	*Movies*
Sam Grobart	*Sports*
Nick Meyer	*In Concert*
Ariel Levy	*Books* *Events* *Radio*
John Leonard	*Television*
Edith Newhall	*Art*
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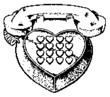

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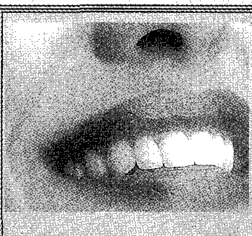

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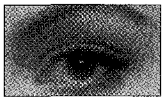

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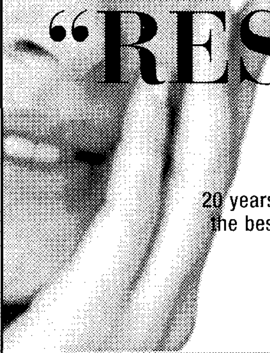

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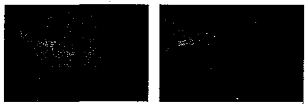

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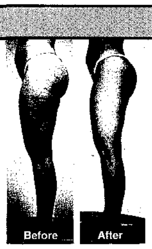

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Dynamic, Beautiful Blond—Blue-eyed, 5'9", 130 lbs, fashionable professional lady seeking tall, handsome professional gentleman, 33-42, for long-term relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 6943 ✉

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Tall, Handsome, Romantic—Financial professional, 6'1", slender, very athletic and youthful 50s, divorced, grown children. Loves both the out-of-doors and indoors. Fairfield County, CT resident. Christian background. Traditional values. Seeking classy, attractive, slender woman, 40-50, nonsmoker, who is looking for a sincere long-term relationship. Note/phone/photo, please. 6975 ✉

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Very Beautiful Redhead—33, 5'7", smart, sexy and witty, successful Manhattanite, seeks tall, dark and handsome male, 35-42, for laughing, sharing and beginning our own traditions. I like dining, great wines and New York City. You like to smile, flirt and aren't as tough as people think you are. Work is important to you, but you can make it to dinner at 8:00. Be smart, funny and happy with yourself. Be ready to be happy together. Note, photo and phone, please. 6977 ✉

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She Has Great Style—Wit, beauty, grace and a joie de vivre, is intelligent, wealthy, accomplished and worldly. She seeks a socially conscious and witty Jewish mate, mid 50s, philanthropic, energetic, passionate, involved and evolved, who is looking for a special relationship. 6945✉☎

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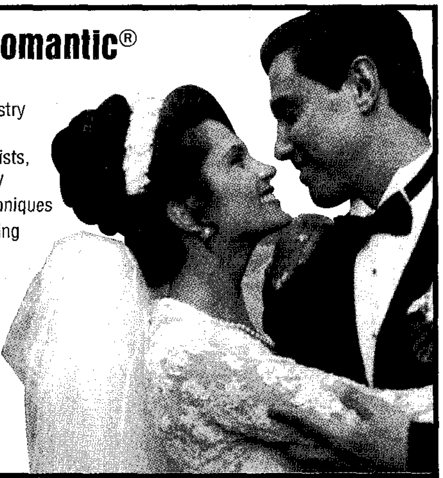

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A Taste Of Heaven—Roses are purple, violets are pink, 37, Jewish, gorgeous, from NJ, 13 miles from NYC, just a little blink. Music and exercise are passions, love to be casual but always in fashion, great sense of humor and very earthy, hoping to find 37-48 free spirit who is successful, loving and worthy. 6952 ✉☎

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All-Woman Head Turner—Sensual, classy, divorced Jewish female, 50s, 5'6", brunette, educated professional, wishes to meet upscale man for monogamous relationship. Photo appreciated. 6996 ✉

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Take A Bite Out Of Life—40s, slender pretty, warm and energetic, divorce white female seeks athletic-looking affectionate, white professional male 40-54, to share walks on the beach dining, dancing, theater and travel. 7004 ✉

Elegant Redhead, Sweet And Shapely—Seeks a Jewish, 65-plus, loving, financially secure gentleman to share an enjoy quality life together. 6970 ✉ ☎

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panish-Born Sephardic Manhattanite—vy graduate, attractive widow, lively, itty - enjoys opera, theater. Seeks ccomplished gentleman, 60-75. 6939 ✉

onnectedness—We are independent, ccasionally feisty, uncommonly ntelligent, sophisticated, financially and motionally secure, sensitive to our own nd each other's needs, and emotionally vailable. Our interests range from exotic avel, theater, skiing, golf, shooting sport-ng clays to long walks, long drives, long alks and companionable silences. We rive in the company of others, but enjoy ur own as well. Our lives are varied, ctive and fulfilling, but would be so much icher if shared with a true partner. I am very pretty, slim, winsome, 50-year-old, ivorced white female. If you are a tall, andsome, urbane, 45-plus, divorced or idowed white male, please respond houghtfully, and with photo. 6967 ✉

utside Invites—Pretty, blond, slim, exy. Inside delights: outgoing, warm, unny, bright, sweet, successful. Please e intelligent, cultured, financially secure, ind, 50s-early 60s, sense of humor. thletic/Jewish a plus. 6974 ✉ ☎

tylish, Pretty College Professor—Slim, ivacious 57-year-old widow; loves theater, ports, beach and travel. Seeks bright, uccessful, sincere, educated Jewish entleman, 58-68, for fun, friendship and ossible future. Note/photo. 6963 ✉

retty, Petite Jewish Widow—With rains, bucks and many interests, seeks ate 50s-60s, happy, healthy gent. 6946 ✉

ove Beside A Mountain Stream—That's where you will find this slender, lond, hazel-eyed beauty. I seeks a life-ong partnership with an attractive, confident, secure, family-oriented man of integriy, 38-55, who truly enjoys his work and is life. The only thing missing in that life f course is me - I'm an honest, intelligent, ccomplished woman/attorney, with a assion for learning, hiking, nature, riting and the theater. Photo, note and hone appreciated. 7019 ✉

Asian Gem (Truly Kissable)—Close family, passionate, heart of gold, MD, artistic, eclectic, refined, seeks 36-46, athletic, cerebral, worldly, handsome, kind, generous man. 6982 ✉ ☎

Tall, Single White Male—6'4", blond, handsome, nonsmoker, smart, funny, articulate, successful, 37, in search of optimistic, warm, attractive white female. Note/photo/phone to: POB 561, New York, NY 10274

Meet My Granddaughter!—Very pretty, slim, athletic, professional, single Jewish female, 28, seeks compatible male. 6962 ✉

April In Paris, Springtime in NY—Lady seeks 59-plus man. Rubiner@aol. 6988✉

What Could Be Better?—I'm a beautiful, fun lady looking to share all good things with a 70ish Jewish gentleman. Let's enjoy life together. Photo/note. 6961 ✉

Baseball Fan Wanted—Who's also tall, pretty, educated and athletic. Navel ring okay, but no tattoos. I'm tall, fit, early 40s, and work in the financial profession. 6990 ✉

Pretty, Sexy, Loving—Professional, fun, artistic, slim, tall Scorpio seeks soulmate, 42-55. Photo. 6998 ✉

A Classic Beauty—Gracious, approachable, very genuine Jewish woman of depth and substance. Articulate, naturally warm, sensual. PhD, playful, slim, blond, 5'7", feminine, kind, independent, with simple understated elegance, clever humor. Loves learning, excitement, luxury, the comfort of home, traveling anywhere new/returning to Italy, Dordogne. Former actress. Enjoys Bach, Durer, tango, skiing, boating, film, more. Values family and tradition. Seeks warm, honorable, bright, successful, 46-64 man with generous heart, passion for life. 7005✉☎

Do You Want My Baby??—Stable, sane, attractive, secure, single, professional 40-year-old male, seeking warm, sane, loving potential mother for our future child. I am interested in a lifelong nonsexual, committed relationship, including responsible parenting, real friendship and companionship. 6978 ✉

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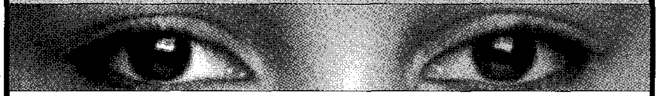

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Former Broadway Actress—Now enjoyably teaching (5'7", slender, pretty). Casting for leading man in a play about a man and a woman who share a life-enhancing, mutually giving, long-term relationship. He should be fit, 40s-50s, accomplished, emotionally mature, good-humored and a nonsmoker. Is the part yours? Photo and note, please. 6992 ✉

Tall, Slim—47, Catholic, looking for gentleman, 47-55, for movies, dinners, strolling in and about NY - loves Paris, likes cats, European manners. I am not a women's lib type. Photo helpful. 6949 ✉

I'm A Pretty, Warm, Funny Lady—Whose interests range from opera to safaris. Are you a kind, cultured, engaging male (45-55) who is looking for a soul mate? If so, call or write. 6954 ✉ ☎

Sassy And Sophisticated—Downtown woman with an uptown mentality, seeking mature, well-adjusted, career-oriented, culture-loving male (35-45) with a creative and scintillating mind and a hot body. Note/recent photo. 6976 ✉

Handsome—Thoughtful, charming, fit gentleman, 32, successful corporate attorney and aspiring cooking show host, who is cultured, slightly Jewish, ironic and fun, seeks woman, 27-33, who is beautiful, cute, sweet, funny and willing to be a guinea pig for new recipes. Note/photo SVP. 6965 ✉

Afro-American—Professional retiree, physically fit, financially secure - loves travel and the cultural scene in NY, elsewhere and abroad. Seeking a mature lady for companionship and beyond. 6995 ✉☎

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If I Had A Hammer—Educated, successful artisan, 43, 5'8", slim, attractive, healthy, divorced, skilled nurturer, perceptive - love music, film, cooking, biking. Seeking woman graceful in body, ubiquitous in soul, who can fire surrender. Verbal and physical image please. 6947✉

New To NY—Attractive, sincere and optimistic Christian female seeks professional male (30s-40s) for possible relationship... Note/phone/photo. 6951✉

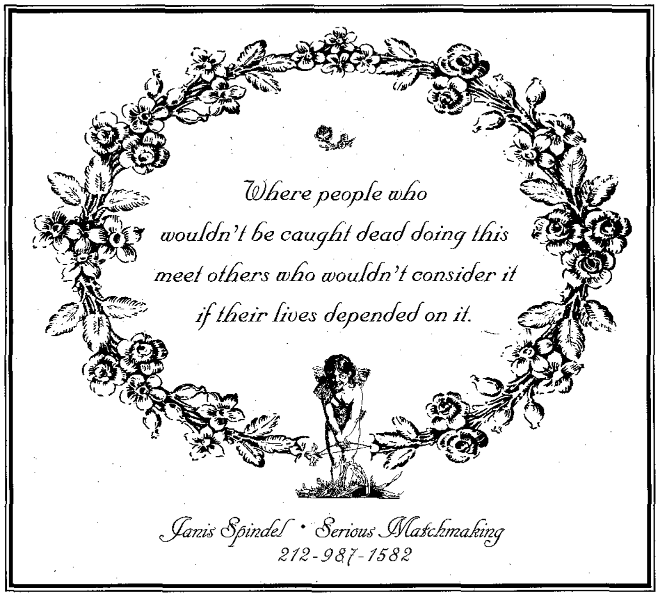
Handsome, Sincere—6' gentleman, dentist, 42. Seeks pretty, warm, earthy, spirited lady. Photo/bio. 7007 ✉

Looking For Prince Charming—Will settle for charming frog. Me: 50, slim female, Jewish. Photo/note. 6979 ✉

Terrific Catch—Attractive, successful, romantic man, 40, 5'10" - likes sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-38, smart, sexy woman for romance. Note/photo. 6953 ✉

Relight My Fire—Vital, successful, attractive Yale alum, former creative services CEO, now chairman of nonprofit design foundation, slender and muscular, young 60s, wealthy, divorced, nonobservant Jewish man with city and country homes. Seek equally accomplished, educated, witty, naturally beautiful, nonsmoking woman, over 43 and under 5'7", who has the gift of a loving heart. Please send brief bio and recent, clear photo. Will gladly reciprocate. 7018 ✉

Jewish Male—35, 6', 190, attractive, artistic, witty, caring, down-to-earth, seeks unique Jewish female. 6958 ✉ ☎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Busy CEO—40, 6'1", great shape, extremely good-looking, seeks mutually rewarding relationship with model-type woman - for romance and fun, not marriage. Photo. 6942 ✉ ☎

Fun, Fit—49, seeks lively player for making whoopee. Smart, feminine, artistic or any two okay. Prefers: low-fat, never deep-fried; scuba to snorkeling; IFC or CNBC to HBO. Tall, job, good kisser, with comfortable West Side living. World-traveled for work but sure wishes it was with you to Fairway or Bali. Writes, laughs, listens. Tends to analyze. Can handle intense scrutiny. Doesn't read enough. Will try harder. Swap photos, okay? Good posture counts. Send press clippings. Free juice or drink. 6969 ✉

Are There Any Europeans Out There?—Latin female, 35, 5'7", creative beauty with brains and developed sense of style. Very successful. Looking for a man who is as sick of buzzwords, Venus, Mars, Rules and other American dating paraphernalia as I am. 7006 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slim, Successful—Diane Sawyer look, 43, mother of two, seeks partner *for skiing, golf and general fun.* 6955 ✉

Buffalo—Single Jewish male, 30, soon t be JD, handsome, bright, well-traveled ambitious - seeks attractive, educate Jewish female, 22-32. Note/photo. 6941 ✉

Are You—Mature of mind, generous an compassionate soul, financially secure Do you like children, animals, Broadwa and ballet? Then you're someone thi 40-something, divorced, Jewish LI mo would like to learn more about. Pleas tell me something about your passions, priorities and dreams. 7008 ✉ ☎

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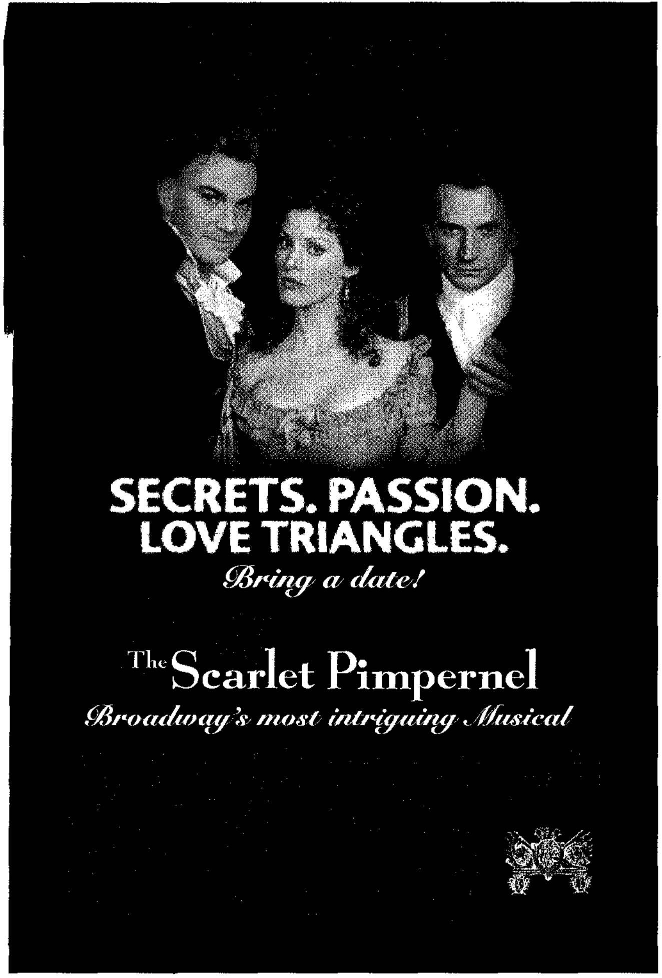
Jewish Male—Physician, 42, handsome, seeks attractive, traditional, kosher, single Jewish female, 28-38, for meaningful relationship. Photo, please. 6983 ✉

Strong And Gentle Man—With integrity, *exuberance wit and wonder.* Tall, trim, handsome, 50, athletic, spiritually aware and socially conscious. Seeks quite bright, striking, passionate woman. Kids fine. Photo helpful. 6981 ✉

Tall (6'4"), Handsome, Sophisticated—Elegant Jewish finance executive, 53, seeks stunning, 39-47, slender (4-8), tall (5'8" plus), chic, sensual, smart, successful, head-turning lady for love, laughter and the intimacy of commitment. (212) preferred. Note/photo essential. 6971 ✉

We Met At Barnes & Noble!—Charming, handsome, warm, Jewish, 36, 5'11", blue eyes, businessman-attorney seeking special woman, 27-34, with great smile, class and poise, who is romantic, unpretentious and enjoys country charm as much as city sophistication. Please send note and photo. 6999 ✉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[illegible] deadline and "we" almost drop dead.

[illegible] and are not happy, we'll make you [illegible]

[illegible] pressures of dealing with your clients. Our help is always there for you no matter what.

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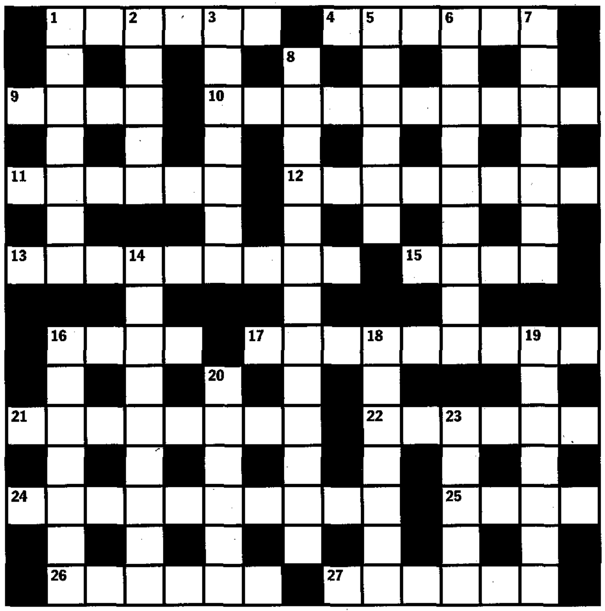
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Leaves collected here for potting. (3,3)
4 Go easy for about 40 days. (6)
9 Return of service takes love game. (4)
10 Utterly restricted. (6-4)
11 He turns up in Australia. (6)
12 Stop deer straying with ropes round their necks. (8)
13 Wrote a quick note and left in a hurry. (6,3)
15 Huts used to be built just so. (4)
16 I must leave firm, betrayed. (4)
17 Nut or nuts. (9)
21 Sweetheart joins sergeant in dance. (8)
22 Shakespeare's little place in the country. (6)
24 Three in old-fashioned pub. (3,3,4)
25 First ride on a new horse. (4)
26 At holiday time it may be busy or in repose. (6)
27 Expert in Judo beaten. (6)



DOWN

1 Terrible strain on a ruler. (7)
2 A wish to be in company. (5)
3 Revised tale with a revolutionary ending. (7)
5 Peers squeal in panic. (6)
6 The canter adjusted for a jump. (9)
7 The varied uses of a classical hero. (7)
8 Where the hands are on watch, it would seem. (2,3,4,2,2)
14 Guarantees passage money in Germany. (9)
16 Match-maker? (7)
18 Points he can alter and improve. (7)
19 Country music composer. (7)
20 The more supercilious diners out. (6)
23 Be entitled to credit. (5)

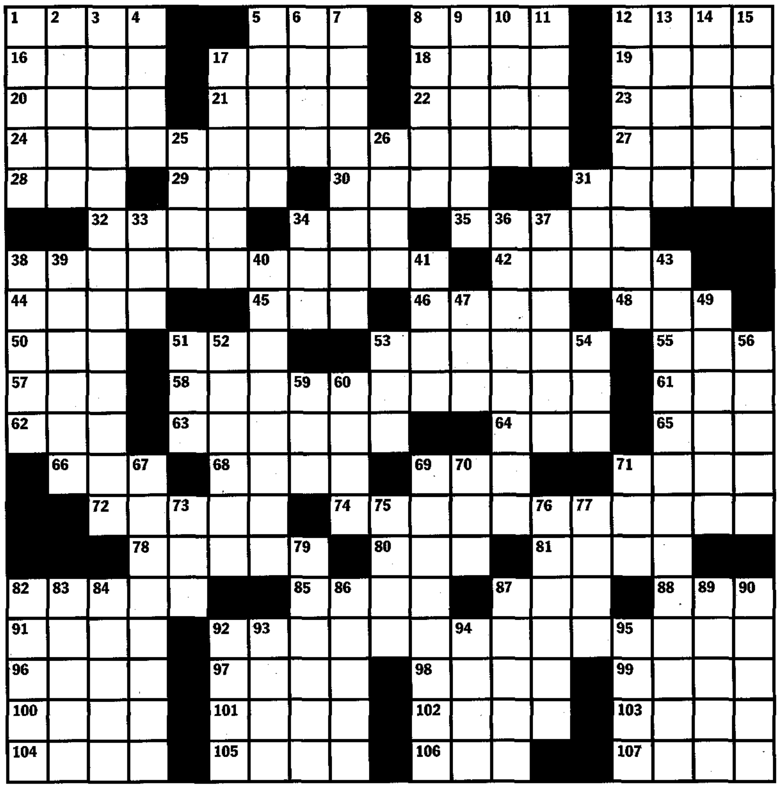
'I Come From Arizona': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Weathervane bird
5 Dopey's brother
8 Thigh muscle, informally
12 Zigs' reciprocals
16 Tooth woe
17 Guitar device
18 Part of A.D.
19 Serve as accomplice
20 Myope's sightedness
21 Racetrack shape
22 Bandleader Puente
23 Fourth little piggy's share
24 Presidential candidate from Arizona
27 Hibernian's homeland
28 Photo blowup: abbr.
29 Sides, in cricket
30 Cable
31 Gave the once-over
32 Neighbor of Peru: abbr.
34 Shoulder enhancer
35 Flavor
38 Labor leader from Arizona
42 Place for a boutonniere
44 Aladdin's possession
45 All in favor say it
46 Wings, to Caesar
48 Puppy's bark
50 "Unaccustomed —— am . . ."
51 Greek nickname
53 Fit for functioning
55 F.D.R. enactment
57 Break a Commandment
58 Congressman from Arizona
61 Rep.'s opponent
62 Dowel
63 Belgian airline
64 Possibly will
65 Pres. plane insignia
66 Larger than a mat
68 Not fem.
69 Monk's title
71 Eventful time frames
72 Crapshooter's "natural"
74 '30s netwoman from Arizona
78 "I Am Woman" songstress
80 Slack
81 Prep school for Cambridge
82 Automaton
85 Vascular channel
87 Before Virgo
88 Warmed the bench
91 Algerian port
92 General from Arizona
96 H. H. Munro's pen name
97 Notes following sol
98 "—— Kleine Nachtmusik": Mozart
99 Past due
100 Agenda listing
101 Golf endeavor
102 Shout from the crow's nest
103 Skunk's defense
104 Between Claudius and Galba
105 Some Keats poems
106 Leader of the Family Stone
107 Raison d'——

DOWN

1 "Life —— Beautiful"
2 Cousteau's milieu
3 Jazzman from Arizona
4 Brynner's "King and I" co-star
5 Swiss ski resort
6 October birthstone
7 Winter forecast
8 Persian Gulf sheikdom
9 Joins together
10 Poker prerequisite
11 Room access
12 Author from Arizona
13 Seething
14 Art category
15 Cavalry horse
17 French brandy
25 Thy, updated
26 Partner of far
31 Caveman of the comics
33 Gown's go-with
34 See the cashier
36 Selma resident
37 Spanish rice dish
38 Brooch fastener
39 Less of a struggle
40 Cloth strip for the head
41 Comedienne Pitts of early films
43 Singer from Arizona
47 Lass's contemporary
49 Assembly-line house
51 Morning abbrs.
52 Wandered
53 Springsteen's birthplace, in a song
54 Ron who played TV's Tarzan
56 Off the mark
59 In medias —— (in th
midst of things)
60 Ruler demarcation
67 Apache chief from Arizona
69 Warm nightclothes
70 Tyrannosaurus ——
71 Greenspan's field, for short
73 Ex-G.I.
75 One of the Kazans
76 Booed
77 Lying upon
79 Actress Mimieux
82 Violin-bow applicatio
83 Wax eloquent
84 Street where Holmes lived
86 Turnpike turnoffs
87 Dykstra or Bruce
89 Man in a cast
90 End of a sentry's quer
92 Ken-L-Ration rival
93 Eulogize
94 Disappearing phone feature
95 Skin-lotion ingredient



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 10

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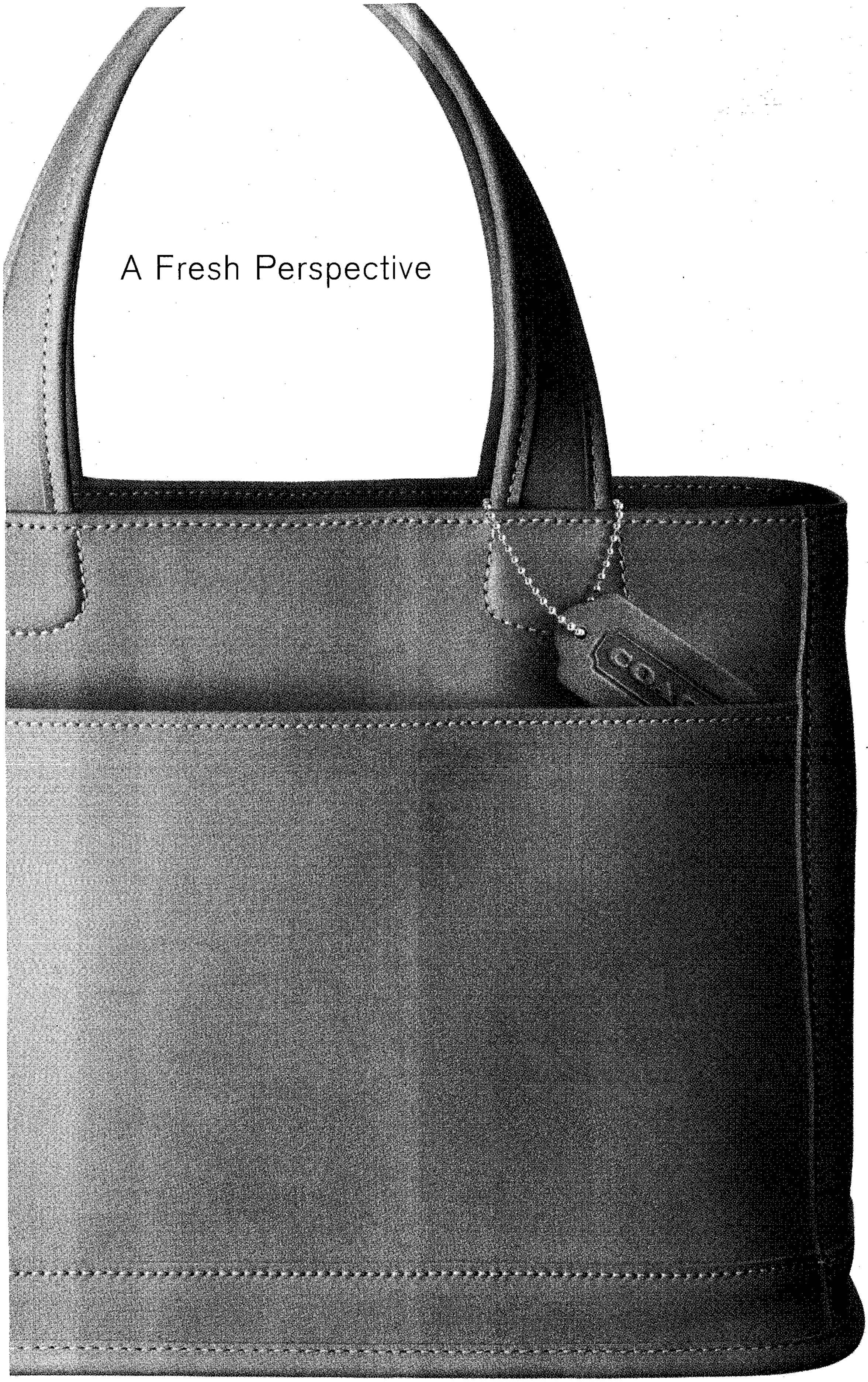
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